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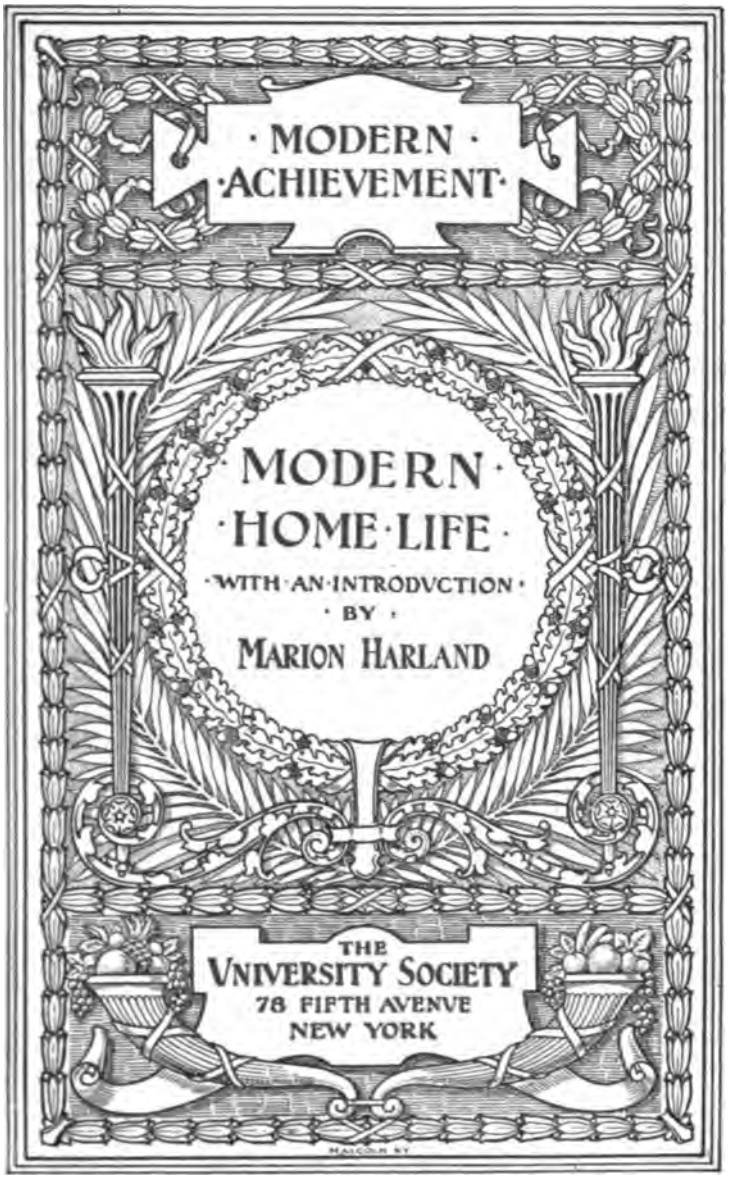

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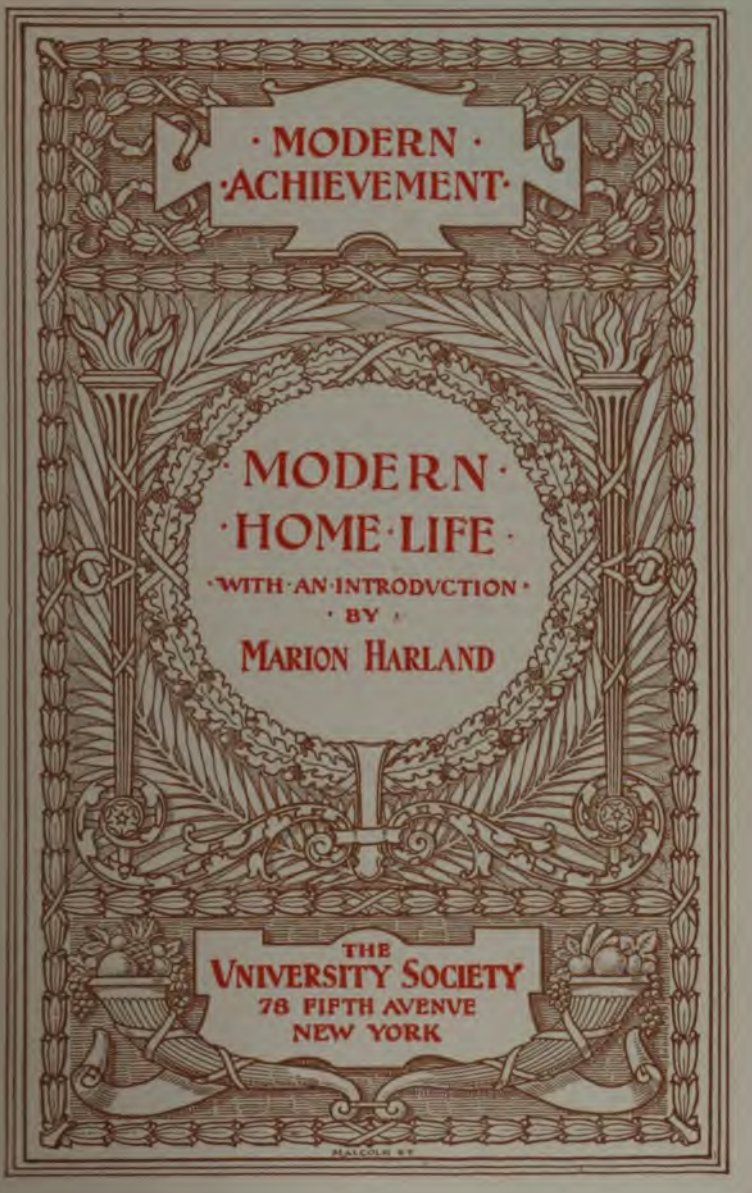

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INTRODUCTION

THE chief end of woman is home-making. After all the study of her capacities and capabilities, after the proofs she has given of her powers to rule the wide empire, master the abstruse sciences, and write the great book, the final conclusion of the thinker is synonymous with the earliest judgment of nature. Her first duty is to be a wife and mother and make a home. Other walks are open to her if for any reason she is unable to fulfil the purpose of her being, but in so far as the opportunity to do this is denied her, she is, in a sense, a FAILURE.

The mother who appreciates her daughter's lifework plans for it even before her woman-child has begun to be conscious of herself. In thus planning, the wise mother does not fix a fatal limitation to the profession of home-making by fancying that it is confined to the province of housekeeping. That, to be sure, is the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace, but the grace itself is a far deeper and broader and higher matter. It implies the possession of the qualities that mark the true gentlewoman, and that thus make for the happiness of the home—patience, tact, consideration, calm judgment. All these, as well as gentle speech, propriety of bearing, a well-trained mind, and a thorough knowledge of the ins and outs of housekeeping, have their share in fashioning the home-maker.

It is not too much to say that when the mother teaches her baby girl to lie quiet in the cradle, she is giving her her first lesson as a home-maker. For the prime quality of the home-maker should be self-control, and this is her earliest instruction in that great study. Obedience is the cornerstone of self-control, and the child cannot learn it too soon. The wise mother wastes no time in "considering her child's individuality," to quote a popular jargon of the day. Observation and self-

knowledge have taught her that this will develop soon enough, and be sufficiently unconquerable in any case. Her duty is to train the child's nature—not to sit by, watching how it will spread if left to itself.

So the mother is not disobedient to the heavenly vision, but sets herself to work at once at making a reasonable and a reasoning being. Possibly the child may be one of those happy infants who yield readily to constituted authority, and come up in the way they should go, aided by only "Gentle Measures with the Young." More probably she will have enough of the old Eve in her to defy precept, and make friends with the serpent. Should this be the case, she is more fortunate than her first mother, in not being too big to be spanked into compulsory righteousness.

Once the child has learned, marked, and inwardly digested the inevitable character of cause and effect, she is well started on her career. Should she be slow in acquiring this knowledge, her course will be the harder,. I always feel a sincere pity for a child who has not had the early (and sometimes, to her, well-disguised) blessing of strict discipline. Life takes many falls out of women, binds upon them many burdens and grievous to be borne. From these they can hardly hope for miraculous escapes. If they have gained the grace of submission to the inevitable, they are spared much useless and exhausting kicking against the pricks. That which they have not been taught by judicious home training, merciless events will sooner or later make an effort to drum into them.

Admonition to mothers upon this point is a good deal like preaching to the unconverted. Those who are seriously inclined—who are under conviction, as it were—will reap benefit therefrom, while those who are unconcerned will not be stirred to repentance, except by blasts of denunciation. I wish I could evoke the terrors of the law to persuade the amiable, good-natured, easy-going mothers that they are guilty of real unkindness to their best beloved, when they fail to train children into prompt recognition of parental authority. In this day and generation, illustration is hardly needed of the discomfort non-obedient children cause to themselves, to their families, and to

the innocent unfortunates who are brought into contact with them.

And it is not the children's fault! They can hardly be expected to demand discipline as though it were Christmas candy, and to beg for the enforcement of laws as they might for a day in the country. "Having one's own way" appeals to them as much as it does to their elders, and there is little likeness between the small child in want of training and the wee pigs who, in the Land of Cockayne, ran about ready roasted, crying to passers by, "Eat me!" Rarely does one find a child like the three-year-old who criticised her mother for having whipped her with a "dwy switch that bwoke," and proffered "a nice gween switch that won't bweak," to be used the next time punishment should be required.

When once the child clearly understands that invariable and prompt obedience will be exacted, and that the supply must equal the demand, half the fight is won. The mother will not have to reconquer at least that part of the country, but may use it as a basis for further operations.

But there is a great deal more needed to make a home-maker than the power of self-control, and of cheerful recognition of the inevitable. These are perhaps more essential than health, but the latter is a close second. Fortunately for the mother, outside helps, direct and indirect, are ready at hand. Perhaps there may not at first seem to be a close connection between gymnasium work and domestic economy, but it exists. Other things being equal, the woman who has the best-trained body brings to the professions of home-making and housekeeping a fitness for both, that is utterly lacking with the delicate girl. So from the beginning, the small girl, even more perhaps than the small boy, should be taught to respect the body. To respect it by giving it proper nourishment, and withholding from it things that will do it harm; to respect it by bringing it to its best possibilities of work through athletic training; to respect it by keeping it outwardly and inwardly clean.

The day has long gone by when it was considered either pretty or interesting for a girl to deny a hearty appetite. Our girl eats good food and plenty of it; but although she may no

longer leave undone the things she ought to do, she still does the things she ought not to do. In other words, the candy man is yet at our gates, and the schoolgirl of the Twentieth Century is no less a devotee of fudge, than was her mother of caramels. A little of this sort of thing will do no harm, but the average girl does not know where to stop. One is tempted to apply to her in this, and in other matters, the bitter comment pronounced by the old woman upon the parson, who, at her request, had prayed for rain upon her parching potato patch. The good man prayed fervently, and the rain came in a cloudburst that swept away the potato patch altogether.

"Drat the man!" growled the old woman, as she viewed the ruin she attributed to the over-zeal of her pastor's supplications. "Drat the man! He never could do anything in moderation!"

So with our girl. She eats sweets as she would bread, and assures you with entire sincerity that they never do her the least harm. Perhaps not now, but it is a question whether or not the undue indulgence will not have its baleful effect upon the future home-maker in impaired digestion and damaged teeth, and the racked nerves that accompany these.

Since it seems next to impossible to call a halt to candy, except by that positive exercise of authority which the prudent mother reserves for great occasions, she must do all she can to offset the evil effects of imprudent use of sweets by careful nourishment. The time is well spent that the mother bestows upon the study of food values, the proportion in which proteids and starches should be given to the growing child, the quantities of these contained in various articles of food, and the planning to give them in a form that will not produce upon the growing girl too strong an impression that she is being scientifically built up, as well as agreeably fed. Her appetite is often capricious, and the conviction that she is taking into her system so many ounces of nitrogenous food, so many of amygdaloids, and a due quantum of saving salines, is often enough to act as an effectual check to hunger.

The fashion that has of late dictated outdoor sports as part of the curriculum of the English and American *jeune fille bien*

elevée is wise enough to atone for many of the follies that have been perpetrated in the name of La Mode. After all, it is but a reversion of the young lady to the tastes she probably had as a child. If small girls do not climb trees—and tumble out of them—go wading and fishing and hunt "yellow-jackets" in summer, skate and sled and slide in winter, and play ball, spin tops, and shoot marbles in their season—it is because they lack the chance. Turn them loose in the country, and they would do all the outdoor things their brothers do, and with as much zest and enthusiasm. They, too, love to drive the cows to and from pasture (especially if this is not their regular work), to ride the horses to water, to climb on the loaded hay wagons, and take a hand at cleaning and harnessing the horses, or in feeding the pigs. Blessed be the new convention that permits them to don overalls or "knickers" in their summer vacations. When circumstances deny small girls these joys, substitutes must be sought in gymnasium work and in such outdoor sports as lie within reach of the city child. These are indispensable, if the future home-maker is to be sound of body as well as of mind.

If more stress has thus far been laid upon other things than upon study, it is because the topics handled are not cares that may be deputed to others. Teachers may train the brain, but no one except the mother can adequately look after the development of heart and of body. Yet, while the book education may sometimes be safely entrusted to teachers, the girl who is accustomed to the surroundings of a cultured home will show the effects of this throughout her school life. She may not have known that she was taking in knowledge at the pores, as it were, but the result will manifest itself in her routine work. Even without being the girl's instructor in specific branches, the mother is incessantly teaching. The accurate speech, the corrections of faults in word and phrase, the taking for granted of certain knowledge, the clearing up of hazy information, the rectification of false impressions—all have their part in educating the girl. When it comes to the wise choice of books for her to read, to equally wise refusal, to the encouragement and general supervision of correspondence, to the cultured fellowship that the mother may give the daughter, the benefit the

latter may reap from the constant association makes the mere recitation and hearing of lessons seem an almost inconsiderable factor in the true Education.

Yet in this, too, the mother must bear her part. The rules and regulations of the majority of our schools seem severe enough to oblige a child to learn, willy-nilly, but the youthful mind has a marvelous facility for the parrot-like acquisition of learning that profiteth nothing. Witness the case of Emmy Lou in her struggle with music and with spelling. A in the musical scale is "do," had taught the music master.

"Do," said Mr. Cato, "do—always *do!*—not A, nor B, nor C, never A, nor B, nor C again,—do! *do!*" the bow rapping angrily the while. "Forget now it was ever A; A is *do* here!"

Emmy Lou resolved she never would forget. A is "dough." How, or why, or wherefore, it did not matter. The point was, A is "dough."

Then came spelling. This time the rest might forget, but Emmy Lou would not. It came her turn. She stood up. Her word was Adam. And A was "dough." Emmy Lou went slowly to get it right. "Dough-d-dough-m, Adam!" said Emmy Lou.

One hardly needs to read the early part of the tale to know that the child was motherless. For the right sort of a mother would have known enough of the child's lessons to give her help at home, would have aided her over the stumbling blocks of misunderstandings and through the slough of ignorance.

As the girl grows older and, if circumstances so elect, comes to her college days, it is asking a good deal of the ordinary mother to keep abreast of the daughter in her studies. Dearly as the older woman would love to do this—for there is a keen hurt in falling away from the child with whom she has hitherto walked side by side—the mother cannot, in justice to herself and to her other duties, go to school again. But the ready sympathy and encouragement may still be forthcoming, and if she can give to the girl what so many women lack—a sense of proportion that enables her to discern the relative values of her occupations or her pursuits—the mother has furnished the daughter with a potent aid in the work of home-making.

There are other things, too, which one hardly hesitates to declare of more importance than book-learning. First among them are courtesy and good breeding. Even now, one occasionally finds them in young girls, but so seldom as to raise their possessor to a possibly disproportionately high place in one's esteem. The rising generation is so sure of itself, so convinced of its importance, that it has little time and less inclination for thought of the individualities of others. The positive qualities are so much dwelt upon that the negative have almost disappeared from view. One is homesick for them sometimes, or for their possessors. If it were but possible once in a while to be refreshed by meeting the girl whom the young woman of to-day pillories in one scornful phrase!

"She is not beautiful," they scoff, "and she's not brilliant, but she is a *good* girl and a great comfort to her mother!"

After all, she is not quite so extinct as the dodo. I know one. *She* is not pretty, and she is not clever. But she *is* a good girl!—good all through, gentle, unassuming, unselfish, always thoughtful for others rather than for herself, saying the friendly word, rendering the friendly service:

> "She doeth little kindnesses
> That most leave undone or despise,
> For naught that sets one heart at ease
> Or giveth happiness or peace
> Is low esteem'd in her eyes."

It goes without saying that she is a comfort to her mother and to all about her. And what a home she will some day make!

Like the training in obedience, the girl's course in courtesy must begin at a tender age. The twig is so easily bent then that it scarcely resists the guiding hand. Even with this training the girl may, when half grown, come to a stage where self-assertion shows itself, and when she feels that it is quite the thing for her to force herself upon people's attention. All growing things have their trying age. But this, too, will pass away, and if the girl has been started right, there is not much difficulty in inducing her to believe that herself and her affairs are not of paramount importance to the public at large; that

gentleness and consideration command more love and popularity than self-assertion and carelessness of the concerns and whims of others.

So many qualities besides the severely practical go to the composition of the home-maker as she should be, that what might be called the mechanical part of the training almost slips out of sight. Sometimes it is allowed to remain there, and then the home-maker fails of success. Abstract traits are beautiful and indispensable, but

> "Will the love that you are rich in
> Build a fire in the kitchen,
> Or the little god of love turn the spit, spit, spit?"

In other words, will a well-trained physique, a thoroughly educated mind, a perfectly balanced moral nature, and a due share of what the Italians call *gentilezza*, make up for ignorance of household economy, including in this a knowledge of cookery, of the purchase and care of food, the management of servants and the like? Nay, verily! Do the one, but leave not the other undone.

In our public schools there is a wise effort in progress to give the girls of the higher grades some practical familiarity with cooking and cognate subjects. I do not think there is any movement of the kind on foot in any college for women. The effort in these is to give the girl the same education her brother would have. Still, in connection with men's universities and colleges, there are opportunities for the pupils to take up the study of the profession which they mean to follow after leaving college. Is it unreasonable to ask that there should be furnished to women the chance to take, as an elective, or as a final study, a course in that science to which most of them will devote their future lives?

It will be a long time before such a Utopian state of affairs will be reached as the organized education of women for the work for which God made them. Until that far off and problematical period shall be attained, it behooves the mother to address part of her energies to preparing her daughter for the performance of those duties whose results appear in physical

comfort. The college girl will be no whit poorer student if, in her vacations, she learns to make bread, to cook meats and vegetables; receives enough practical instruction in anatomy to know the parts of a four-legged beast of meat, and is taught that one does not buy pepper by the barrel, or potatoes by the pint. Such learning and occupations will not send her back to her studies, or her athletics, too much exhausted to make high records. Neither will she be the worse for having to wash dishes and dust rooms, and it will be in line with her athletic training to "do a turn" in making beds and sweeping. No amount of theories will teach her so well how a refrigerator should be scoured, or a coal fire made, or starch mixed, as the lesson she will learn from standing by to watch the operation, and then trying the task herself. She may never have to take charge of her own range or ice-box, much less do her own washing and ironing, but the knowledge she has gained will make her independent of incompetent help, and aid her in training the ignorant maidservant within her gates.

Still another part of home-making remains in which the girl should be instructed. She may have learned to be a housekeeper, and grace may aid her in her duties as a wife. But the home is not the perfect home without children. How much does our girl know of the care and rearing of these?

"I feel as if a girl's chief study should be how to bring up children," said a young mother with her first baby. "And I know nothing about them!"

The day has happily gone by for false modesty concerning babies. Sensible girls openly recognize the probability that motherhood will be a natural sequence of marriage. The mothers of the rising generation should teach their growing girls that, whatever they gain of health in body and mind, of gentleness and goodness, they may transmit to their children—that there is no self-control, no patience, no unselfishness that will not stand them in stead in the rearing of the sons and daughters that may one day come to them.

Marion Harland

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THE HOUSE

Spring Cleaning

By MARION HARLAND

IN all households there are certain periods which are unspeakably disliked by members of the family. Such a one is the hebdomadal wash-day—black Monday—which is so common an occurrence that suffering humanity accepts it, as the inevitable should ever be met, with patient fortitude or with stolid endurance. We hate it with its steam and labor, but to be clean, the washing must be performed.

But with each returning spring comes the ordeal which is dreaded until it is past, then looked back upon with relief until the flying months change the past to the future, and then to the present tense. The yearly house-cleaning! The simple phrase recalls backyards full of carpets, and the monotonous "beat! beat!" of the cleaner's rod; bare, wet floors, pictureless walls, open windows, weary feet, aching backs, and general confusion.

To the busy housewife life seems a constant doing that things may be undone—wiping away dust that more may settle; washing dishes which in a few hours must again be receptacles for food; laundrying clothes that in another week will be soiled and return to the tub and ironing-board whence they came. Many wives and mothers appreciate to the full the weariness of the poor woman whose idea of heaven was an abode of bliss in which there would be no more housework. Her list of duties forever to be laid aside when this weary body shall have put on the garment of immortality (which will never become soiled) is pitiful, and the thought that—

"Where they don't eat, there's no washing of dishes."

touches a responsive chord in more than one woman's heart. The climax is reached when she, who has filled the office of wife, mother, nurse, and general-housework-drudge, exclaims with rapture born of earnest expectation:—

> "Don't mourn for me now, and mourn for me never,
> *I am going to do nothing forever and ever!*"

But while we live in this workaday world the tasks assigned us must be fulfilled, and the only thing for us to do is to make them as easy as we can. Certain housekeepers take work as some children do the measles, "hard." It is a great mistake to fancy that duties cannot be properly performed unless rendered as difficult as possible. Some one has said that "we must travel through life, but why make a dead march of it?" and the woman making ready for the spring house-cleaning would do well to take to herself this morsel of wisdom.

Why turn everything upside down at once, and for a week live in an atmosphere of dirt, suds, toil, and misery that leaves you on Saturday night worn out in body and nerves?

It is an excellent plan to clean little by little, bit by bit, finishing one room before beginning another. The main objection to this is, that when carpets have to be lifted it is more convenient to have them all taken up on the same day. Even so, you may be able to make an arrangement by which the second-floor carpets may be removed, beaten, and returned before those in parlors, dining-room and lower halls are lifted. When obliged to have bare floors, a semblance of comfort may be retained by laying rugs over the unsightly boards.

In cleaning a room, begin on the closets. If these are left to the last, the dirt accumulated in their depths is dragged out into the apartment. The day that the carpet is taken up, attack the closets. All woolen gowns should be removed from the nails, thoroughly searched for moth-eggs, shaken, and brushed. Each article must be taken from the shelves, and flannel undergarments, etc., undergo the same inspection which just has been bestowed upon the dresses. If the shelves are movable, take them out, wash and dry in the sun, and set to one side until the walls, floors, and nails of the closet have been

wiped with a cloth wrung out in hot water. Set the door wide open, that the dampness may be dissipated before your garments are returned to their places.

Do not be afraid to give away or sell cast-off clothing for which you have no need. Too much trash is carefully hoarded on the chance that "it may some day come into use." Take, for instance, a worn-out dress, which has been outgrown by the smallest member of the family. Why store it away in a drawer until it becomes a nest in which moths may breed, so that valuable garments are ruined by the pests? It would be a matter of economy, and far more sensible, to give it to your laundress for her little girl, or even to sell the useless thing to the "old-clothes man." Foolish sentimentality is at the bottom of much of this saving. In cleaning house there is no room for sentiment. It is all hard, stern practicality. Without any hesitation, therefore, cast aside all articles which, by whatever name you may call them, are in reality trash. You will be surprised to see how high the heap grows. Slippers out at toe, stockings past redemption by even the most apt darner, old gloves from which the buttons have been cut, broken bits of crockery, old letters penned by people for whom you have no affection, out-of-date and caved-in hat-frames, broken corsets and a score of other things the aspect of which causes you to turn with relief to your emptied shelves, whereon you will now have enough room for articles that have not outlived their day of usefulness.

In the same manner empty bureau drawers. These should be brushed and wiped out, and the inside of the bureau carefully cleaned. If you discover traces of moth, wait until closets and bureau are immaculate, and before replacing the articles belonging in them squirt from a powder-bellows a liberal supply of Persian insect powder into every crack and corner. Do not put back in wardrobe or drawers the furs and woolens which must be done up and laid away during the summer months. Have them brushed and beaten, then neatly folded, and deposited in a clean trunk until your house-cleaning is completed, when one day may be set aside for their care. At that time each article should be plentifully besprinkled with crumbs of

gum-camphor, wrapped in tar-paper or pinned in thick newspapers, and then sewed up in unbleached cotton sheeting. Your closets and bureaus finished, next turn your attention to your walls. In this enlightened day, picture cord, that feasting-place for moth, is a thing of the past, and strong, clean wire has taken its place. Remove the pictures, and, as you do so, wipe each one, back, front, frame, and glass, with a soft cloth, and stand it away in the closet. The ceilings and side walls should be first brushed with a hair-broom, that all cobwebs may be dislodged. Then, unless the ceilings are very high, they may, by the aid of a step-ladder, be wiped with a cloth. If too elevated for this, an old towel can be wrapped about a long-handled broom, and all dust removed from ceiling and walls. If the room is papered, the dust-cloth should be perfectly dry, but if hard-finished, it may be moist—not wet.

Now wash your windows in clear, warm water, to which add a few drops of ammonia. Select the time of day when the sun does not shine on the glass, or you will have streaked, cloudy panes. The paint may be washed, and your floors, if of plain pine boards, scrubbed. But if you have hardwood floors, they must be wiped with a cloth wrung very dry in tepid water and kerosene, in the proportion of a tablespoonful of oil to a gallon of water. The rubbing must be with, not across, the boards. In this, as with all the work, if done by a hireling, you will have to give your personal supervision. Unless you take this precaution, the polish of your hardwood floors will vanish under pails of scalding water and soapsuds, aided by a stiff scrubbing-brush.

Of course, when your carpets are taken up, your draperies, portières, etc., are removed, shaken, brushed, and hung on a line stretched across the yard where the wind may blow freely through them. Window shades should be taken down, unrolled, dusted, rolled again, and set aside until the time arrives for them to be put up. All the furniture may be carried out on the piazza or piazza roof, and, with a wicker paddle and duster, all "fluff" and dirt routed.

When your floor is perfectly dry, refurnish your room. First, the carpet. Although not agreeing with the hard-hearted

members of the masculine sex who jeer at the manner in which we women drive tacks, I nevertheless think that carpet-laying would better be done by a man. It is hard work for a woman, hampered as she is by her skirts, to get about on her hands and knees. The requisite amount of pulling and stretching to make the floor-covering lie smooth and straight is trying on the hands and back.

The carpet laid, hang your pictures. This will be a comparatively easy task, as the wires are already attached and the hooks in place. Your draperies and shades may be rehung, and your furniture returned to the apartment.

Let the halls be cleaned last of all, as the passing to and fro, bringing in and out carpets, will soon get them dirty.

One of the most tedious processes of this trying period is wiping off, piece by piece, all china and bric-a-brac. For this reason clean all the other closets before attacking the dining-room and kitchen pantries.

Never cast aside old flannels and underwear. They should be washed, starching and ironing omitted, and stored away through the entire year, that they may be in readiness for cleansing purposes.

One rule must be observed during house-cleaning week. Every particle of dust must be *burned.* Dust is the greatest curse that the careful housewife knows, and she must see for herself that it is all thrown into the kitchen range as soon as it is swept up. This is the one and only way of effectually disposing of it.

When your house is once fresh and spotless, *keep it so.* Here lies the secret of good housekeeping. Were corners frequently brushed out, closets and drawers never disarranged, and dust not allowed to accumulate, the yearly cleaning would be more a matter of form than the arduous labor it now is. Still, with the utmost care, dirt will gather in unsuspected nooks, and, such being the case, let us bring sweet tempers and cheerful energy to bear upon the task of removing it, remembering that it is not work, but worry, that kills.

THE HOUSE

Simplifying Housework

By MARION HARLAND

BY way of establishing a frank and friendly understanding between writer and reader, we will admit, at the beginning of our talk, that nothing can make American housekeeping easy. At the same time, it is comforting to bear in mind that the easiest things are seldom the best things. There are many reasons why the woman who "runs a house" in this land and at this day should have more and severer duties to perform than a housekeeper in the same station, and with the same means, in Great Britain, or on the continent of Europe. It may reconcile our housewife to her lot and clear away a difficulty or two if we consider a few of these reasons.

The newness of our nation runs through every department of life and labor. Nothing is firmly and definitely settled. The English farmer's wife cooks in the same kitchen and in the same saucepan that her mother used, and occupies exactly the same position filled by her grandmother. She has little new to learn, and knows the old thing well. If both ends meet and a tidy sum goes into the savings bank every year, she is contented. No thoughts of building a house twice as fine as that over her head keep her awake at night. So long as her boys have steady work, and she sees her girls well behaved, industrious, and, like the Scottish cotter's Jeannie, "respectit like the lave," her ambition for them is gratified.

We hear a vast deal said of the evil effects of American worry upon American women, in crippling their energies and shortening their lives. Comparatively little is written or spoken

of the element of restlessness that sets worry a-going. The wife of the farmer, or mechanic, or clerk, or small storekeeper never settles in her own mind just where she belongs. To use a slang phrase—"she never gets there." Consequently, she never finds a resting place for mind and body. By the time her house is decently furnished, she begins to contrive how it can be made "smart," as the English women would say. The American uses a more objectionable word when she calls it "genteel." The girls take music lessons, and a piano must be bought. Her children have playfellows who dress well, and she would not have her little ones seem mean or shabby. Everybody who is *anybody* has two parlors. Our housewife would do her own washing and ironing, and take in "shopwork" privately, yes! and sit up late at night to do it, rather than not have the pair of useless, dreary rooms on her first floor that go by that name.

She lives, for the most part, in the basement. Her work is there, and the semi-cellar used as a dining-room is the family parlor when there is no company. It keeps the children's dirt in one place, instead of letting it be strewed all over the house; it is cool in summer and warm in winter, and from her afternoon sewing chair by the front windows she can have an eye on "the girl," and the girl's company.

I wonder, sometimes, what would be the effect upon our bustling, worried housewife, were she to determine, once for all, just what her sphere in life is, and make up her mind to fill the station to which God has called her full, before straining and panting to climb to a higher. When will we study the old, sadly true, and neglected lesson that it is not the duty or trial of to-day that wears us out, but planning and hoping and dreading for to-morrow?

Again, our housekeeper living, as she does always a little ahead of her actual position and of her strength, if not ahead of her means, does not keep enough servants, considering the size of her house and family. While it is true that the more "help" one has of the kind furnished by intelligence offices and the "wants" columns of the daily papers, the worse off she is apt to be, there is cruelty to herself in undertaking to do all

the work of a household that must be kept abreast of the neighbor's. It is cruelty of a kind that kills wives and mothers oftener than poverty and want. Here, again, the English housewife who lends a hand in her own work is more sensible than the American. If she lives in a three-story house, containing kitchen, dining-room, two parlors, six bedrooms with bathroom, cellar, and ten closets, the British matron would have two stout maids to assist her in keeping the premises in order. Our ambitious countrywoman prides herself upon getting along with one girl "engaged for general housework," and not infrequently employs no servant. A woman "comes in" to do washing and ironing every week, and a semi-occasional day's cleaning. The mistress of the establishment takes all the rest upon her single pair of hands. Nothing is neglected that could contribute to the material comfort of her family. They have enough to eat, drink, and wear, are well lodged in a respectable, often a luxurious house, clean from top to bottom. Of this you may make sure. No other domicile is so spick-and-span as that where "mother does for herself."

(How often the phrase may be otherwise and mournfully applied, cannot but occur to one familiar with the limitations of flesh and blood.)

Her house gets to be as truly a part of herself as the shell is of the snail. No cloudy windows, no dusty corners, no drifts of "fluff" under beds and tables while she is up and around. She may be the soul of kindness to others; she is unmerciful to herself. There is never a moment in the day when she does not believe that she could take one more step if it were necessary. She has a way of saying that she "doesn't mind work," and "knows better than anybody can tell her what she can do and bear." Her thumb and finger are (figuratively) never off the screw that regulates her nervous system, and she is always ready to give it one more twist.

This is, strictly speaking, not housewifery, but slavery, and of a worse sort than ever disgraced Santo Domingo, or found its way into "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The nominal slave was an irresponsible machine, whose care for his work ceased when he dropped his hoe in the field, or washed up the last dish at

night. He carried no anxiety to his pillow, and ate his meat in a careless security. Providing, paying for what was provided, and looking out for the future, were the master's business. The American housemother plans and performs, and takes consequences in her single self. Her brain works, her heart palpitates, her nerves are as tense as violin strings, while she toils up to the full measure of her strength, through tasks that should be done by coarser hands. She is maid-of-all-work, wife, mother, business manager, and housekeeper; she hears the lessons her children learn at home for the salaried school-teacher; she belongs to the church sewing society; she teaches in the Sunday school; she pays and receives calls; and is ambitious to see her husband a rich man some day. Then, she will keep her carriage, ride where she now walks, and rest instead of slaving. The vision is sometimes fulfilled. Oftener, her rest is in the tomb, and another wife, younger, more attractive, and more daintily bred, enters into her labors.

It was a woman of this stamp who hoped that "Gabriel would *toot* softly when he passed her grave, if the end of the world should come in less than a thousand years. She couldn't get rested out in less time."

The American matron is a wonderful creation, and not to be found out of our favored country; but bones, blood, muscle, and nerve were never made that could bear, without injury, the life she sets for herself when she undertakes to do all of the work of such an American home as she *will* have.

Another thing that makes her load grievous and hardly to be borne, even when she "tries to favor her strength" by means of hired help and modern conveniences, is lack of proper training for the housekeeper's business.

The life led by our girls up to the time of marriage is accountable for much of this deficiency. If mothers of every station were bent upon *dis*qualifying their daughters for what probably lies before them, they could not go more zealously to work to secure the evil end. Our public and private schools and colleges "keep up the standard" so fiercely that she who would rank well in her class has not time to make a pudding, or to hem a handkerchief during nine months of the year, and

needs the other three for recuperation. After graduation, the girl's harness is stripped off, and she is turned into the social pasture for a run that lasts until she is caught and noosed for life.

"Work and trouble will come soon enough. Let the young things have their day," is talk that finds as much favor among the poor as among the wealthy classes.

"What do you mean to do with that nice girl of yours?" asked I of my washerwoman, who had worked hard during ten years of widowhood to bring up her boy and girl respectably. "She must be about fifteen—isn't she?"

"Sixteen, mem. She's small, an' not strong for her years. But she's a smart scholard at the school, they say, an' as handy with her fingers as you could wish to see."

"She would make a capital lady's maid," proceeded I. "Or would you prefer to apprentice her to the milliner's or dressmaker's trade?"

The mother looked hurt and wistful.

"Indade, mem, an' it's sorry I'd be to see her a servant to anybody, or in anything but a ladylike business, where she could be her own mistress. She's wishful to be a music teacher, or the loikes o' that. She's never had to put her hand to dirthy wurrk—I'd 'a' rubbed me own fingers to the bone first."

She had lived in this free country eighteen years, quite long enough to imbibe national ideas as to kitchen and housework. Her daughter left school at sixteen. She had a smattering of algebra, history, rhetoric, chemistry, and English literature. She could bound every country in Asia and in Africa, and give the capital city of every European nation; could draw maps and recite chronological tables, and "had had three quarters on the piano." She could not have made a loaf of bread or a gown for herself to save her soul, but was slim of figure, with a complexion like a paraffine candle. At seventeen she married a journeyman carpenter, who took to drink in half a year's time because he "couldn't have things as a man had a right to expect when he comes home after a hard day's work." At twenty, a sickly, unhappy slattern, with two puny children,

was more than half supported by the daily earnings of her faithful mother.

The wife of a well-to-do mechanic told me in the presence of her daughter, who was to be married the next week, that "Lucy doesn't like to have me say it, but she has never done a day's work in her life. Ever since she left school four years ago, it's been go, go, go! all the time. Up late at night, and sleeping half the day, and then getting ready to go out again in the evening. It's to be hoped she'll sober down when she has a home and husband to look after."

A young woman who had had such home training should have been able to employ a corps of competent servants and a housekeeper to look after them. Lucy went to live in a neat flat, furnished by her father, put out her washing and ironing, and valiantly undertook to do her own work. Without meaning to be extravagant, she wasted her husband's income, and worried him and herself with continual mistakes and expensive failures. He grew savage and intolerant of the inefficiency which cost him dear. She grew wretched, peevish, and "delicate" under the pressure of tasks too heavy for her soft muscles, and cares that excruciated her nerves. The doctors—another expense—said she "had no stamina"; gossips shook their heads over "the way girls have of breaking down early." Eighteen months ended the unequal struggle. She and her baby were buried together.

The untaught child had done her best to repair the fatal blunders in her education. So sure am I of this in her case, and that of a thousand others, that my indignation expends itself upon the inconsiderate, or weakly indulgent, or ambitious mothers who let daughters waste in useless follies time that should be given, in part, at least, to diligent preparation for the calling to which they are directed by nature and public sentiment. Not one girl in ten thousand expects, or is expected, to pass all her life in the home of her girlhood. What censure is too harsh for the conduct of the parent who, ignoring this solemn truth, fails to instruct her in the practical details of the profession she is almost certain to enter?

THE HOUSE

Window Gardening

By MARION HARLAND

WITHIN the last quarter century there had spread through city, village, and country a contagious eruption of projecting windows. Bay and bow windows, mullioned and oriel windows, three-cornered windows, windows square, hexagon, and embrasured in swell fronts, thrust themselves upon the eye from every point of observation, giving a perky, knobby, and bumptious air to what were else sober-going residences, tenanted by respectable, commonplace people.

Interiorly, the effect is generally pleasant. Mrs. Whitney, in her "Sights and Insights," tells of the relief to imaginations pained by massive, clumsy enclosures of huge stone and solid black beams overstretching the Knight's Hall, places and contrivances for tortures, and the horrible *oubliette* in the Castle of Chillon—by coming suddenly upon a deep window with a stone seat, opening upon Lake Leman.

"I could think of two warrior friends, mail-clad, with just their vizors up to show their human faces, with human kindness in them for each other, sitting here together for some minutes in the stone embrasure, looking out on the fair waters, and talking of adventure or plan in which they were companions. There was just room for two. One cannot help thinking of some possible two, where is just space for them and no more."

Such suggestion of intimate human companionship is always given by nooks and corners in living-rooms. So well is this understood by the modern furnisher, that our home magazines are generous in directions how to make cozy corners in rectan-

gular rooms. The girl of the day queries curiously how her grandparents did their courting in barn-like, four-sided rooms, where all the chairs were ranged against the chair-board, which was put there for the purpose of receiving the backs of every seat in the apartment except those of the Old People at Home, which flanked the chimney-place.

Our flower-lover, who is always a lover of humankind, espies in the projecting window with a southern exposure opportunities of brightening a human habitation and bringing poetry into prosaic lives. Next to a conservatory, the bay, or bow, or mullioned, or oriel window, lined with glass, is the best place for carrying on winter floriculture.

Before putting in shelves or bringing in plants, see that the window-frames are tight. It is not well to nail or seal them up for the winter, as flowers require in mild weather as much air as people. Weather-strips are cheap, and easily tacked into place, and allow free play to the sashes. In the *real* country, where it is not easy to get them, a homely but tolerable substitute is strips of list, or, in default of these, double flannel, nailed on one side only, and overlapping the joints and seams of the sash. The best way of shelving the recess is to lay smooth boards of proper length upon brackets. Iron brackets, more or less ornamental, may be procured from any builder, with screws for fastening them into place. Wooden supports will do as well so far as strength goes, but are more unsightly. Whichever you use, have them screwed, not nailed, into place. The advantage of loose shelves is that they can be removed and cleaned whenever this is desirable, and when taken down in the spring may be laid away in garret or loft, in a small compass, to be ready for next autumn. Oil or paint them, that they may be dusted or washed easily, to prevent the water from soaking into the wood.

Unpainted flower-pots are preferable to glazed or painted. The homely red earthenware pot and saucer are more serviceable in the long run than "fancy" china or stoneware. In the bottom of each lay over the draining-hole a bit of broken crockery or a pebble, before the earth goes in, that the surplus water may escape, and that the earth may *not*. Fill the pot

with rich, mellow soil. Gail Hamilton, reading that certain plants needed "light, mellow soil," "filled her pots from the middle of the road, judging that the earth there, if anywhere, must have been beaten "mellow." Sprinkle a little sand between the layers of heavier earth in the pots intended for roses. The dwellers in cities, or in the vicinity of a florist, can buy soil already prepared, at a very low rate. One of the most successful amateur flower-growers I know made liberal use of the mold found under dead leaves in grooves and woods. She mixed it with well-rotted manure, adding a little sand to prevent caking.

Bulbs of hyacinths, narcissus, crocuses, tulips, cyclamen, Easter and calla lilies, should be buried in the earth and left in a dry cellar for four or five weeks, to make roots, before they are set in the window. Water them now and then, but not profusely, until a few days before they are brought out.

Cyclamen, one of the loveliest and most satisfactory of house plants, is easily raised and blossoms long.

Carnations do not care for very much heat if they can get sunshine. Purchase those that are "well started," water them judiciously, keep them tied up to slender sticks, and they will give you flowers all winter. I have twenty pots of carnations that have blossomed steadily for a month and more, and are full of buds in all stages of development. Like most other home comforts, carnations flourish the better for being generous. Cut and give away the perfected flowers, and their successors will be the finer for the neighborly act.

Heliotrope is hardy, and after it begins to bloom, prolific. It craves warmth and sunlight, being essentially a "child of the sun."

The *Nasturtium* family will endure much ill treatment, and is never weary of blossoming after it begins. The droop of the luxuriant vines over pot and shelf, if of the dwarf species, and the clamber of the taller kinds up pole and frame, are graceful and pleasing.

Citronaloes, or lemon verbena, is a sweet, dauntless shrub, "easily entreated" to grow and be fragrant, and really enjoys being clipped for *boutonnières* and vases.

AN EXAMPLE OF CAREFUL FLOWER-TRAINING.

The plant best adapted for all kinds of usage is the *Geranium*, especially those known as the General Grant, the Coral, the Fish, and the Horse-shoe varieties. *Pelargoniums* (or Lady Washington geraniums) require rather more intelligent care, but repay it liberally. Geraniums must not be over-watered, requiring only half as much moisture as bulbous plants, such as callas. If faithfully tended, the blossoms will double in size, and press glowing faces against the glass from October to May.

One of the ornaments of my conservatory—which latter, I may say, has no custodian except my unprofessional self—is a great tree fern bought two years ago. "Give it a big bot and blenty of vater!" said the German from whom I bought it. Following the simple rules, I have had the pleasure of seeing the croziers lift big, brown, hairy heads from root and stalk in sturdy apostolical succession, until I can almost stand under the shadow of the fronds.

Upon a tall shelf is a row of robust palms that expand newly at regular and frequent intervals. They are green, hardy, and comely, and keep the amateur in heart when more delicate nurslings droop or bleach. The same may be said of the *India Rubber Plant.*

For hanging-baskets or pots, *Sweet Alyssum* may be safely attempted. One of the most beautiful of my earlier experiments was a great bowl filled with this, and hung in a sitting-room window. By Christmas it was like a cataract of green, capped with white foam, and remained a thing of beauty until May.

Wandering Jew and *English, German,* and *Japanese Ivies* are excellent creepers for this purpose.

Mignonette may be sowed now for spring blooming, as may pansy seed—that is, if you have room for seedlings. It must be borne in mind that ambitious ignorance in floriculture goes before a fall, and that chagrin under such circumstances is the surest crop that grows. Be content to begin modestly, and make haste slowly.

Lay under your shelves a square of linoleum of generous dimensions, that one may not be afraid to give your flowers all

the water they need and like. *Get a watering-pot that does not leak where the sprinkler joins the spout.* Otherwise, you will have wet sleeves, a ruffled temper, and probably a cold, "aggravated by grip symptoms." The water should be just tepid. Take the chill off, but do not be beguiled into refreshing your ivies with hot water, as the advice of some is. I have known people who said they had practiced the daring feat with success. I have known others who, under my eyes, killed the ivy, root and branch, by a similar attempt.

An inveterate, and too little dreaded, enemy of growing plants is *dust*. In the conservatory a hose, with a powerful "sprayer" attached, makes short work of the invader. In living-room and bay window, a soft, wet cloth, tenderly applied, must often supplement the watering-pot. A dusty-leaved shrub or vine cannot be healthy. It breathes through the leaves, and the under side of each of these is a tissue of veins and air vessels. Wet a fine sponge, or a bit of old linen, and at least twice a week wash the foliage. After once seeing what the wet sponge or rag brings away, you will need no argument to induce you to continue the practice.

Another foe to greenery and bloom is *gas*. More of the failures to raise flowers under otherwise favorable circumstances is due to the impregnation of the air with gas than from all other causes combined. The cottager who cannot afford gas has a window full of blossoms and healthy leaves, while the expensive *jardinière* of the mistress of the brown-stone palace must be renewed weekly by a fashionable florist. Flowers do not like artificial light of any kind. After sunset they wish a rest, and need it as much as your babies do. The wise plant-lover sees to it that they get it. If the family keep late hours, she draws a curtain or screen between the pots in the window and the illuminated room. Of course this is removed at bedtime, that the flowers may get the benefit of the heat during the coldest hours of the night. In bitter weather protect them from the outer cold by drawing down the holland shades between them and the glass; or if this is not practicable, lay newspapers against the sash, that the leaves may not touch the frosted panes.

If your plants are infested by red spiders, or aphidæ (the small, green insects which are the pest of the conservatory), hang a thick curtain closely over the niche or window, and set within the recess thus formed an iron vessel containing loose tobacco stems and leaves. Light this, and leave it smoking for some hours. Then take the pots from the shelves and sweep up the dead insects. Two or three fumigations will rid you effectually of them.

THE HOUSE

Fine Art in "Drudgery"

By MARION HARLAND

IT is quite possible to make housekeeping pleasant, even to lovers of the beautiful. Intelligence and culture tell here as everywhere else. You can guess by glancing at a room whether the mistress or the maid "put it to rights." The true lady leaves upon the most menial task the stamp of herself. She can make even potato paring tolerable.

This is a strong statement, for I put potato peeling among the most irksome of kitchen duties. Bridget makes it, if possible, coarser and meaner than it is in itself. She dumps big and little potatoes together in a pan, drenches them with water, arms herself with a dull knife, and slashes the tubers, long and round, into one and the same shape. The thick parings and the denuded potatoes lie together in the dirty water until the job is finished. Then she fishes out the potatoes and tosses them into another pan of water, "gives them a rowl," and puts them into the pot to boil. The parings and the smallest potatoes go into the garbage-barrel. You cannot give Bridget points upon potatoes. She has summered and wintered with them too many years to go to school to you in anything that concerns them.

Your refined housewife must peel potatoes occasionally, and this is the way she goes about it. First, she draws upon her hands a pair of stout gloves, too large for her—usually a cast-off pair of John's. The tips of the fingers are cut off to the first joint. She uses her finger-tips where Bridget would souse in her red hand up to the wrist. The potatoes are picked over

judiciously, the mess intended for to-day being of uniform size, if they are to be served whole. If they are to be mashed or stewed, she mixes large and small together.

When Bridget gets to the bottom of the barrel, nothing is left but such small potatoes as are "not worth the paleing, at all, at all." Our lady uses them to advantage down to the bare board.

She carries the pan of potatoes to the sink, runs cold water over them, pours this off, and fills the pan again, washing the potatoes well with a whisk broom. This done, she rinses them a third time, drains off every drop of water, turns the potatoes into a wooden tray, and sets them in an airy place to dry. Why stain her fingers with wet potatoes, when by washing them ten minutes earlier she can handle them comfortably? Bridget peels them at the sink, close to the hot stove. Our lady chooses a pleasant seat in a pleasant temperature, and has on the floor beside her a vessel to receive the skins, on the table to her right a pan of cold water. If she has a good potato parer she uses it. If not, she pares the potato with a keen knife, as she would a peach. Being educated, she knows that most of the starch, which means mealiness when the potato is cooked, lies just under the skin, and being too refined to be wasteful, she puts the knowledge into practice.

N. B.—*Waste is always and everywhere vulgar.*

As each potato is pared it goes into the pan of clean water, which remains clean. With all the pains she has taken to do the work in a ladylike way, and which I have described with what may seem needless minuteness, our lady accomplishes it in less time and with less fuss than Bridget ever dreamed of doing. The lady's hands are more deft, and a little practice (directed by brains) enables her to beat any hireling upon her own territory as to time, dexterity, and excellence of workmanship.

Do not think that we are dwelling too long upon the much-too-little-considered subject of simplifying and dignifying the coarse details of housework. Nothing that God has given us to do is common or unclean. The woman who considers herself too good, too fine, too learned, or too-anything-else to

accept the duty of the day cheerfully, and do it well, has failed to read life's lesson aright.

I, long ago, made up my mind, that the aversion to "doing the dishes" arises, mainly, from the circumstance that it is so seldom "done properly." Will my sister housekeeper bear with a little friendly chat upon this important and wofully undervalued branch of domestic fine arts?

I wish I could say that Bridget and her mates are the only people who require instruction in the employments in which she considers that she needs no teaching, or that I could lift the reproach from one of these in the mind of a single fellow-toiler in the monotonous stretches of every-day. If more housewives would take upon themselves the daily care of china and glass, their purses would be heavier and their hearts lighter. Many who cannot conscientiously indulge their longing for dainty table-furniture, considering themselves bound to set out the daily board with plain white French china or graniteware, that can be readily matched when broken, might afford the beauty craved by eye and tastes could the valuables be insured against breakage, nicks, and cracks. It is a mystery, even to the veteran housekeeper, how "the girl" contrives to bring about the variety of injuries inflicted upon presumably innocent cups, saucers, plates, and dishes. She can hardly be in league with respectable china-merchants, yet the condition of the contents of our china-closets hints darkly at some such combination. She never, absolutely, of herself, breaks anything. The utmost she confesses is that the evil-minded thing "came into two pieces in me hand," or I "found it broken and a-settin' there foreninst me on the shelf, and niver a creter nigh or near it." She is, generally, utterly ignorant how it happened, and tearfully innocent when confronted with the fractured glass bowl at the back of the top shelf, or the remnants of your Dresden vase in the bottom of the ash-barrel.

The independent mistress who gives personal attention to her brittle treasures is spared much of the worry and distress inseparable from such accidents. I give, therefore, a recipe for dish-washing as carefully and with as much pleasure as I would

write out directions for making an especially delicious *entrée* or dessert.

To begin with—have an abundance of hot water. If that which runs from the boiler-faucet be not scalding, set a big kettle-full upon the range before the meal at which the dishes will be used. See to it that soft, dry, and clean towels are at hand. When the meal is over, collect, first, the glasses, then the china and silver, and carry it into the butler's pantry, if you have one. If not, have a large tray set upon a thick mat on the dining-room or kitchen table. The plates should be scraped at the side-table into a dish or pan for the dogs, cats, or chickens, and wiped with a crumby piece of bread which is added to the "scraps." Return them in an orderly heap to the table or a smaller stand, close to the tray on which the dish-pan is to be set.

More china goes to smash in the sink than in all other places put together. So don't practice your "fine art" there. However carefully you may handle the delicate ware, there is a risk that a touch against the metal lining of the sink may scale off the enamel, or start a crack that will work all the way across the dish.

Set tablespoons, knives, and forks upright in a stout pitcher, and pour over them a cupful or so of warm water, to loosen grease and stickiness. If the handles of the knives are of ivory or mother-of-pearl, do not let the water touch them.

Always pass the "things" through two waters. The one exception to this is in the case of glass vessels that have held clean water.

The average waitress, let me observe, has a trick of returning them to the shelves or table without so much as wiping them. The inevitable "mix" with respect to lip-contact is not a matter to dwell upon.

Wash the glasses first of all, in pure, hot water, without soap, and wipe them quickly. Set them away, and with your handy little soap-shaker make suds of both waters. That intended for the first rinsing should be particularly strong. The small pan holding this should be set on your right and close to the larger.

The best dish-pans are of agate-iron ware, and with no seams to catch rust and dirt.

Next to glass comes silver. For this, the water cannot be too hot. Do not smile when I advise stout gloves with clipped fingers as indispensable for the dish-washer, if she would avoid chapped and roughened hands. The skillful operator will not wet more than the tips of her fingers, for foremost among her tools are a long-handled mop and a wire soap-shaker. The latter is laid aside when you have churned up a fair lather and the mop comes into play. The forks and tablespoons from the pitcher have a dip by the handful in the rinsing-pan, are dropped into the second water, fished out singly with the mop, and wiped instantly, *hard* and fast. They will come out of the towel almost too hot to be borne in the naked hand, shining and bright. The heat helps to polish them. Only the blades of ivory and pearl-handled knives should go into either water. Now, dip each piece of china into the rinsing-pan (taking care that no sugar is left in the bottom of the cups), roll it around in the larger vessel with the mop, and wipe immediately. A dish-drainer is a relic of ruder days, and not to be named by her who respects cleanliness and fitness. Draining leaves a film on glass and silver, an invisible but palpable roughness on china, and, if the suds have really dried on it, streaks that may be seen as well as felt. I could tell, with my eyes shut, if the plate I touch has been drained instead of wiped, dripping, from clean, hot water. For clean the second water will remain, after the fortieth or hundredth article has passed through it. All the dirt has been left in the rinsing-water, and this should be changed several times for clean and hot suds, where there are many things to be washed. Add hot water to the second pan if it cools too fast. Your towels will show the wisdom of this method of cleansing dishes. They are never greasy or stained; are never stiffened by starchy vegetables or sugar, and so can be dried and used again, and yet again, without going into the wash-tub. If you have served preserves, or honey, or sugared fruits on plates or saucers, take the precaution of washing them off in a first water of their own. Otherwise, you will have presently a diluted syrup, coating the surface of the china,

which the second water does not quite remove. When dry, it is stickily offensive. The array of bright crystal and porcelain and gleaming silver on board and shelves would partially repay the worker, to say nothing of the safety of the whole. In homes where the mother is known to linger in the dining-room for half-an-hour after each meal, the institution of "washing up the things" becomes classic.

I have in my mind a goodly picture which I would fain set before my reader,—of a stately, white-haired matron, in her cushioned chair, a little higher than the rest—before her the two pans, neatly folded towels at her left hand, assorted piles of cups, plates, and silver at her right. Her husband, also silver-haired, always chose that time for his smoke and a pleasant chat; the pretty daughters put away the various articles as they left the mother's hands, carrying on a lively flow of badinage with a brace of collegians, who had brought in cigars and newspapers. The open French windows of the country house let in the scent of honeysuckles and roses from the lawn, the morning sun striking across the long board cast upon the white cloth prismatic sparkles from the facets of cut-glass, and glittered upon heirlooms of silver. Other guests in the hospitable mansion lounged on window-seat and doorways. The scene was familiar to most of us, but so novel to one of the collegians aforesaid that he broke in, by and by, in blunt, boyish fashion, eying the gloved hands of the priestess of the ceremony:—

"Beg pardon, but I never knew before that dish-washing could be *tony*—don't you know? This is a *pastoral!*"

THE HOUSE

House Pests

By MARGARETTE W. BROOKS

THE various insects which infest the dwelling have been from time immemorial a trial to careful housekeepers. Just as out of doors the gardener is constantly employed in protecting plants of all kinds from the ravages of insects, so in the house there is a perpetual warfare carried on against these indoor pests. Some eat holes in our clothes, others destroy carpets and hangings, while still others are attracted by the food in our pantries and storerooms.

Unless one has watched the habits of insects and studied their development, it is hard to realize that in their mode of growth they differ from the other animals with which we are familiar. By some it is supposed that an insect grows as a bird or a cat grows—that is, by imperceptible increase in size, with no marked change in form. With this idea it is not strange that a tiny fly should be thought a young fly that will gradually grow bigger, or that a large fly should be supposed to have lived some time to have attained such size. It is a fact fairly well understood that moths and butterflies pass through several changes between the egg and the perfect insect, and that the caterpillar, or worm, as it is more often called, seen feeding in our gardens, or crawling over sidewalks or fences in search of a convenient spot in which to undergo its transformations, will before long assume a totally different appearance; it is not so generally known, however, that in the larger number of insects the change is nearly if not quite as great.

Among the insects which infest our houses, we find repre-

sentatives of most of the various orders of insects, and a study of these forms alone would prove of interest and value. Their habits are well known to the housekeeper, and so in many cases is their appearance in one or more stages; but a history of their life from the egg to the perfect insect is still a mystery to many people, and it is to these that the following pages may be of interest. In this article attention is called only to the more common insect pests of the house.

The Clothes Moth (*Tinea pellionella*) is one of the commonest of household pests. Most housekeepers are familiar with the different stages of its growth, and all are aware of the fact that it is not the little delicate silvery moth that does the damage, except indirectly by laying its eggs in our woolen garments.

The moth, measuring less than half an inch across its spread wings, easily makes its way through the smallest crevices, and unless care is taken in the spring and summer, we may find garments that have been carefully laid away in boxes and drawers, as well as clothes hanging in closets, are infested by this creature. As a general rule, the worm seems to prefer partially worn and soiled garments to new cloth.

Early in the spring, garments should be well beaten and brushed to dislodge the moths or any eggs that may have been deposited in the folds of the cloth, and then hung in the air and sun for a while.

When possible, garments should be folded in paper, leaving no chance for the moth to enter; large paper bags being convenient for this purpose. Camphor-wood or red-cedar chests are valuable in protecting articles which cannot easily be wrapped in paper, as the odor of these woods is disagreeable to the moth; and when these are not to be had, oil of cedar poured on paper, which is then rolled up so that the oil shall not grease the garments, will make an ordinary box moth-proof. These rolls of paper should be scattered through the box and should be renewed two or three times during the spring and summer. It is said that black pepper or whole cloves sprinkled among woolen clothes will prevent the moth from depositing its eggs, as will also pieces of tallow wrapped in paper, and the

odor of carbolic acid, turpentine, or benzine is very offensive to the moth. Camphor, as is well known, is beneficial in keeping away moths, but should never be placed near seal-skin, as it causes this fur to change color, showing streaks of gray or yellow. The great secret in taking care of furs is said to be frequent and thorough beating, the furs being kept in close closets lined with tar paper.

It has been said that the odor of tobacco is disagreeable, but in the experience of some it has seemed rather to attract than to repel the moths. In more than one case it was found that clothes belonging to men using no tobacco were free from the attacks of moths, while in the pockets of those who smoked constantly were found both eggs and larvæ mixed with bits of tobacco, the garments having been eaten in various places. Of course, this is not an absolute proof of the inefficacy of tobacco, as there may have been other causes of attraction, and fresh, clean tobacco may, after all, be found effectual.

The larvæ, or the eggs, can be killed by putting the article in which they are found in a tightly closed vessel, and plunging it for a short time into boiling water, or it can be placed in an oven heated to a temperature of one hundred and fifty degrees Fahrenheit.

It is hardly necessary to describe the moth, which, although so small, is easily recognized as an enemy by most housewives, though in many cases little moths of various species, attracted to our rooms by the lamp-light in the evening, are often mistaken for the clothes moth and destroyed. It may be well to state that the clothes moth rarely flits about the light.

Soon after the moth issues from the cocoon, the female finds its way to the substance suitable for food for its young, and upon this material it lays fifty or more eggs. In about a week the egg is hatched, and almost immediately the worm begins to eat, and not only uses for food the fibers of the article upon which the egg was laid, but also makes of the material a covering for itself—a little tube in which it lives, spinning for a lining the softest silk, which it emits from glands in the head. From time to time, as the little worm grows, it enlarges its case, either by adding to the ends or by cutting with its sharp jaws

little slits in the sides of the case, filling in the space between the edges with the substance nearest at hand, forming a neat patch. Not content with eating and making a shelter for itself of the cloth upon which it lives, the little worm cuts through the cloth as it makes its way in various directions, dragging its case after it. If the case is torn from it, or in any way injured, it soon makes a new one or patches the old. After a while, at the approach of warm weather, the little worm closes the ends of its case and changes to a pupa or chrysalis, and in two or three weeks the moth appears.

Within fifteen or twenty years there has appeared a new addition to the already long list of injurious insects introduced into this country from Europe. It is known and classified as the Buffalo bug (*Anthrenus scrophulariæ*), and, although called a bug, which is the name commonly applied to all insects having inconspicuous wings, it is in reality a beetle, and why the name Buffalo is applied is not known for a certainty; some say it was first noticed in this country in the city of Buffalo, New York, while one writer says it was named from its fancied resemblance to a buffalo. Whatever may be the reason for this name, and however inapt it may be, it is known more commonly by it than by its more proper name of "carpet-beetle."

The larva which does the damage measures, when full grown, about three-sixteenths of an inch in length. It is covered with hairs, the longest ones being on the last segment of the body, forming a sort of tail. It makes no cocoon, but when full grown remains quiet for a short time, then the skin splits along the back and the pupa is seen. It continues in this state for a few weeks, when the skin of the pupa bursts and the perfect insect is disclosed—a beautiful little beetle, less than an eighth of an inch in length, marked with red, black, and white. From October until spring the beetles may be found in all stages of growth—that is to say, in the larval, pupal, and perfect states.

It is found that few of the usual preventives are of any use against the attacks of this beetle, and for this reason it is a difficult pest to eradicate. In some places it has proved so destructive that carpets have to be dispensed with, and in their place rugs are used, as being more conveniently examined.

Tallow, or tallowed paper, placed around the edges of the carpet, which are often the parts first attacked, is said to be effectual. In many cases the carpets are cut, as if with scissors, following the line of the seams in the floor, and as a remedy for this it has been recommended that the seams be filled during the winter with cotton saturated with benzine. Kerosene, naphtha, or gasoline are offensive to the beetle as well as benzine, but benzine is perhaps the simplest and safest preventive to use. It can be poured from a tin can having a very small spout, it being necessary to use but little.

Before tacking down a carpet it should be thoroughly examined and, if possible, steamed. If, in spite of precautions, a carpet is found infested, a wet cloth can be spread down along the edges, and a hot iron passed over it, the steam thus generated not only killing the beetles and larvæ, but destroying any eggs that may have been laid. Clothing is sometimes attacked as well as objects of natural history—such as stuffed birds and mammals.

It was believed that the beetle must feed on some plant, for in a number of cases it was captured out of doors, and it was finally discovered feeding on the pollen of the flowers of spiræas, the beetle living on the plant for a while, and then returning to the house to lay its eggs. When this was proved, it was suggested that spiræas should be planted around houses infested by the beetle; by doing this the plants could be often examined and the beetles destroyed.

Another annoying and common pest is the cockroach (*Blattidæ*). Among the *Orthoptera*, to which order this family belongs, we find a different mode of transformation. Were it not for its small size and the absence of wings, the young would closely resemble the parent, and, after molting or changing its skin several times, it reaches maturity without having passed through a stage in which it keeps perfectly quiet, as in the case of the moth and beetle.

The eggs of the cockroach are carried about in a little case by the female, and when these eggs are ready to hatch, this case is dropped; and it is said by some writers that the little ones are helped out by the mother. Just after the young come

from the egg, and after each molt, they are white, but the usual color is brown or black. They molt five or six times before reaching maturity.

Cockroaches are very troublesome, eating anything that comes in their way; are unpleasant to look upon, and are specially disgusting to us on account of their disagreeable odor.

The large cockroach (*Periplaneta orientalis*), or "black beetle," as it is sometimes called, might in some cases be not unwelcome, as it acts as a scavenger, keeping the corners of the rooms it frequents clean, and furthermore it feeds on that most disgusting of pests, the bedbug. Though this is said in its favor, we think there is no doubt that the remedy might be thought as bad as the disease, and it would be considered more agreeable to find some other way of exterminating the bedbug; and most people would prefer having their corners cleaned in the ordinary way, with soap and water; nevertheless, it is sometimes of service in this way. This cockroach is of a dark brown color, about an inch in length; the male having short wings, while the female has only rudimentary wings. It is very troublesome in kitchens, coming out at night when the lights are out.

A somewhat larger insect is the American cockroach (*periplaneta americana*), which is a lighter brown color, both the male and female having well-developed wings. This species is not so often found in houses, but frequents water-pipes and sewers and the cargoes of vessels.

The smallest cockroach which is a pest in our houses is the "water-bug" (*Ectobia lapponica*). It is also known as the "Croton bug." This insect is very common in houses in New England, and, though eating any kind of food, is especially fond of bread. It frequents bakeries, where it proves a great annoyance, sometimes being baked in the bread in spite of care. It also eats the covers of books bound in cloth, but will not touch those bound in leather.

It has been said that sailors have been greatly troubled by cockroaches eating the nails of their fingers and toes, and the hard parts of their feet and hands, but this has been questioned. However, a writer in "Nature" affirms that while in Australia he was awakened one night by cockroaches nibbling his feet, which

were badly blistered, and in the morning he found the skin had been eaten from a large blister, causing a painful sore, and that the hard skin of the heel had also been eaten. Another writer in the same journal says that this habit of cockroaches is well known to all West Indians.

Borax is very disagreeable to cockroaches and will drive them away, and it is said to kill them if mixed with white sugar and sprinkled around the corners frequented by them. The following receipt for a preparation to exterminate cockroaches is given in a late number of "Science": Thirty-seven parts of borax, nine parts of starch, and four parts of cocoa. This preparation should be sprinkled around their haunts.

Insect powder does not kill them, but renders them stupid, and while in this condition they can easily be swept up and destroyed. In England cockroaches are sometimes caught with stale beer, which is placed in a deep dish, bits of wood being so arranged that the cockroaches can climb into the liquid. The following preparations are mentioned in Harris's "Insects Injurious to Vegetation," but, as they are poisonous, they should be used with the greatest care. The first is a tablespoonful of red lead and Indian meal, mixed with enough molasses to make a thick batter; the other is a teaspoonful of powdered arsenic, mixed with a tablespoonful of mashed potatoes. These preparations should be used for several nights in succession.

Often when looking into a box or drawer which has remained in a damp place for some time, or on opening an old book, we see a curious little silvery creature running swiftly out of sight. This is the bristle-tail, or silver-fish (*Lepisma*). It is so unlike the insects which we usually find in our houses that one hardly knows what to call it. It is nevertheless an insect, though belonging to a low order. Its long, slender body is covered with delicate iridescent scales, from which is derived its name "silver-fish"; it has no wings and passes through no metamorphoses. It feeds on silken clothing, tapestry, and the like, but is more destructive to books, eating the paste of the binding and even the leaves, though loose papers are more often attacked. A few years ago one species was found doing

a great deal of damage in museums by eating the labels. The labels which were rendered illegible by the attacks of this insect were made of heavily sized paper, in most cases common unglazed paper remaining untouched by them; and it was also found that only clothing finished with starch or sizing was subject to their attacks. Prof. Hagen, writing on this pest, recommends that insect powder, which easily kills them, should be sprinkled about silk dresses or any articles liable to be injured by them. Where papers are pressed close together, the *Lepisma* can do no damage; but in cases where pressure might injure the papers or pictures, they might be inclosed in boxes, taking care that the covers fit so closely that no space is left for the insect to enter, or the boxes might be sealed up by pasting strips of paper around the covers, a paste with which insect-powder has been mixed being used for this purpose; valuable framed engravings might be covered on the backs with common paper, the same kind of paste being used. There is no doubt that labels washed in an alcoholic solution of corrosive sublimate would be rendered proof against the attacks of this insect.

Books are also eaten by the larva and the mature insect of several species of beetles belonging to the genus *Anobium*, commonly called the death watch. These beetles produce the ticking sound sometimes heard in the woodwork of houses, specially noticeable at night, when everything is quiet. This sound is probably a sexual call, and is made by the beetle rapping the wood with its head. Injury is also done by them to furniture and food, and they sometimes prove a great annoyance. Their depredations may be prevented by washing articles liable to be attacked in a solution of corrosive sublimate in alcohol, or objects such as books may be exposed to the odor of carbolic acid or benzine, or they may be fumigated with burning sulphur.

There are still other insects which do more or less damage in libraries * by eating the books, but those already mentioned are the principal ones.

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* Prof. Verrill found in the library of Yale College a caterpillar belonging to the genus *Anglossa*, eating the leather bindings of old books. When ready to transform, this larva spins a silken cocoon, and after a short time there issues from it a little moth measuring half an inch across its spread wings.

Of the large black or brownish ants that trouble us in storerooms, but little can be said. So far as I have examined the authorities within my reach, I have found but little mention of them. Judging by my own experience, they are very difficult pests to expel from the house. Cayenne pepper is said to be disagreeable to them, and arsenic mixed with any kind of attractive food will kill them. Oil of peppermint is found very effectual in driving them away, but everything in its vicinity is so permeated with the odor that its use cannot be recommended. It is often said that borax will drive them away, but this has been tried without success; however, according to a writer in the "Popular Science News," the borax should first be heated, to deprive it of its water of crystallization. Hot alum water is very offensive to most of the insect pests of the house, and should be applied with a brush when nearly boiling hot.

Ants are extremely fond of sugar, and anything containing it will attract them. A glass of jelly left uncovered within their reach will be found tunneled in every direction, and, by pouring boiling water upon it, the ants within may be killed.

An excellent and simple trap for them is a sponge wet with some sweet syrup. When the interstices of the sponge are filled with the ants, it can be carefully taken up and plunged into boiling water, and again set for them after saturating the sponge with the syrup.

Another trap which is still more simple is a plate covered with a thin layer of lard, which should be placed in the closet frequented by them. This would probably prove more effectual in catching the little yellow ant (*Myrmica molesta*), which is sometimes very troublesome in the house.

Mention should be made of the white ants, which, although resembling the true ants in appearance, really belong to the order of *Neuroptera*. The only species found in the United States does great damage by eating the interior of the woodwork of buildings. These ants enter the timbers of the foundation from below, and extend their galleries to the top, leaving the outside untouched, so that their presence is unsuspected until the supports suddenly give way.

Several years ago the "dungeon," as it is called in the State House in Boston, was found to be undermined by them, and Dr. Hagen apprehended considerable trouble, if their depredations were not immediately checked. In addition to the danger of the supports giving way, there was reason for alarm in the fact that they also destroy books and paper; but in this case, fortunately, the papers stored in the part of the State House in which they appeared were of little value. Measures were taken at the time to prevent their devastating work, and it is hoped that they have been exterminated; but Dr. Hagen, in an article on the subject a few years later, thought it not improbable that they had spread farther, as nothing was done to prevent their entering other parts of the building.

These ants feed on rotten wood, living in old stumps of trees, and sometimes in old fences, and Dr. Hagen suggested the removing of every old stump around buildings and in the vicinity of cities, thus diminishing the number by depriving them of their necessary food. Places kept moist by hot steam are particularly favorable for the work of these little creatures; and more or less trouble was occasioned in Cambridgeport, at the telescope works of Alvah Clark & Son, where a timber constantly moist from the steam was honeycombed by them; and some years ago a bridge near Porter's Station in Cambridge was destroyed, probably from the same cause. As many trains stopped under this bridge, it was constantly moist from the steam of the locomotives.

So far the insects mentioned are those that do direct injury to our clothes, carpets, food, books, etc., but there are still others which frequent our houses, and prove very annoying in various ways; and besides these, there are numerous insects which cause much trouble in collections of natural history, and in museums the utmost care must be exercised to prevent their attacks. It is not often that these museum pests prove of much annoyance in the house. I have found the larva of a beetle (*Attagenus pellio*) in the sawdust of a doll's arm; and the larva of another species (*Attagenus megatama*) is sometimes found to have eaten the feathers in pillows, and the short particles of the feathers become so firmly fastened in the tick-

ing by the repeated shakings of the pillow that a fine, soft felting is made, resembling the fur of a mole.

The eggs of the bedbug are white in color and oval in shape. The young differ but slightly from the parent. The full-grown bug is wingless or possesses rudimentary wings, is less than a quarter of an inch in length, and of a brown color. It is about eleven weeks in attaining its growth. Dr. Packard, in his "Guide to the Study of Insects," says that bedbugs may be destroyed by "a preparation consisting of thirty parts of unpurified, cheap petroleum, mixed with a thousand parts of water"; and in the "Popular Science News" was published the following formula for a bedbug poison: Into one half pint of alcohol put one ounce of camphor, with one ounce of pulverized sal ammoniac and one ounce of corrosive sublimate; to this add one half pint of spirits of turpentine, and shake well before using. These solutions may be applied around the cracks and crevices of a bedstead; benzine, too, may be used with good effect, and boiling water will destroy them, but the best preventive is perfect cleanliness. Curiously enough, they live parasitic upon domestic birds.

Fleas, although having no wings, have until lately been classed with flies (*Diptera*), but are now placed by many writers in an order by themselves, the *Aphaniptera*. There has been considerable annoyance caused in and around Boston by this troublesome insect, and, owing to its habit of attacking man, it was supposed to be the true human flea, but a letter of inquiry on the subject, addressed to an eminent entomologist, brought the following reply: "So far as I know, we do not have the human flea in North America, and ours is *Pulex canis*, the dog and cat flea. It seems to breed in sandy cellars and such places at certain seasons."

The eggs of this flea are laid on the dog or cat, and, being sticky, adhere to the hair until almost ready to hatch, when they fall to the ground. These eggs are very small, white, and oblong, and but eight or ten are laid by one female.

The young larvæ are hatched in about a week, and their growth is usually attained in less than two weeks; they then pass two more weeks in the pupal stage, when the perfect in-

sect appears. When dogs are badly infested by them, the use of common olive oil is recommended. This should be well rubbed into the hair and over the skin, being allowed to remain for half an hour, when it should be washed out with the best yellow soap and lukewarm water.

Dalmatian insect-powder has also been found efficacious. This powder can be rubbed into the hair, and it can be sprinkled around their kennels. It is not, however, best to use it on cats, but possibly it might do no harm to sprinkle it around their sleeping-places. A better plan is to have the cat's bed made of shavings or some such material that can often be replaced, the old bedding being carefully taken up and burned.

Some years ago there were on exhibition a number of so-called educated fleas, and it is thought by some people that the intelligence of fleas must be very great if they can be trained in this way; but an article by Mr. W. H. Dall, in the "American Naturalist," a few years ago, showed that in every case the motions made by the flea were caused, not by the training it had received, but by the struggles made in its efforts to escape.

Familiar as we all are with the house fly (*Musca domestica*) in its mature state, it will be found that to many its history before it appears in our houses is still very obscure, and until some years ago, when Dr. Packard made a study of its life-history, naturalists, too, were somewhat unfamiliar with its early stages of growth, and to him we are indebted for the following facts:—

We find the flies most annoying and abundant in the hot dog-days of August, and, unless the greatest care is taken, our rooms are filled with them, even though we may be some distance from a stable, where the desired food for the young is found. The eggs are laid in bunches in manure, often buried out of sight, and, the conditions being favorable, they are hatched in twenty-four hours. The worm, or maggot, has no legs, and, after changing its skin, appears larger, though otherwise remains about the same in appearance. After two or three days, it again sheds its skin, and in this stage of development it remains two or three days longer. It then transforms into a chrysalis, in which state the body contracts somewhat

and becomes brown and hard, and, after six or seven days, the perfect fly appears, and lives for five or six weeks, perhaps longer. A few flies probably live over the winter in crevices of buildings until the warm spring days bring them out.

Dr. Packard kept a fly in a bottle from six P.M. one day until eight A.M. the following day, in which time one hundred and twenty eggs were laid.

Oftentimes flies are found dead on the window-sills or adhering to the walls or ceilings, a white powder surrounding them; death in these cases having been caused by a parasitic plant growing upon them, the white powder observed about them being the spores of the plant.

It is, perhaps, hardly necessary to speak of the various methods of preventing the entrance into our houses of these annoying insects, or the manner of expelling when, in spite of screens and nettings we find them in our rooms. One must be always on the watch, and better than any fly trap or fly paper is the little whisk broom, constantly at hand to be used on these disturbers of the peace. A strong solution of quassia, mixed with sugar to attract the flies, is said to be an excellent fly poison.

Flies can be kept out of stables by keeping the floor well swept and clean, and sprinkled with kerosene oil, only a very little being used.

Another dipterous insect, which frequents our dwellings, is the common mosquito (*Culex pipiens*), an insect too well known to need any description. During the season a female will lay about three hundred eggs, in several litters. These eggs are deposited in standing water, running water being free from them on account of the danger of the mosquito being drowned when emerging from its pupa case, which serves as a sort of raft until the wings and legs are strong enough to support the perfect insect.

The egg hatches soon after being deposited, and the young lives upon decaying matter, growing very rapidly and changing its skin several times. While in the pupa state it takes no food, and, unless disturbed, remains near the surface of the water. In about four weeks after hatching, the pupa-skin

splits along the back, and the mosquito appears. It is perhaps hardly necessary to mention that it is only the female that bites, or, more properly speaking, stings.

A writer in "Nature" says that the "smell of American pennyroyal (*Hedeoma pulegioides*), when sufficiently strong, drives them away at once." This remedy is often given, but I have never yet seen it used with any effect. Another writer in the same journal advises the use of a solution made by pouring boiling water upon quassia chips. This wash may be applied and left to dry on the skin, acting as a preventive against the annoyances of mosquitoes, gnats, etc. In a later volume of "Nature" a writer reports having tried this wash with no beneficial results; still, it may be of use in some cases, and, being so simple, could easily be tried. Still other washes are made, some of which may be found a protection. A number of rules were given in "The Popular Science News" during the year 1882. The house can be kept tolerably free from mosquitoes by using care, and a netting over the bed protects one during the night; but, when one wishes to spend his summer vacation in the country, he is willing to try anything that will protect him from these most annoying creatures, which make a morning spent in the woods a torture instead of a pleasure.

THE HOUSE

How to "Keep House" on a Small Salary

AFTER many years of married life, passed in comparative affluence, reverses came, and my husband was obliged to accept a situation in a large city, with a small salary of $800 per year. I felt that this could suffice for our maintenance only by the exercise of the strictest economy. A little over $15 a week! How many times I divided that $800 by fifty-two, and tried to make it come out a little more! Still I determined to solve the problem of the day—namely, whether one could keep house on a small salary, or whether boarding-house life was a necessity, as so many clerks' wives assert. We had neither of us been accustomed to economizing, and I felt it was but just, if my husband worked hard for his salary, that I should perform the labor of making it go as far as possible.

Thirty replies were received to our advertisement for two unfurnished rooms, without board. Looking them over carefully, I selected half a dozen which came within our means, and started on an exploring expedition. In a pleasant house and neighborhood I found a lady willing to rent two adjoining rooms, with closets and water conveniences, for the modest sum of $12 per month. In one room there were two deep south windows, where I could keep a few plants in the winter. I consulted my husband, and, with his approval, engaged the rooms.

We had $175, ready money. With this we bought bright but inexpensive carpets, a parlor cook-stove, an oiled black-walnut set of furniture, a table, a student lamp, a few dishes, and some coal. With the few pictures, a rack of books, and

some ornaments in our possession, we decked the rooms tastefully, and commenced the serious business of keeping house on $800 per year. We determined from the first that we would not have any accounts, but would pay cash for everything, and when we could not afford an article, do without it. After paying rent and washerwoman we had $50 per month for other expenses. Twenty dollars of this furnished us a plentiful supply of food and paid car fare. I learned to love my work. Strength came with each day's labor, and renewed health repaid each effort put forth to make my little home pleasant and restful to my husband. And how we did enjoy that little home!

When the stormy nights came, we drew our curtains, shutting out the world, with a bright fire, and the soft glow of our reading-lamp upon the crimson cloth, reading a magazine or evening paper (in which we were able to indulge), with a "God pity the poor this dreadful night!" forgetting in our cozy and comfortable home how many there were in the great city who would call us poor. We always kept within my husband's salary, wearing plain but good and respectable clothing, and eating simple but substantial food. And now, as circumstances have been improving with us, and we are living in a house all our own, with servants, and thousands instead of hundreds a year, we look back to the year spent in our simple, frugal little home, and know that it will always be the happiest portion of our lives.

THE HOUSE

The Slavery of To-Day

A VERY clever hit, entitled "Hidden Despotism," appeared in one of our weeklies a number of years ago. The first Japanese embassy had come and gone, and the national flutter thereafter had scarcely subsided. The sketch, written in a grave, historical form, purported to give the impression produced upon the Japanese mind by our American institutions, customs, and manners. Beneath the freedom conferred by the Constitution, a subtle but controlling tyranny was detected, though its nature and its source remained hidden in mystery. After much discussion and philosophizing, a Japanese *savant* was dispatched to seek out and formulate this subtle power, and to determine and measure the modification it exercised upon the republican freedom of society. The tireless efforts of the philosopher were at last rewarded by success: the rod of iron by which society was ruled was discovered to be in the hands of the Irish "girl."

Few mistresses have been so fortunate as entirely to escape this subjugation. And yet, whose fault is it? It is more than could be expected, even of the most enlightened human nature, to refrain from ruling when willing subjects present themselves. Where tyranny is exercised, there must of necessity be two elements—the tyrant and the slave.

There are many reasons why really excellent, efficient servants attain a complete ascendency in a multitude of homes. Girls of the present day—each one of whom in a few years will, in all probability, be at the head of a large establishment—are educated to do absolutely nothing. They are sent to school, probably to a fashionable boarding school; they dip into all the

"ologies" and come out with a smattering of many subjects, but with minds in a far less vigorous, healthy, and rational condition than that in which they went in. They rush into the rapid and empty whirl of society—balls, parties, kettledrums, calls, theater, opera, and, when other things fail, inordinate churchgoing—till the small remnant of what they have learned is effectually dissipated.

Without any special training for her duties, and, what is of infinitely more consequence, lacking a well-disciplined reason, self-control, and moral earnestness, such a girl marries, and is installed as queen of her own little kingdom—a kingdom that needs constant vigilance, intelligence, and executive ability. The first tyranny is the worst of all—anarchy. The poor little wife, after the misery and discomfort of trying to rule ignorant servants, and endeavoring to teach them what she does not herself know, falls an easy victim to the first efficient woman who, as cook or housekeeper, consents to take charge of her ill-regulated *ménage* and reduce it to order. She gladly sells her birthright for a mess of pottage, always providing the pottage be well cooked and well served.

No woman, capable of doing higher work, should consent to become a mere drudge, if her circumstances permit her to delegate the household work to other hands. But, just for this very reason, she should inform herself in regard to every kind of work which is to be done in her house. A large part of it she should know how to do with her own hands. She should be able to go into the kitchen and show her cook how to make bread, roast meat, prepare vegetables; she should understand the correct ways of sweeping, dusting, bedmaking; she should be able to set a table, wash dishes, polish silver. She should know when the laundry work is badly done, why the clothes are muddy in color, streaked with blue, flimsy, or ill-smelling—and how to rectify the evil. Such knowledge will not add to the drudgery of life, but will save an immense amount of worry, anxiety, waste, and trouble. To know just how to do a thing is the way to command and insure its being well done by dependents.

As a matter of common honesty, no woman has a right to

marry—even to marry a rich man, in our unsettled state of society—who does not know how to order a house, how to apportion and direct the work of her servants, and how to oversee it intelligently. She is entering into a contract which she has not taken the trouble to fit herself to fulfill. Marriage is, or should be, something far above and beyond this; but there is, nevertheless, a material side to it. All the grace, the beauty of life are valueless, apart from a fulfillment of the homely duties which belong to it. Putting aside all the higher obligations, as beyond the question at issue, a woman when she marries tacitly undertakes to perform the inside duties of the home, just as her husband undertakes the outside work which shall insure its support. Her obligation to administer the means supplied her is just as solemn as his to supply them. If the household work does not go smoothly and well, she will find that she has no time or spirits to make home bright and sweet.

A girl who has grown up in a well-ordered home has at least the advantage of possessing a good ideal of household comfort. Though she may have been kept in dense ignorance of the means by which such results have been attained, she will at least know toward what she is working; the not knowing how to reach her result will entail much heart-sickening despondency, many failures, and many tears. It is the most foolish, the most cruel, policy on the part of a mother to permit a young girl to undertake the duties of married life without adequate preparation, special or general, to meet the responsibilities involved. And yet how many mothers do this, and justify themselves, with a curious mixture of indolence, selfishness, and tenderness, by saying: "She will never be young but once; I want her to enjoy life while she can."

One of the main difficulties in the adjustment of domestic service comes from our artificial mode of life. The machine-like regularity with which our daily life moves on has a sadly dehumanizing tendency. The relation between those who serve and those who are served has come to be so rigidly fixed, and the human element so entirely eliminated, that it might almost be expressed by a mathematical formula. Every day, and many times a day, we come into contact with people who

have no claims upon us, nor we upon them. We meet for the purpose of making a cold and calculating exchange of service or property, on the one hand, for a stipulated amount of money on the other. In many cases this is as it should be. The orbit of our lives must touch many others, which it is neither necessary nor right that they should intersect.

There are relations, however, quite as incompatible with any recognition of social equality as these, where the humanities have a place; such, for instance, as that between mistress and maid. In a certain sense, a servant coming into a family severs her relation with her own people; in that sense the new relations should supply the loss. The kitchen walls should not inclose a dependency in revolt, where the prevailing feeling, under the outward appearance of cheerful civility, is that of a strong class antagonism; they should include a part of the organic family life. The house should never be divided against itself.

A young housekeeper is always in danger of shipwreck upon one of two dangerous rocks. She is apt either to treat her servants as equals, or as machines, and so forfeit either their respect or their love. The suggestion of loving service in our modern life is so foreign to our notions as to seem almost ludicrous. And yet, just here it is that the secret of perfect service lies. And just here it is, too, that we American women make the fatal mistake. The relation is usually founded upon a cold, hard, purely mercenary basis. We give our money and our work to foreign, possibly to domestic, missions, and we forget that into our hands have been given, in a certain though limited sense, souls perhaps starving for sympathy, or hanging on the very verge of destruction. It is not quite enough that you, as mistress of a household, should be firm and kind, high-principled and self-controlled, though that is far more than most women can pretend to be; but you should feel a sense of personal obligation in the relation between yourself and your servants. A young, ignorant, perhaps pretty, girl is brought into your house, and this is her first situation. She is cut off from such restraints as have been around her in the home she has left. Her new sense of liberty

is sweet to her, and is apt to be too much for her. It is not enough that you train her in her special work, though that is much. You must remember that she is human, that she is young and a woman; that she has her joys and sorrows, her heart-sickness and disappointments; her small vanities, and fluttering hopes, and peculiar temptations. The very fact that, with all the work she has to do, her material surroundings are brighter and easier than those to which she has been accustomed, that she is warmed, clothed, and fed, leaves her free to feel the flatness and monotony of her life. The familiarity with elegancies before unknown to her creates a want; temptations crowd thick upon her. You, her mistress, who have introduced her into this new life of temptation, are in a degree responsible. You should take some oversight of her evenings; you should leave as little temptation to small pilfering as possible in her way. This first experience may determine, for good or for evil, her life here and hereafter.

The only way open to a mistress for the exercise of such an influence, without that meddling to which no lady can condescend, is to remember always that this servant is not merely a device for the accomplishment of certain work, but a human being who has claims upon her consideration and her sympathy. Servants are unquestionably hired to perform certain offices, and do certain work; it is no kindness to them to accept as satisfactory careless and imperfect service. But since we are always failing in our duties as mistresses, let us cultivate charity and forgiveness for the frailties of others. It is quite possible to be both strict and lenient—strict in maintaining a high ideal even in regard to the petty details of daily life, and lenient to the frailty which fails of reaching our standard.

Special directions how to deal with servants would be almost as impertinent as such directions in regard to the training of children, but if the true relation is established and the proper feeling cherished—that feeling which recognizes the difference of station and at the same time the oneness of nature—the details can scarcely fail of presenting and adjusting themselves.

In order to establish the proper state of things, a lady should, in the first place, know precisely to the minutest detail

the work which each servant in her house is to do; and know as well how that work should be done. The new waitress, chambermaid, maid-of-all-work, or whatever she may be, should, when she is hired, be told what will be expected of her. She should also be given general directions each day as to the duties of the day, and the order in which they are to be done. If she is familiar with the duties of the place she has taken, it is, perhaps, best to let her go to work in her own way, and then make such changes as the individual tastes, wishes, or habits of the mistress may dictate. Every servant who is a good worker has ways peculiar to herself, and she will work better in her own way than in any other. If the results are thoroughly satisfactory, it is well to give individuality a little play. If, however, the work is new to the servant, the same routine should be followed each day, the same orders given and the same oversight exercised as at first, till she is thoroughly drilled. Particular orders conflicting with the general should be given with a recognition in words that the general duties must be deferred for the special. Nothing is so paralyzing, even to the disciplined mind, as a conflict between duties. A margin of time and energy should be allowed each day, in which special or unexpected work may be accommodated. While a mistress sees that her orders are reasonable, she should also insist that they be received in respectful silence, or with cheerful assent, and *standing*, and also that they be literally obeyed.

Whatever is done imperfectly or forgotten, no matter how small the thing may be, should be noticed and corrected, and whatever is specially well done commended. A kind word of notice is not very hard to bestow, and it gives point and emphasis to reproof, raising it above the mere level of fault-finding.

While it is a cardinal mistake to do servants' work for them, it is only right and Christian to notice when they are ill and unfit for work, and then to offer practical sympathy in the way of aid. There is a vast deal of cruelty practiced on servants in keeping them to their work when they are really ill. Of course, in such a case the poor creature has the liberty of leaving, but if she is nonest and has not, by means of small pilferings, feathered a nest for herself outside, to which she may go, it

may not always be possible for her to forfeit part of a month's wages, or even to lose her place.

It is always good policy, if nothing more, to be courteous to servants, to recognize little voluntary acts of politeness on their part. Done in the right way, it never makes a rule less stringent, but only less galling. And it is always the worst possible policy to scold. Quiet and dignified reproof, of course, must be given, but scolding never. Nothing that cannot be effected without scolding was ever effected with it, unless it be the silent contempt of the servant for her mistress.

The Expression of Rooms

By HELEN HUNT JACKSON

ROOMS have just as much expression as faces. They produce just as strong an impression on us at first sight. The instant we cross the threshold of a room, we know certain things about the person who lives in it. The walls and the floor, and the tables and chairs, all speak out at once, and betray some of their owner's secrets. They tell us whether she is neat or unneat, orderly or disorderly, and more than all, whether she is of a cheerful, sunny temperament, and loves beauty in all things, or is dull and heavy, and does not know pretty things from ugly ones. And just as these traits in a person act on us, making us happy and cheerful, or gloomy and sad, so does the room act upon us. We may not know, perhaps, what it is that is raising or depressing our spirits; we may not suspect that we could be influenced by such a thing; but it is true, nevertheless.

I have been in many rooms in which it was next to impossible to talk with any animation or pleasure, or to have any sort of good time. They were dark and dismal; they were full of ugly furniture, badly arranged; the walls and the floors were covered with hideous colors; no two things seemed to belong together, or to have any relation to each other; so that the whole effect on the eye was almost as torturing as the effect on the ear would be of hearing a band of musicians playing on bad instruments, and all playing different tunes.

I have also been in many rooms where you could not help having a good time, even if there were nothing special going

on in the way of conversation or amusement, just because the room was so bright and cozy. It did you good simply to sit still there. You almost thought you would like to go sometimes when the owner was away, and you need not talk with anybody but the room itself.

In very many instances, the dismal rooms were the rooms on which a great deal of money had been spent, and the cozy rooms belonged to people who were by no means rich. Therefore, since rooms can be made cozy and cheerful with very little money, I think it is right to say that it is every woman's duty to make her rooms cozy and cheerful. I do not forget that I am speaking to girls who are for the most part living in their parents' houses, and who have not, therefore, the full control of their own rooms. But it is precisely during these years of life that the habits and tastes are formed; and the girl who allows her own room in her father's house to be untidy and unadorned, will inevitably, if she ever has a house of her own, let that be untidy and unadorned too.

There is not a reader of this paragraph, I am sure, who does not have in the course of the year pocket-money enough to do a great deal toward making her room beautiful. There is not one whose parents do not spend for her, on Christmas and New Year's and her birthday, a sum of money, more or less, which they would gladly give to her, if she preferred it, to be spent in adorning her room.

It is not at all impossible that her parents would like to give her also a small sum to be spent in ornamenting the common living-room of the house. This is really a work which daughters ought to do, and which busy, tired mothers would be very glad to have them do, if they show good taste in their arrangements. The girl who cares enough and understands enough about the expression of rooms to make her own room pretty, will not be long content while her mother's rooms are bare and uninviting, and she will come to have a new standard of values in the matter of spending-money as soon as she begins to want to buy things to make rooms pretty.

How much better to have a fine plaster cast of Apollo or Clytie, than a gilt locket, for instance! How much better to

have a heliotype picture of one of Raphael's or Correggio's Madonnas, than seventy-five cents' worth of candy! Six shillings will buy the heliotype, and $3 the Clytie and Apollo both.

No! It is not a question of money; it is a question of taste; it is a question of choosing between good and beautiful things, and bad and ugly things—between things which last for years, and do you good every hour of every day, as often as you look at them, and things which are gone in an hour or a few days, and even for the few days or the hour do harm rather than good.

Therefore, I think it is right to say that it is the duty of every one to have his or her rooms cheerful and cozy and, as far as possible, beautiful—the duty of every man and woman, the duty of every boy and girl.

Volumes have been written to give minute directions for all the things which help to make rooms cozy and cheerful and beautiful, and I often see these volumes lying on tables in very dismal rooms. The truth is, these recipes are like many recipes for good things to eat—it takes a good cook, in the beginning, to know how to make use of the recipe. But there are some first principles of the art which can be told in a very few words.

The first essential for a cheerful room is sunshine. Without this, money, labor, taste, are all thrown away. A dark room cannot be cheerful; and it is as unwholesome as it is gloomy. Flowers will not blossom in it; neither will people. Nobody knows, or ever will know, how many men and women have been killed by dark rooms.

"Glorify the room! Glorify the room!" Sydney Smith used to say of a morning, when he ordered every blind thrown open, every shade drawn up to the top of the window. Whoever is fortunate enough to have a southeast or southwest corner room, may, if she chooses, live in such floods of sunny light that sickness will have hard work to get hold of her; and as for the blues, they will not dare to so much as knock at her door.

Second on my list of essentials for a cheerful room I put—color. Many a room that would otherwise be charming is expressionless and tame for want of bright color. Don't be afraid

of red. It is the most kindling and inspiring of colors. No room can be perfect without a good deal of it. All the shades of scarlet or of crimson are good. In an autumn leaf, in a curtain, in a chair cover, in a pin-cushion, in a vase, in the binding of a book—everywhere you put it it makes a brilliant point and gives pleasure. The blind say that they always think red must be like the sound of a trumpet; and I think there is a deep truth in their instinct. It is the gladdest, most triumphant color everywhere.

Next to red comes yellow; this must be used very sparingly. No bouquet of flowers is complete without a little touch of yellow; and no room is as gay without yellow as with it. But a bouquet in which yellow predominates is ugly; the colors of all the other flowers are killed by it; and a room which has one grain too much of yellow in it is hopelessly ruined. I have seen the whole expression of one side of a room altered, improved, toned up, by the taking out of two or three bright yellow leaves from a big sheaf of sumacs and ferns. The best and safest color for walls is a delicate cream color. When I say best and safest, I mean the best background for bright colors and for pictures, and the color which is least in danger of disagreeing with anything you may want to put upon it. So also with floors; the safest and best tint is a neutral gray. If you cannot have a bare wooden floor, either of black walnut, or stained to imitate it, then have a plain gray felt carpet. Above all things, avoid bright colors in a carpet. In rugs, to lay down on a plain gray, or on a dark brown floor, the brighter the colors the better. The rugs are only so many distinct pictures, thrown up into relief here and there by the under-tint of gray or brown. But a pattern, either set or otherwise, of bright colors journeying up and down, back and forth, breadth after breadth, on a floor, is always and forever ugly. If one is so unfortunate as to enter on the possession of a room with such a carpet as this, or with a wall paper of a similar nature, the first thing to be done, if possible, is to get rid of them, or cover them up. Better have a ten-cent paper of neutral tints, and indistinguishable figures on the wall, and have bare floors painted brown or gray.

Third on my list of essentials for making rooms cozy, cheerful, and beautiful, come books and pictures. Here some persons will cry out: "But books and pictures cost a great deal of money." Yes, books do cost money, and so do pictures; but books accumulate rapidly in most houses where books are read at all; and if people really want books, it is astonishing how many they contrive to get together in a few years without pinching themselves very seriously in other directions.

As for pictures costing money, how much or how little they cost depends on what sort of pictures you buy. As I said before, you can buy for six shillings a good heliotype (which is to all intents and purposes as good as an engraving) of one of Raphael's or Correggio's Madonnas. But you can buy pictures much cheaper than that. A Japanese fan is a picture; some of them are exquisite pictures, and blazing with color, too. They cost anywhere from two to six cents. There are also Japanese pictures, printed on coarse paper, some two feet long and one broad, to be bought for twenty-five cents each; with a dozen of these, a dozen or two of fans, and say four good heliotypes, you can make the walls of a small room so gay that a stranger's first impression on entering it will be that it is adorned for a festival. The fans can be pinned on the walls in endlessly picturesque combinations. One of the most effective is to pin them across the corners of the room, in overlapping rows, like an old-fashioned card-rack.

And here let me say a word about corners. They are wofully neglected. Even in rooms where very much has been done in way of decoration, you will see all the four corners left bare—forcing their ugly sharp right angle on your sight at every turn. They are as ugly as so many elbows! Make the four corners pretty, and the room is pretty, even if very little else be done. Instead of having one stiff, straight-shelved book case hanging on the wall, have a carpenter put triangular shelves into the corners. He will make them for thirty cents apiece, and screw them on the walls. Put a dozen books on each of the lower shelves, a bunch of autumn leaves, a pretty vase, a little bust of Clytie, or a photograph on a small easel, on the upper ones, and with a line of Japanese fans coming

down to meet them from the cornice, the four corners are furnished and adorned. This is merely a suggestion of one out of dozens of ways in which walls can be made pleasant to look at without much cost.

If the room has chintz curtains, these shelves will look well covered with the same chintz, with a plaited ruffle tacked on their front edge. If the room has a predominant color, say a green carpet, or a border on the walls of claret or crimson, the shelves will look well with a narrow, straight border of billiard cloth or baize (to match the ruling color of the room) pinked on the lower edge, and tacked on. Some people put on borders of gay colors, in embroidery. It is generally unsafe to add these to a room, but sometimes they have a good effect.

Fourth on my list of essentials for a cozy, cheerful room, I put order. This is a dangerous thing to say, perhaps; but it is my honest conviction that sunlight, color, books, and pictures come before order. Observe, however, that while it comes fourth on the list, it is *only* fourth; it is by no means last! I am not making an exhaustive list. I do not know where I should stop if I undertook that. I am mentioning only a few of the first principles—the essentials. And in regard to this very question of order I am partly at a loss to know how far it is safe to permit it to lay down its law in a room. I think almost as many rooms are spoiled by being kept in too exact order as by being too disorderly. There is an apparent disorder which is not disorderly; and there is an apparent order which is only a witness to the fact that things are never used. I do not know how better to state the golden mean on this point than to tell the story of an old temple which was once discovered, bearing on three of its sides this inscription: "Be bold." On the fourth side the inscription: "Be not too bold."

I think it would be well written on three sides of a room: "Be orderly." On the fourth side: "But don't be too orderly."

I read once in a child's letter a paragraph somewhat like this:—

"I look every day in the glass to see how my countenance is growing. My nurse has told me that every one creates his own countenance; that God gives us our faces, but we can

make a good or bad countenance by thinking good or bad thoughts, keeping a good or bad temper."

I have often thought of this in regard to rooms. When we first take possession of a room, it has no especial expression, perhaps—at any rate, no expression peculiar to us: but day by day we create its countenance, and at the end of a few years it is sure to be a pretty good reflection of our own.

HEALTHY LIVING

Diet and Homes

By MARION HARLAND

I COMPUTED once, and, I believe, correctly—certainly within bounds—that every farmer's wife in the New England and Middle States spends at least six hours a week in rolling out leathery crust, filling or overlaying it with sub-acid fruits, or pumpkin, squash, and mincemeat, or insipid custards that soak it into sogginess, and baking it into the National Pie. Of *pastry* she knows naught, however much she may vaunt her skill with *crust*. Her hair would rise from the roots were you to say what quantity of butter is required to make "a good paste," as called for by the cook-books. But "our folks" could not exist without pie, and plenty of it.

Our town mechanic's wife generally buys her pies. If she did not, the unwholesome array upon the baker's counter would dwindle into the smaller supply cut into triangles for ravening children from "Ward School No. 8," the hurried errand girl from shop or workroom, and the omnivorous, copper-lined newsboy, whose affections (gastronomic) usually take the direction of Washington Pie.

I asked a respectable baker once what was the foundation of Washington Pie, and why it was named for the Father of his Country. He told me, with never a blush, that it was compounded of hopelessly stale bread, biscuits, buns, rusks, and muffins, ground together and mixed into dough with molasses and water! He "guessed 'twas called after Washington, because most everybody *kinder approved of it*."

As a nation, we are at once greedy of and indifferent to

food. With the masses the demand is for quantity—for "enough of it, no matter what it is." Fuel in bulk is "chunked" hastily into the receptacle which represents the furnace in the human system. Some kinds of fuel waste into ashes, giving comparatively little heat; others "clinker" in the grate. The housewife who looks sharply after her range and furnace, detecting and rejecting both of these kinds, gives no thought to the more important engines consigned to her. Not one woman in one thousand who markets for her family could pick out, if catechised, the nutritious and easily digested meats from those that are fibrous and innutritious, or knows that turnips are little more than pith and water; that new potatoes are bullets in some stomachs, and tax the energies of all digestive organs; that rice is slightly binding in its effects, and apple sauce laxative; that tea is astringent, and coffee the opposite; and that salt meats and fish are less wholesome than the same eaten fresh. Should one of her brood be ailing, she could better decide upon the medicine he needs than upon his diet. I have known an otherwise sensible mother to feed a child suffering with marasmus with fried ham, and another permit a boy whose dyspepsia was hereditary and chronic, to refuse the first courses of his dinner, and bring on violent nausea by gorging himself with cocoanut cake and peach ice-cream.

All these things, and a hundred others of greater and of less importance, come under the head of HOUSEWIFERY. Admitting this, how dignified is our matron's calling in life. It is foolish and vulgar to join in the cry raised by people whose pretensions to "culture" only serve to reveal the barrenness of their souls, that the everyday duties of the housekeeper are commonplace and ignoble. Somebody must keep houses and make homes, or our sons and daughters will be social Arabs. There must be for every man, somewhere, a sheltered corner of the world where the better part of him can grow. We women are inclined to be unjust to our husbands, sons, and fathers, in comparing our labor with theirs. She who sees at every turn and all day something she cannot, with an easy conscience, leave undone; who is called away from the kneading-board by the baby, and from the baby to get dinner ready "on time"; and,

after dinner, instead of sitting down for the "lazy spell" that helps digestion, must stand over a pan of hot water to cleanse and put away soiled dishes; then, dress the children clean for the afternoon, and straighten up nursery and sitting-room for John's home-coming, and run down to the kitchen to toss up something "hearty" for supper—and so on, and on, and on, in one tedious fretting routine that is never done and always beginning—speaks sarcastically of the regular, orderly course of her husband's business. Everything in shop or office, she tells him, is "wound up to run like machinery." She "could sell goods, or stand at a work-bench, or at a desk, or"—growing fierce—"break stones for Telford pavement, with less wear of temper and tear of nerves than it costs her to go through with what, after all, never shows for one-tenth it has cost her."

In truth, there is just the difference between the two kinds of work that exists between driving and walking, between rowing a boat and swimming for the shore. When the house door shuts behind John in the morning, he is in the open world "to fend for himself," and not for himself only. The thought of the dependent ones at home, while it moves him to action, makes failure doubly depressing. Many a man's business experience is for weeks together like that of the luckless snail who climbed up two feet on the side of the wall every day, and slid back one foot every night. I do not like to think how many slip back to-day the twenty-four inches they gained yesterday, and sicken at the prospect of what to-morrow will bring. At the best, the world where money is made and unmade is a hard, heartless mill, and John never gets away, while in it, from the roar, the dust and jar and strain. He is in, and of it, from the moment he kisses baby "good-by" after breakfast until he sits down to his evening meal.

HOME is over and about his wife, all this while. If her head aches, or she is fagged out, she can lie down for fifteen minutes without being called to account for lapse in duty, and there are little gaps in the day's work that "ease up" the pull of the harness; five minutes with a favorite book, a talk with a friend, the loving prattle of the little ones—and independence

MRS. VIRGINIA TERHUNE ("MARION HARLAND").

in it all! Her foot may be sore and weary, but it is on her own soil; she is her own steward and overseer.

To return—John and the babies must have a home. Who shall make it? Can anybody make it except the wife and mother.

Apropos of home-making, a correspondent "would have me give a candid opinion upon an indulgence, without which many a John would have no sense of home-comfort—to wit, the use of tobacco."

I am not a fanatic upon the tobacco question, nor, indeed, I flatter myself, upon any other. I know a few men who are not injured by smoking, as I know women who can drink strong coffee three times a day, and swig illimitable cups of tea without apparent injury to mind and body. I know more men who would be healthier and who would probably live longer if they had never smoked or (a more reprehensible and unclean habit) chewed tobacco, and many more women whose complexions would be clearer and their tempers steadier had they abstained from Turkish and Chinese herbs.

Smoking is, at the best, an unneat and expensive habit. The most gentlemanly smokers I have ever seen—(for there are degrees of breeding in the popular practice)—can no more rid beard, hair, breath, and clothing of the effluvia of stale smoke than they could, by rinsing the mouth, remove the telltale evidences of a recent cocktail or a salad of raw onions and salt fish. There are, furthermore, ashes and bits of tobacco and burnt matches to be cleaned up next morning, now and then a forgotten "old soldier" to be penitently apologized for, while half-a-day's airing hardly suffices to rid hangings and furniture of what was fragrant while warm, but which, in cooling, becomes an offense even in the smoker's nostrils.

When, as is the case with a majority of those who allow themselves to become fond of "the weed," it gets to be a necessity to comfort and happiness, it is no figure of speech to say that the skin throws off nicotine through the pores. It is a recognized fact that the reformed smoker's complexion grows several shades fairer within a few weeks after leaving off the practice. He exhales and perspires one of the deadliest poisons

known to science. Every person, healthy or sickly, loses about a pound in weight during "a good night's rest." That is one reason why "rest" is "good." Effete matter is sloughed out through the millions of tiny drain-pipes with mouths leading into the sleeping-room. The man or woman who breathes this matter is poisoned—not often unto death, but usually unto discomfort, frequently unto illness.

An inveterate smoker—one who is rarely seen in his home without pipe or cigar in his mouth—ought to sleep alone, and even then, for his own sake, with abundance of fresh air in the room. The devotee to nicotine, who smokes everywhere and at all seasons, is as surely killing his wife, as if he dropped a fraction of a grain of arsenic into her tea night and morning, and into her soup at dinner.

One shudders in reflecting how much of morning nausea, of the headache that lasts until noon, and of the torments of an insomnia that seems to select wives as victims, is referable to this pleasant habit of men who would cheerfully lay down their lives to shield them from pain and sorrow.

No baby or young child should sleep near enough to a confirmed smoker to inhale his breath or be affected by the invisible exhalations thrown off by the cuticle during sleep. When, in addition to nicotine, alcoholic fumes are given forth by lungs and pores, the danger is positive and imminent. This is not a matter of individual opinion, but a cruel fact to which every medical man will make certificate.

HEALTHY LIVING

The Moral Value of Good Cookery

By MARION HARLAND

SINCE the "Centennial"—the year of our Lord, that set a-going all over the country the old jingle of—

> "In fourteen hundred and ninety-two
> Columbus crossed the ocean blue,"

we have been straining every nerve to make the nations comprehend what they owe to these United States of North America. Besides the object-lesson of the most superbly successful republic that has existed since time began, we have given them much that will endure while time lasts. The "Prometheus Unbound" of religious belief; the spirit of generous hospitality that meets the alien and refugee with open hand, and grafts the wild olive-branch upon our native stock; the example of such homes as are to be found in no other land, are a few of these benefits, not to enter upon the long catalogue of material aids in raising mankind to the highest plane of civilization.

The present attitude of our country is that of a peacock, whose every plume is doing a bristling business on its own account, and whose glossy breast is so inflated that he never by chance catches a glimpse of his ugly feet. It is a wholesome exercise for each member of the mighty body politic to examine microscopically some of the flaws that hinder it from becoming the absolute demonstration of the problem of human perfectibility.

Some of these are plague spots, with the spreading of which

will come burning instead of beauty. Upon these we forbear to lay unscientific fingers; we would fain, if we could, forget their existence. As woman, housemother, and humble patriot, I bring my glass to bear upon one flaw, the mention of which will provoke a derisive laugh or a smile of contemptuous indulgence—the American Kitchen.

Sneer and kindly smile are alike in evidence of the evil I deprecate—the popular disposition to hold the kitchen where the architects of city houses persist in placing it, below all other departments of service. I have had the satisfaction of planning, for the occupancy of my own family, two dwellings in the course of thirty-five years of active housewifery. In both I put the kitchen and dining-room upon a level with drawing room and library—a mute protest against prevailing ideas that may have had no other effect than to relieve my own mind and promote the comfort of kitchen-workers. By no other nation, ancient or modern, is the culinary art held in such low esteem as by us. It follows naturally that our national cookery is inferior to that of any other land that boasts equal and enlightened civilization.

We ought not to wince at hearing this plain truth. What we *like* to do, and what we take pride in doing, we are almost certain to do well. We offer daily proof of the fact that we regard cookery as menial labor; that we prepare food for the table because animal life must be sustained, or mental force will be weakened. The consideration and labor expended upon this branch of housework are, for the most part, perfunctory, and too often a weariness to the flesh because to the spirit. The pernicious prejudice against a noble art pervades all classes of our native population. In homes where mother and daughters do all the housework, the stupidest and least comely of the girls is usually the one upon whom devolves the duty of cooking the meals and serving them. A talent for fancy work outranks the ability to concoct delicious and nourishing dishes. We all know such homes, and those who live in and control them. Neat most of them are as hands can make them (the plainly furnished kitchen as neat as the rest), the living and show-rooms adorned with chromos framed in leather-work; sofas and chairs upholstered in worsted-work, and tables draped

with crazy-patchwork, drawn-work, lace-work, and cut-work; bunches of dried grass, made dreadful by crystals of white, red, and blue alum; upon piano or melodeon a pile of what may be called "gilt gingerbread" music; and for the delectation of the most literary daughter, a shelf of purple-covered novels, with which to "improve her mind," while the least literary daughter gets up boiled dinners, and fries doughnuts, and rolls out tough pastry, and kneads into dense stickiness "rye 'n injun' bread."

The most depressing feature of the situation is that elevation of tastes and ambitions in other directions has so little appreciable influence upon what remains the lowest stratum in the domestic formation. The Chautauqua course, that expels the purple covers, supplies other occupation for fingers than tawdry fancy-work, and other employment for tongues than gossip, has thus far laid few refining touches upon the kitchen and table. Our girls have ambitions to become typewriters, milliners, professors, saleswomen, district-school teachers, waitresses in hotels, stock brokers, factory girls, rich men's wives, artists, lecturers, ranch holders, actresses, preachers, telegraph operators, dressmakers, prima donnas—"leading ladies" in every trade and profession under heaven except that of the skilled cook.

The flaw runs all the way down the social scale. Look at the women who apply for the places of cooks in our kitchens. If too homely to please as waitresses; too clumsy to be trusted to set furniture in order, or to dust bric-a-brac; too cross to be safe in the nursery, and too old to be taught anything, they resign themselves to the martyrdom of kitchen-work, and are but partially consoled for the "degradation" by the increased wages appertaining to the position.

"Never engage a cook over forty-five years of age!" said a shrewd housekeeper. "As a rule, they are either drunkards or crazy. I suppose it is the nature of their work that ruins their tempers and drives them to stimulants."

I suppose nothing of the kind. The ban of public sentiment is upon the profession as practiced in American families, keeping the better class of servants out of it, while cookery, as done in the average American kitchen (there are honorable

exceptions in every community), has nothing in it to develop or stimulate the mind or excite emulation.

All this in the face of the circumstance that our Continent is the market of the world for materials that furnish forth richly good men's tables. The readers—who are all lovers—of Thomas Hood, may recall the quandary of Miss Fanny Fudge, the would-be poet, who beginning a sonnet after this fashion,

> "Bring me dewdrops from the opening roses,"

and following up the order briskly with demands for a spark from Vesuvius, a gleam from a rainbow's crest, a gem from ocean's lowest cavelet, and a baker's dozen of equally accessible valuables, brings herself up all standing with the confession. —"I don't know what to do with 'em, now that I've got 'em!"

Columbia in the kitchen may take up the same lament. She lets every variety of choice fruit rot upon her hands, or exports it, and feeds her dependents upon pies, underpinned and roofed with leathery crust, and filled with dried apples and "canned goods," more or less odious. With terrapin and turtles swarming in her waters, she knows less of soup-making than of Sanscrit, and accounts the game of her woods as "wild things, hardly fit for Christians to eat." The ever-busy brains of her restless-eyed children crave phosphates, and she rakes fish into heaps to fertilize her gardens, and gives the preference to chipped jerked beef over pickerel and salmon. We gave the potato to the world, and we let the Irish bog-trotter's wife excel us in the simple art of boiling it into mealy whiteness. The turkey is our national bird, and we never suspect his deliciousness until a French *chef* stuffs him with chestnuts and serves him with a sauce that is as great a mystery to us as the knack of retaining the exquisite flavor of the trout and grayling, the same magician unwraps in our sight from the paper cases in which they were cooked. Thomas Jefferson designed a graceful American shaft and capital of the stalks and ears of maize. The magnificent distances of our Western fields are glorious as any army with banners, with the serried ranks and tossing plumes of the indigenous staple. Yet we stole our samp and hominy and green corn in the ear from the red

aborigines, and had to bring a race into slavery to learn—what no white cook has yet learned aright—how to mix and bake hoe-cake, pone, batter-bread, and Johnny-cake. Even the great American hog was outdone centuries before he became a bone of contention between two great nations, by the swine fattened by the ancients upon sweet mast and pistachio nuts. The finest of Virginia and Ohio sugar-cured and hickory-smoked hams are inferior in juicy sweetness to those prepared under the eye of the well-to-do English farmer for home consumption. We raise sugar-beets and feed them to our cattle, and import dainty cubes of beet-sugar from France for our aristocrat's (imported) coffee. Our Southern swamps could supply the Celestial Empire with rice of the best quality, and we rate it low as a vegetable, because not one in five thousand housekeepers cares to master the easy trick of cooking it so that each snowy, swollen grain, tender and toothsome, retains shape when brought to table.

We Americans talk a great deal when we go abroad; each of us being over-conscious of the eagle's feather he makes it a point of conscience to wear in cap or buttonhole. Now and then we get a salutary snub. It is good for us, but we are none the more grateful for it on that account. Such I received when I was expatiating volubly upon the catholic and cosmopolitan habit of American travelers of eating the national or the peculiar dish of what country or town we chanced to set up our moving tent in for a day or year.

"For instance," I rattled on, "we call for roast beef in England, frog's legs in Paris, *pâté de foie gras* in Strasburg, sausage in Bologna, caviare in Russia, haggis in Scotland, macaroni in Naples, some going to the length of learning to swallow train-oil in Lapland."

"How very, very extraordinary, don't you know?" said my English interlocutor. "And what, may I arsk, is the national dish of—ah—the States?"

I wouldn't strike my colors, but the doughty tone was artificial in which I "*supposed* I may say, baked beans and buckwheat cakes."

He had traveled in America, and I could not resent the

labored politeness with which he again interjected, "How very, very extraordinary!" and mercifully let the subject drop.

That a nation of boundless resources and enterprise; that invented the steam-carriage and electric telegraph; a nation that holds in her lap the fruits, vegetables, flesh, fish, and fowl of three zones, should content herself with the oleaginous reek of baked beans and the viscid indigestibility of buckwheat cakes, might well challenge credulity.

A Bible student asked me once what was the "pulse" upon which Daniel and his comrades throve so well while in training for service in the king's household. I said, "Beans." Being of an imaginative habit of mind, the querist opined that "Boston baked beans might have a Babylonish origin, and that the Hub needn't pride itself upon the dish as a modern institution."

A more literal fellow-student struck in here:—

"It couldn't have been baked beans. Daniel and the other fellows couldn't have gotten up much of a complexion upon three years of that sort of diet, swelled by potations of Euphrates water. Nor would the digestion that goeth before spiritual strength have come from it."

The matter was settled by the teacher's remark that Daniel and his friends lived in an age of startling miracles, and citation of the fiery furnace episode in proof of this.

It is a marvel approximating the miraculous, the work that Americans do, if *what*, *when*, and *how* they eat are taken into account—wonder that moves the pious patriot to exclaim: "If these things be done with crude cookery, what might be accomplished with proper food properly prepared?"

The moral agency of the kitchen, as a theme, is a comparatively neglected field.

An instance in point has fallen in my way recently. Calling at the village post-office in company with a college lad off on his vacation, I saw a brawny son of Anak, his sleeves stripped up to his shoulders, his bull-neck bare to the collar-bone, throwing a big hammer upon the common in front of the store, for the entertainment of a crowd of village loungers. It was the noon-spell in the foundry near, and this colossus was a

workman there, with much local renown for strength. He accosted my companion at sight:—

"They tell me you've put the shot quite some in your time," he said, heavily jocular. "Let's see you take a shy with this 'ere little fellow," patting his grimy sledge.

The youth protested, laughingly, that he was "out of training, and didn't care to be beaten," and so on; but when bantered further, alighted from the carriage, and accepted the challenge. It was hardly such an unequal contest as that of David and the man of Gath, but that came into my mind as I saw the muscles start out in the brown, hairy arm, which sent the sixteen-pound hammer from him with might that tore up the turf forty-three feet away.

The young fellow who stepped into the place vacated by Goliath, was six feet tall, clean-limbed, and clear-eyed. The arm from which he rolled the sleeve of his tennis-shirt was well developed, but hardly half the size of his opponent's. He stood swinging the sledge lightly back and forth for an instant, smiling and apparently unconcerned, then—something leaped into life from lips suddenly compressed, and eyes that flashed, and sinews tense as steel springs—the ponderous missile hurtled through the air and struck the earth fifty-five-and-a-half feet from the spot on which he stood.

"That, I suppose, was a triumph of science over brawn?" said I, when we had left the crowd behind.

"Not so much that as the triumph of broiled beefsteak and temperance over fried pork and whiskey," returned the victor modestly. "A fellow's *morale* in athletics depends almost as much upon what he eats as upon what he *drinks*. All our teams recognize and train upon this principle."

"I honestly believe," the late Bayard Taylor said to me once, "that pork fat and pies have killed more people in the United States than dram-drinking has."

This is not a temperance lecture, yet we cannot overlook what is made too little of by crusaders and the W. C. T. U.—to wit, that the man who is nourished by palatable, digestive food, neatly served, is less likely to fall a prey to the indescribable "goneness" in the pit of the stomach that drives the suf-

ferer to the nearest saloon, than he who chunks stringy, ill-cooked meat, and waxy potatoes and bread, and biscuits mottled green with soda, into his interior, as the stoker piles fuel into the maw of an engine, and has no temptation to linger over a dingy table-cloth, upon which the dishes were flung rather than set.

It is not true—as some weary-eyed housewives tell me when I urge, perhaps too vehemently, that health, spirits, and consequently happiness, depend upon the action of the pulsing heart of the household, the kitchen—that abundant means are essential to good, and what we name refined, cookery. If my readers will excuse the personal allusion, let me narrate the circumstances under which this plea was once offered. I sent a copy of "Common Sense in the Household" to a Virginia cousin twenty years ago. Her plantation was so plentifully supplied with poultry that she averred that she "was sick of the sight of it upon her table"; the woods were alive with game; fruit and vegetables grew almost spontaneously in her garden; a neighboring creek was famous for excellent fishing, and she was justly proud of her dairy. Yet this is what she wrote:—

"Many thanks for the handsome book. I have not dared to study it, for I know I should be tempted to try many of the recipes. I have put it away carefully, in the hope that we may be rich enough some day to indulge ourselves once more in the use of a cookery-book. In our reduced circumstances we must be content with plain fare, and not attempt fancy dishes. We live upon the old-fashioned roast, boiled, and fried."

That last word acts upon my patience as a red flag upon a mad cow. I have said elsewhere, and more than once, that the crest upon the coat-of-arms of the American housewife ought to be a frying-pan. I received a visit a while ago from a charming Illinoisian. She is refined, well educated, and well off in the matter of this world's goods. As she professed to be greatly pleased with the steaks and chops eaten at my table, and was curious as to the manner of preparing them, I invited her into the kitchen to witness the process.

"Oh!" she said, "is *that* a gridiron? I never saw one before."

She took two home with her. I sent her a covered roaster last Christmas, one of the housekeeper's latest and best allies in the work of economizing labor, meat juices, and flavor.

Which leads me to another story from life. This one has a practical and homely value, which may not come amiss to the weary-eyed sister over there.

I was at a friend's country seat, when the cook appeared one afternoon at the library door, and called the mistress into the hall. The woman's countenance was so rueful, that, upon my friend's return I asked what had gone wrong. She took me into fullest confidence. The butcher had not come, as he was expected to do, and the master of the house had telegraphed that he would bring up two somewhat distinguished men with him that evening to dinner—old college friends, whom his wife specially desired to honor. There were vegetables and berries in the garden, but not cream to spare for ice-cream, or milk enough for custard, if she used any in other cookery. The only bit of fresh meat in the larder was a sirloin steak, that had been tough to begin with, and was now what the mistress called "a little high," and the cook "teched."

My friend was a woman of courage and resources, and upon hearing her program, I craved permission to assist her in carrying it out. We had a merry afternoon together, and this is the *menu* of the dinner, to which the host, his friends, and we two women, clothed in evening gowns and in serene minds, sat down at seven o'clock P.M.:

First, cream tomato soup, made without meat, smooth, savory, and altogether delicious. For fish we had canned lobster, dressed with lemon-juice, butter, a few spoonfuls of cream, and a dash of cayenne, turned into scallop-shells, fine crumbs sifted upon the surface, and baked to a delicate brown. Sliced cucumbers were passed with this. Beefsteak *à la jardinière* followed. The suspected slice of sirloin had been throroughly cleansed with salt and water, then with soda and water; thirdly with ice water and lemon-juice, and wiped dry with a soft cloth. A great spoonful of butter was heated in a frying-pan (a useful utensil in the proper time and place, which isn't always and everywhere). A sliced onion was fried to a golden brown in

the butter. Then the steak was laid in and browned very quickly on both sides; after which it was consigned to the "roaster," together with a pint of cold water, with a coverlet of minced onion and fine herbs, and cooked slowly for over two hours.

When served, it was so tender that it parted at the touch of the carver's knife, and the rich brown glaze of the surface was set off by small molds of vegetables; string-beans and beets cut into dice; button-onions, and tomatoes, baked whole, laid closely about it in the dish. Green peas and new potatoes were the accompanying vegetables. Next came lettuce salad, crisp and delicate, with a mayonnaise dressing that was a poem in itself, crackers, cheese, and olives. For dessert we had a "fruit surprise." As a hint to the listening housewife, who "would have ices often in hot weather if they were not so troublesome and expensive," I shall, at the risk of tiring everybody else, give the recipe for a dish that merits its name.

We sweetened plentifully three pints of crushed strawberries (any berry will do), added a quart of cold water, and the unbeaten whites of four eggs, turned all into a patent freezer, worked the crank for fifteen minutes, and left it packed in pounded ice and rock salt until we were ready for it. It appeared upon the table, a column of variegated coral, like velvet to the tongue, and ambrosia nectar to the palate. The repast concluded with coffee, served under the honeysuckle of the veranda.

"I wish I could have given your friends a more elaborate dinner," regretted the wife to the husband when the guests had gone, "but I thought it best not to apologize."

Whereupon, although a Benedict of twenty-seven years' standing, he said in gallant sincerity:—

"I have never yet seen a meal upon *your* table that required an apology."

(Husbands, if well fed and trained, *do* say such things now and then, and thus richly reward the caterer's utmost toil.)

Will any one dare to assert that those who partook of a dinner that in every detail betrayed hospitable intent and ingenious refinement which pleased the eye and taste, and was

comfortably assimilated by the digestive apparatus, did not retire to rest that night in a more Christian frame of mind, with better chances of happiness and usefulness on the morrow, than if the hostess, so unexpectedly put upon her mettle, had succumbed to circumstances, and after a preface of apologies, had dispensed to her husband's chums a *dinner tea* of hot soda biscuits, fried bacon-and-eggs, boiled potatoes, and inevitable pie—perhaps filled with canned pineapple?

There is no department of domestic work—or, for that matter, any kind of work—in which brains and love for others tell more potently than in cooking—none other more capable of expressing graceful taste, benevolence, and kindred graces. The man who goes without his dinner becomes savage—and with reason. The man who is fed with food *in*convenient for him, that clogs and irritates, instead of strengthening, the system, has a better excuse for savagery. The evil done by the fast is temporary; that done by the "feed" is too often permanent.

It is amazing that people who teach the laws of machinery to the world, should not have arisen to the comprehension of the rules governing the nicest and most harmonious of mechanisms. It is stranger still that womanly wit and intuition should ignore and undervalue an agency capable of such momentous results, and which, if women will it, might be almost entirely under their control.

HEALTHY LIVING

Home Exercise

By FRANK A. DE PUY

SIR JAMES SAWYER, an English scientist, recently prepared nineteen rules to be observed, if one wished to live to be a centenarian. One of these rules was, "Take exercise before breakfast." Another was, "Take daily exercise in the open air." These rules are good for summer and winter alike. Many people who are careful about taking proper exercise in winter seem to think it is not needed in summer. They are wrong. Often one's system needs the benefit of regular exercise more in hot weather than in the winter. Keep up exercise the year round, and so far as possible take it at regular hours.

For the early morning exercise there are scores of methods, any one or all of which are good. It is an excellent plan on rising to stand for a moment in the open window—or, at least, where the air is fresh from out-of-doors—and begin the day by exercising the lungs. Draw in all the air your lungs will hold, and then slowly exhale it. Repeat this fifteen or twenty times. It will give your lungs the kind of exercise they need to prevent pulmonary troubles, it will give your body an erect carriage, and it will give to your whole system the best tonic in Nature's laboratory—good air.

Dumb-bells, Indian clubs, wands, a bedroom chair—any of these may be made useful in the morning exercise. If you have none of these, get your boy or girl to teach you the calisthenics learned in school, and go through the motions. A "punching bag" affords capital exercise. Hang a football from the ceiling by a heavy, strong cord, and then stand off and hit it with your fists. Five minutes at the punching bag

will give you an astonishing amount of the best kind of exercise, in which not a muscle of the body escapes its share. This form of exercise is particularly useful for women, but for them the punching bag should be a light ball, especially for beginners.

For the daily outdoor exercise nothing is better than walking, but moderation is as desirable here as in everything else. One should not walk too far or too fast. Avoid walking in the hot sun in summer. In the early morning or after sunset is the best time for walking in warm weather. Take your natural gait in walking. Notice the position of your body, especially the shoulders, when you fill your lungs with fresh air at the open window. Take the same attitude in walking.

The bicycle, lawn tennis, croquet, golf, baseball—these and other outdoor sports are good for exercise. But nothing really takes the place of walking for healthy exercise. It should be the hardest kind of a storm that prevents the daily walk.

A home gymnasium is a most excellent thing for grown folk as well as children. Any room in the house or a small space in the barn may be used, but first be sure that it can be well ventilated. A gymnasium without constant fresh air is worse than none. If you can afford to spend a few dollars, it will be well to buy a little apparatus. There are numerous exercising machines on the market, and few of them are without merit. With these machines come full directions how to set them up and use them. But do not give up the gymnasium for lack of money. You can easily set up apparatus which will give you a deal of helpful exercise.

A ladder placed in an inclined position against the wall will afford means for a large number of movements to give the body strength and grace. Fasten a weight to the end of a piece of clothesline and run the line through a pulley screwed into the wall a little higher than the head. Put up another line and weight about two feet from the first, and by standing with your back to the wall and pulling the weights up, with arms extended in different directions, you have an excellent apparatus for developing hands, arms, chest, and back.

Horizontal bars are not difficult to set up, and more than

five hundred beneficial movements can be performed upon them. The punching bag should have a prominent place in the gymnasium. A home-made rowing machine can be built with a little strong rope, a couple of floor pulleys, and a little ingenuity. Visit a gymnasium, and look over the apparatus. A few minutes' observation will give you the best ideas of apparatus that you can build at home.

Keep in mind that your girls need gymnasium exercise as much as, or even more than, your boys. Boys always get more natural exercise than girls. They are out of doors more, and their sports are usually of a more vigorous kind. Surely women need sound bodies at least as much as men. Do not be afraid of having your girl a "tomboy." That is a bugaboo that has been responsible for many a woman's ill health and feeble body. Girls cannot romp as much as boys, but they can enjoy the same exercise in the home gymnasium, and get the same benefit from it.

Keep in mind, too, that adults need exercise of the gymnasium sort. A few minutes each day in the gymnasium will do wonders toward restoring the vitality of hard-working fathers and tired mothers. The need of regularity in exercise has already been spoken of. The best results follow a regular routine.

The danger in the home gymnasium is the temptation to do too much. Children are nearly always eager for the gymnasium work, and they do not appreciate the value of moderation. Their elders often show a lack of wisdom in the same direction. Carried to excess, exercise in the gymnasium is harmful rather than helpful. See that your children do not spend too much time in the gymnasium or at one kind of exercise. It will do them no harm to keep at work until tired, but do not let them continue until exhausted.

To Live a Century

These are the rules laid down by Sir James Sawyer to insure a long life:—

1. Sleep eight hours a day.
2. Sleep on the right side.

3. Keep your bedroom windows open all night.
4. Have a screen in front of the bedroom door.
5. Have your bed away from the wall.
6. Take every morning a bath with the water the temperature of the body—not colder.
7. Take exercise before breakfast.
8. Eat little meat, and see that it is thoroughly cooked.
9. To adults: Do not drink milk.
10. Eat plenty of fat to feed the cells which destroy the germs of disease.
11. Avoid intoxicants, which destroy these cells.
12. Take daily exercise in the open air.
13. Keep no pet animals in your living rooms. They are likely to carry about the germs of disease.
14. Live as much as possible in the country.
15. Watch the three D's—drinking water, dampness, and drains.
16. Vary your occupations.
17. Take frequent short holidays.
18. Limit your ambition.
19. Keep your temper.

These rules are easy to follow, and they are at least worth studying.

Another physician gives this rule for attaining long life:—"Make cleanliness your motto. Extend this to both the house and the grounds. Few women starve for food, but many do for fresh air. Every woman, if unable to take a daily walk, should go out into the yard, or to the window if an invalid, and breathe deeply a hundred times or more for exercise.

"Throw away your corsets and never wear any tight clothing, and by all means sleep in a well-ventilated room. Beware of gluttony. If not hungry, confine the eating to fruit, and utilize the teeth instead of the stomach for chewing the food. Bathe often, and keep the blood pure. Exercise daily, and do a kind deed at every opportunity. The effect of exercise on the mind is always good; the brain and nervous system are supplied with more blood, and the repair of waste is more complete."

It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of fresh air to health and life. Without fresh air men and plants and animals must die. Stop and think just a moment of what fresh air means to you and yours—and then fill your lungs with it and fill your house with it.

Breathe properly. Breathe through the nose. Take long, full draughts that fill the lungs to their utmost capacity. Do this until you have made it your habit. Then compare your physical condition—and your mental condition, too—with what it was before you began the practice. After that you will keep up the habit, and you will insist upon the others of your household doing the same. Health and strength will be better than ever before.

Breathe through the nose under all circumstances—running, walking, resting, or sleeping. Breathe slowly, and let the air escape from the lungs as slowly.

Keep your house filled with fresh air. Keep bedroom windows and doors open. If this makes too much of a draught over the bed, move the bed. If the bed cannot be moved, put a screen before the door or window, but leave the window open. Many a child has been made ill because its bed and bedroom were not sufficiently aired. Never make up the bed until the room has been thoroughly aired.

Lower from the top the windows in your living rooms. Let in the air even if a little dust happens to come in with it. In summer a warm room in which the air is fresh is more comfortable and much safer than a room cooled by excluding fresh air. Keep up the circulation in your rooms by keeping the windows open at top and bottom.

Never be afraid of sunlight in the house. Every room that can be opened to the sun should be flooded with sunlight at least once each day. Sunlight is one of the best disinfectants. Let it strike into the closets and dark corners if you can. Let the children's room have plenty of it.

Let every room in your house have an airing every day. The tightly closed parlor, opened only on Sunday, or when company comes, is a direct menace to the health of all the household. Do not be afraid of the sunlight on your carpet,

Better a carpet faded a little sooner than faded cheeks and broken health of wife, mother, or child.

Remember that your living rooms need fresh air in the evening, when lamp or gas is lighted, even more than in the daytime. A single ordinary gas jet will consume as much oxygen as a dozen or more persons in the room. A lighted lamp requires as much oxygen as several persons. Too many forget this, and shut out the fresh air when shades are drawn or blinds closed and the room lighted up, just at the time it is most needed.

HEALTHY LIVING

Homely Gymnastics

By ALICE B. TWEEDY

WHILE voyaging over many seas of experiment in search of education, some of us are beginning to apprehend that the golden fleece of mental culture will not create for us the symmetrical man or woman. As a consequence, various systems of bodily training are receiving close attention from teachers and reformers, while athletic sports are now honored and encouraged in schools and colleges where not many years ago they were merely tolerated as safety-valves for unsubdued vitality. We are returning to Greek ideals, but the elimination of the mediæval and Puritanic expression of contempt for the body is a slow process, and the formula still meets us variously masked in life and literature. Now, it is the notion of the spiritualizing effect of invalidism, or delicacy of health; their debasing tendencies toward selfishness and morbidity being ignored. Again, it is the exaltation of nerve sensitiveness into an evidence of refinement; forgetting that the healthy nerve, like the pure metal, stands the normal test put upon it, the flinching being a token of failure as the alloys of gold. In another instance, it is the scorn for manual labor, although this indicates also the survival of feudal feeling. We call the hand the servant of the mind, thinking we have ranked it, but educating the blind shows us that it may turn instructor and incite its ignorant master to action.

This is an age of fads and fetiches, and, as we give up our idol of disembodied intellect, we erect a shrine to meaningless muscle. We have outgrown croquet and archery. Even tennis

no longer suffices, and we are founding schools of physical culture and gymnasiums *ad libitum*. In truth, these are needed badly enough by the physically idle, and if strength of body is our aim, a beginning must be made somewhere in its training. Does it not savor, however, of absurdity that the girls, who not long since were frowned upon for being "tomboys"—i.e., using their muscles in running and jumping—and afterward were cautioned against running up and downstairs or taking long walks, should be suddenly precipitated upon parallel bars and turning poles, where there is emulation and a slight danger of overdoing? Very far am I from believing in any inherent physical frailty of women, or that it is not good for a girl to turn a somersault or learn hand-over-hand. It is the inconsistency of such philosophy that calls for comment.

Unquestionably the best exercise is that taken in the open air; and rowing, running, walking, skating, horseback riding, have forever the advantage over indoor training, in that they oxidize the blood as well as develop muscle. Gymnastics, on the other hand, has two special claims—economy of time and defiance of weather. But it is not only to the gymnasiums, equipped with apparatus and superintended by doctor or professor, that we need betake ourselves if muscular development is our object. These are attractive, and have advocates enough. Within our doors there is a despised sort of gymnastics which has few scholars, fewer teachers, and stands in great need of intelligent attention. The evangel of cookery has been preached to us from all quarters, but what missionary has been bold enough to proclaim the use and dignity of housework?

"Nothing menial for me!" cries the ignorant woman; while her more intellectual sister exclaims, "Oh, I feel above such drudgery!" Alas! to what giddy heights must those minds be elevated which do not see the necessity nor compensation of muscular work! Mr. Gladstone found refreshment for his brain in chopping trees, and an eminent jurist of the United States in vigorously plying the saw; but there are women so highly refined that they can no longer employ their muscles for any useful purpose.

In the pretty allegory of "Homely and Comely," Moncure D. Conway contrasts for us two common mistakes, neglect of housework and exclusive devotion to it, but shows also a health and beauty balance on the side of Homely.

That there is not much sanitary or strengthening influence in the operation of dusting is evident; and yet many women, disdaining heavier work, reserve this domestic duty for themselves and waste much time upon it. Muscular motion is of little value unless vigorous and swift. The slow walk and loitering movements do not rouse the blood from its torpidity. The lowliest labor when zealously performed may be followed by an unexpected hygienic effect. There is the instance of a penniless young man, threatened with fever in a strange country, shipping as a deckhand to return and die among his people. During the voyage he scrubbed away the dirt from the shipboards, and with it the disease that had invaded his life-craft. A story is also told of a family whose women were of the delicate, ailing sort. Misfortune obliged them to perform their own domestic work. What seemed for them a sad necessity proved itself a double blessing. They gained what they had never known before, robust health; and their enforced economy restored them to a prosperous condition.

Not all physicians are clear-sighted or independent enough to prescribe as did one of their number. A young lady supposed to be suffering with anæmia, nervous prostration, and other fashionable ills, sent for the family doctor. "Is there anything I can do to get well?" she asked, after the usual questioning. "There is," answered he; "follow this prescription faithfully." The folded scrap of paper read as follows: "One broom: use in two hours of housework daily."

That domestic work is not without its æsthetic side many authors bear witness. George Eliot introduces us to Hetty Sorrel at the butter-making, and writes, "They are the prettiest attitudes and movements into which a pretty girl is thrown." But if dairy work is rapidly taking a place beside spinning and weaving as one of the picturesque employments of the past, what there is to do about the house may be also gracefully done. And here, it may be said of this as of all other work,

the spirit and care we put into it endow it with beauty as well as health.

Aside from the physical view of homely gymnastics, there is a social and an economic aspect. Courtship need not wait upon a problematic income if the fair Dorothea has not only a clear head but arms willing to take up the burden of life equally. Does Hermann need to toil? She deems it incumbent upon her, unless busy with young children, to earn her own living within the home or outside of it. When women shall have been educated to a keener sense of justice, they will no longer imagine they have discharged their debt to the community by adding a few beautifying touches to the household furniture! Nor, although they fulfill the higher and more exacting duties of a mother, will they thenceforth fold their hands and do nothing. To be a good father does not absolve a man from work, neither does being a good mother exempt a woman from her share in the maintenance of the home. The maiden of to-day is yet enslaved by caste culture; but the maiden of to-morrow may scorn to be merely ornamental or useless. She may be too proud to allow her husband to support her in idleness and may refuse to be reënforced by a Biddy or Gretchen unless there is more to do than one pair of hands can accomplish.

The practice of these domestic exercises has also an important influence upon household service. The mistress who understands all the work required by her, and performs part of it herself, rarely has any trouble with servants. But, in order to attain this result, she must know more than the manner in which any piece of work is to be done; she must know how long it takes to do it, and in order to estimate this justly she will need to make practical trial of it herself without assistance. The knowledge and skill she gains in this way will also enable her often to suggest an easier mehod or better arrangement of work. The ridiculous requirements made in some households where there is a lack of service, and which result in frequent changes, would not be possible if the mistress had learned this lesson in its entirety.

Can it be repeated too often that it is the sign of ignorance

to scorn any work well done, or the doer of it? Only when the dignity and importance of labor are rightly estimated can we hope for any well-founded social prosperity. While it is not suggested that wealthy women should discharge their servants and undertake their own domestic work, it may be urged that only good can come from their personal performance of some share of it—physical benefit to themselves and a more wholesome feeling for the labor of their necessitous sisters. Between the small minority who suffer from too easy living and those whose days are overburdened with care, there exists, especially in cities, a large class of women in moderate circumstances whose health would be greatly benefited by more physical exercise. These need not rashly bestride the bicycle, nor rush through the non-productive drill of the gymnasium as an only means of grace. They may garner their resources, develop their muscles in walking and in reconquering a world of flexibility and strength which lies within their own thresholds.

HEALTHY LIVING

Books for Mothers' Clubs

By LINDA A. EASTMAN

Care and Feeding of Children	Holt
Study of Child Nature	Harrison
First Three Years of Childhood	Percy
Hints on Child-Training	Trumbull
Children's Rights	Wiggins
Letters to Elder Daughters	Starrett
House Plants as Sanitary Agents	Anders
Home Occupation for Little Children	Beebe
Home Nursing	Benton
Easiest Way in Housekeeping	Campbell
Convenient Houses	Gibson
Bits of Talk on Home Matters	Helen Hunt Jackson
Kindergarten at Home	Sherriff
Hygiene of the Nursery	Starr
House and Home Papers	Stowe
Common Sense in the Household	Terhune
Infant Diet	Jacobi
How to Teach Manners	Dewey
His Little Mother	Mulock
Seed Thoughts for Mothers	Paull
Nursery Noonings	Dodge
Nursery Ethics	Winterburn
Our Girls	Lewis
Sanitary and Economic Cooking	Abel
Women, Plumbers, and Doctors	Plunkett
Window Gardening	Williams

THE HOME

The Homelike Home

By HELEN HUNT JACKSON

NOTHING can be meaner than that "misery should love company." But the proverb is founded on an original principle in human nature, which it is no use to deny and hard work to conquer. I have been uneasily conscious of this sneaking sin in my own soul, as I have read article after article in the English newspapers and magazines on the "decadence of the home spirit in English family life, as seen in the large towns and the metropolis." It seems that the English are as badly off as we. There, also, men are wide awake and gay at clubs and races, and sleepy and morose in their own houses; "sons lead lives independent of their fathers and apart from their sisters and mothers"; "girls run about as they please, without care or guidance." This state of things is "a spreading social evil," and men are at their wit's end to know what is to be done about it. They are ransacking "national character and customs, religion, and the particular tendency of the present literary and scientific thought, and the teaching and preaching of the public press," to find out the root of the trouble. One writer ascribes it to the "exceeding restlessness and the desire to be doing something which are predominant and indomitable in the Anglo-Saxon race"; another to the passion which almost all families have for seeming richer and more fashionable than their means will allow. In these, and in most of their other theories, they are only working round and round, as doctors so often do, in the dreary circle of symptomatic results, without so much as touching or perhaps suspecting their

real center. How many people are blistered for spinal disease, or blanketed for rheumatism, when the real trouble is a little fiery spot of inflammation in the lining of the stomach! and all these difficulties in the outworks are merely the creaking of the machinery, because the central engine does not work properly. Blisters and blankets may go on for seventy years coddling the poor victim; but he will stay ill to the last if his stomach be not set right.

There is a close likeness between the doctor's high-sounding list of remote symptoms, which he is treating as primary diseases, and the hue and outcry about the decadence of the home spirit, the prevalence of excessive and improper amusements, club-houses, billiard-rooms, theaters, and so forth, which are "the banes of homes."

The trouble is in the homes. Homes are stupid, homes are dreary, homes are insufferable. If one can be pardoned for the Irishism of such a saying, homes are their own worst "banes." If homes were what they should be, nothing under heaven could be invented which could be bane to them, which would do more than serve as useful foil to set off their better cheer, their pleasanter ways, their wholesomer joys.

Whose fault is it that they are not so? Fault is a heavy word. It includes generations in its pitiless entail. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof, is but one side of the truth. No day is sufficient unto the evil thereof, is the other. Each day has to bear burdens passed down from so many other days; each person has to bear burdens so complicated, so interwoven with the burdens of others; each person's fault is so fevered and swollen by faults of others, that there is no disentangling the question of responsibility. Everything is everybody's fault is the simplest and fairest way of putting it. It is everybody's fault that the average home is stupid, dreary, insufferable—a place from which fathers fly to clubs, boys and girls to streets. But when we ask who can do most to remedy this—in whose hands it most lies to fight the fight against the tendencies to monotony, stupidity, and instability which are inherent in human nature—then the answer is clear and loud. It is the work of women; this is the true mission of women, their

"right" divine and unquestionable, and including most emphatically the "right to labor."

To create and sustain the atmosphere of a home—it is easily said in a very few words; but how many women have done it? How many women can say to themselves or others that this is their aim? To keep house well women often say they desire. But keeping house well is another affair—I had almost said it has nothing to do with creating a home. That is not true, of course; comfortable living, as regards food and fire and clothes, can do much to help on a home. Nevertheless, with one exception, the best homes I have ever seen were in houses which were not especially well kept; and the very worst I have ever known were presided (I mean tyrannized) over by "perfect housekeepers."

All creators are single-aimed. Never will the painter, sculptor, writer, lose sight of his art. Even in the intervals of rest and diversion which are necessary to his health and growth, everything he sees ministers to his passion. Consciously or unconsciously, he makes each shape, color, incident, his own; sooner or later it will enter into his work.

So it must be with the woman who will create a home. There is an evil fashion of speech which says it is a narrowing and narrow life that a woman leads who cares only, works only for her husband and children; that a higher, more imperative thing is that she herself be developed to her utmost. Even so clear and strong a writer as Frances Cobbe, in her otherwise admirable essay on the "Final Cause of Woman," falls into this shallowness of words, and speaks of women who live solely for their families as "adjectives."

In the family relation so many women are nothing more, so many women become even less, that human conception may perhaps be forgiven for losing sight of the truth, the ideal. Yet in women it is hard to forgive it. Thinking clearly, she should see that a creator can never be an adjective; and that a woman who creates and sustains a home, and under whose hands children grow up to be strong and pure men and women, is a creator, second only to God.

Before she can do this, she must have development; in and

by the doing of this comes constant development; the higher her development, the more perfect her work; the instant her own development is arrested, her creative power stops. All science, all art, all religion, all experience of life, all knowledge of men—will help her; the stars in their courses can be won to fight for her. Could she attain the utmost of knowledge, could she have all possible human genius, it would be none too much. Reverence holds its breath and goes softly, perceiving what it is in this woman's power to do; with what divine patience, steadfastness, and inspiration she must work.

Into the home she will create, monotony, stupidity, antagonisms cannot come. Her foresight will provide occupations and amusements; her loving and alert diplomacy will fend off disputes. Unconsciously, every member of her family will be as clay in her hands. More anxiously than any statesman will she meditate on the wisdom of each measure, the bearing of each word. The least possible governing which is compatible with order will be her first principle; her second, the greatest possible influence which is compatible with the growth of individuality. Will the woman whose brain and heart are working these problems, as applied to a household, be an adjective? be idle?

She will be no more an adjective than the sun is an adjective in the solar system; no more idle than nature is idle. She will be perplexed; she will be weary; she will be disheartened, sometimes. All creators, save One, have known these pains and grown strong by them. But she will never withdraw her hand for one instant. Delays and failures will only set her to casting about for new instrumentalities. She will press all things into her service. She will master sciences, that her boys' evenings need not be dull. She will be worldly wise, and render to Cæsar his dues, that her husband and daughters may have her by their side in all their pleasures. She will invent, she will surprise, she will forestall, she will remember, she will laugh, she will listen, she will be young, she will be old, and she will be three times loving, loving, loving.

This is too hard? There is the house to be kept? And there are poverty and sickness, and there is not time?

Yes, it is hard. And there is the house to be kept; and there are poverty and sickness; but, God be praised, there is time. A minute is time. In one minute many live the essence of all. I have seen a beggar woman make half an hour of home on a doorstep, with a basket of broken meat! And the most perfect home I ever saw was in a little house into the sweet incense of whose fires went no costly things. A thousand dollars served for a year's living of father, mother, and three children. But the mother was a creator of a home; her relation with her children was the most beautiful I have ever seen; even a dull and commonplace man was lifted up and enabled to do good work for souls, by the atmosphere which this woman created; every inmate of her house involuntarily looked into her face for the keynote of the day; and it always rang clear. From the rosebud or clover leaf which, in spite of her hard housework, she always found time to put by our plates at breakfast, down to the essay or story she had on hand to be read or discussed in the evening, there was no intermission of her influence. She has always been and always will be my ideal of a mother, wife, home-maker. If to her quick brain, loving heart, and exquisite tact had been added the appliances of wealth and the enlargements of a wider culture, hers would have been absolutely the ideal home. As it was, it was the best I have ever seen. It is more than twenty years since I crossed its threshold. I do not know whether she is living or not. But, as I see house after house in which fathers and mothers and children are dragging out their lives in a haphazard alternation of listless routine and unpleasant collision, I always think with a sigh of that poor little cottage by the seashore, and of the woman who was "the light thereof"; and I find in the faces of many men and children, as plainly written and as sad to see as in the newspaper columns of "Personals," "Wanted—a home."

THE HOME

Hints for Happiness

By FRANK A. DE PUY

THERE are fifteen million homes in the United States. There ought not to be one unhappy home. Every one of these millions of homes can be made happy and kept happy. Right living will do it.

An earnest desire to make home happy, coupled with an earnest effort to carry out that desire, is as certain to help bring happiness into the home as day is to follow night. The very effort to give pleasure to those around us gives pleasure to ourselves. Nothing brings us so sure and so great a reward as to try to make others happy. The family in which each member is striving to make his companions happy can never be other than happy.

No home can be ideal in which the true spirit of Christianity has no place. Each member of the household must be animated with the earnest desire to be helpful, kind, considerate to all the loved ones in the family. Where there is true mutual affection, where each seeks to share the other's burdens, and thus lightens them, where all—husband, wife, father, mother, brothers, and sisters—are united in love and sympathy—that is where the ideal home is found. It matters not whether it be in a palace or a cottage, whether it be blessed with abundance or burdened with deep poverty, the home in which piety dwells is the real ideal American home.

It is not a hard thing to do—to make one's home happy.

Be Cheerful

Fortunate is the one who can see the bright side of things, the silver lining that belongs to every cloud. That the lining is there we all know. We can all see it if we will only look for it. If we do not have the happy faculty of seeing the bright side without looking for it, we can cultivate it. If we try for only a little time to keep our eyes turned from the dark things of life, it will be found an easy habit to acquire. At the very least, we need not point out to others the dark side we see ourselves. If we choose to stay in the shadow ourselves, we need not withhold the sunshine from others. Cheerfulness is an essential element in the make-up of a happy home.

There is no greater enemy of cheerfulness than sulking. Most of us have hours when we feel "out of sorts," when we can be neither cheerful nor even pleasant to those around us. When these hours come there is one safe rule to follow—we can keep away from others. When the cross mood comes over us we should shut ourselves up with it alone. While we are under its baneful influence we should avoid every person for whom we care. We have no right to be cross and ill-tempered to others because we happen to feel that way. A single petulant word spoken in an unfortunate moment may spoil the happiness of a whole family.

Lock yourself in your own room and stay there until you are sure you can meet your loved ones with smiles. It will be helpful to them and helpful to yourself.

Be Considerate

No one would think of speaking harshly to a friend or a guest. Surely the members of our own families are entitled to as much consideration as our friends or guests. Yet how many times do we find fault in the home circle for little things that we would hardly notice elsewhere! It is the little things that make or mar the home life. Kind words and gentle acts make the happy home. Sympathy, help, and comfort should not be

withheld from one's companions until illness or trouble has overtaken them.

Nothing is worse in the family circle than nagging. There will be no nagging where each one in the family is considerate of the feelings of others. Rough and hasty words have no place in the happy home. If we are considerate of those around us, no such words will be heard in our families.

Be Courteous

"Thank you" belongs as much to our parents and children as to total strangers. We would not think of accepting an act of kindness from a stranger without acknowledging it with thanks. Why should we neglect to be courteous to those who are kind to us at home? The wife, the husband, the child who brings us something we want, who does some little errand for us, who brings us a book, a glass of water, or a chair, should receive as grateful thanks as would be given to one not in the family.

The value of courtesy extends far beyond the home circle. Children who have learned to be courteous by the example of parents at home grow up into courteous men and women, and by their courtesy help to make other men and women happy. Bring up your children to be courteous at home, and you add to the sum of happiness in the world.

Let the children's training in courtesy begin in the nursery. The little one who is old enough to ask for favors is old enough to learn to say "Please" and "Thank you."

Be Patient

The hasty word or act has no place in a happy home. Just stop a moment before you scold or punish your child for some little act he ought not to have committed. In that moment you may recall some excuse for the act that will make it less wrong and the punishment uncalled for. Be patient with the little ones. How can you expect them to know as much or do as much as their elders? When your child asks a question be

patient enough to answer him. It is the child's right to be taught, and he can learn only by asking questions.

Half the little annoyances of life will disappear if one is only patient under them. Almost all the other half will go the same way if one does not worry over them. Do not worry. There is no greater fallacy than the idea that "somebody has got to worry to keep the world going." Too many people have an idea that it is their duty to worry. They give a mistaken meaning to "worry." Looking out for the future is not "worrying," and "worrying" is not looking out for the future.

It is when all worry has been put aside that one can best prepare for the future. The mind free from worry is in the best condition to make plans which are to lead to success. Fix in your mind the right definition of "worrying," and ask yourself if you ever knew of a case in which worrying was beneficial. Your answer is sure to be "No."

"I have proven the proposition over and over in my own experience," says Mary Boardman Page, "and I tell you it is wholly true, that worry was never intended to be a part of the mental structure of man. It is a vicious and unnatural habit into which we have fallen through generations of artificial thinking. So far from stimulating and helping us to action, it cheats us and robs us of strength. What friction is to the mechanical world, worry is to the mental machinery. It retards motion and lessens force, and as the most perfect machine is the one in which friction plays the least part, so the best equipped and most successful mentality is the one in which worry is most eliminated.

"Nature never worries. If you would not worry, you have only to let Nature's law of not worry enter into you and have its way. Nature's law is stronger than any little law you have made for yourself. Not worry will drive out worry if you will only be still and let it. This attitude of mind is one that is well worth cultivating. Trust yourself to it."

Be Helpful

Each member of the family can do something toward making home happy. Especially is this true of the young people.

Too many boys and girls get the notion that their parents who provide the home must be the only ones to make it attractive. Every boy and every girl can be helpful at home. They can help father and mother in a host of little things, and they can help in the pleasures of home life. The boy or girl who finds the mother busily sewing for him or her, can easily spend a half hour reading aloud from the mother's favorite book or paper. The daughter who has been taught to play on the piano can often smooth the wrinkles out of her tired and care-worn father's brow by playing for him his favorite pieces. Let every son and daughter give a moment's thought to what he or she can do to help brighten the home—and then do it. There can be no question of the result.

Be Truthful

Let every member of your family learn that you are to be trusted. It is a painful thing when children are found questioning the things they are told by father or mother, but they learn to do so very quickly when parents get into the habit of deceiving them. There should be no secrets between husband and wife or parent and child. "Honesty is the best policy" in the home as well as in the business world. If you cannot answer truthfully the questions put to you in the home circle do not answer at all.

"A man should never be ashamed to own that he has been in the wrong," Alexander Pope wrote. "It is but saying in other words that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday."

Be Neat

It is hard to imagine a happy home that is neither neat nor clean. It is easy to be neat, and not hard to be clean. The humblest little home can be as neat and clean as the finest mansion in the world. Neatness and cleanliness in the home are sure to lead to neatness and cleanliness in the persons of all in the home.

No home is attractive in which the wife and mother is care-

less in her personal appearance or slovenly in allowing dirt to accumulate in any room. The husband and father, too, should be careful of his personal appearance. Undoubtedly he was so before his marriage. Surely his wife is not less to be thought of than when she was his sweetheart. Dirt and untidiness have driven many a man away from what might otherwise have been a happy home.

Be Clean in Language

Neither at home nor anywhere else should bad language be indulged in. Profanity has no place in the vocabulary of a gentleman. It is never heard in the happy home. Clean language tends in itself to engender and preserve clean thoughts. Give no language to other thoughts, and they will soon die.

Avoid slang. Not only is slang ill-bred, but its use tends to lower the moral tone of the whole family circle. If parents use slang, their children will use it. Slang words are noxious weeds in the garden of conversation. They must be rooted out, or they will overshadow and choke the flowers of good language.

Be Contented

Make the most and the best of your surroundings. Grumbling does no good. Shun the habit as you would the plague. Do not grumble over your house. If there is anything wrong about it, change it. If you cannot change it, bear with it as best you can and stop complaining. Ignore it. To let an unpleasant thing alone minimizes its unpleasantness. If you never grumble at others, they will have less reason to grumble at you.

Before you grumble, stop and think whether the things you want to complain of can be bettered. If they can, try and better them. If they cannot, it will do no good to grumble. If you feel like grumbling at your lot in life, look around you. See how many persons there are among your own acquaintances for whose lot you would not care to exchange your own. Then stop grumbling. No home can be happy that shelters a grumbler.

Do not be contented in the sense of never trying to better your condition. A legitimate ambition to get ahead in the world is an essential ingredient of real happiness. One must work to enjoy life, and the incentive for work is the desire to improve one's condition in life. True contentment does not interfere with advancement. Add to your blessings all you can, but meanwhile do not be discontented with those you have.

Be Generous

Selfishness has no place in a happy home. Share the joys and the pleasures of your life with all the members of your family. What right have you to ask for care and attention if you are unwilling to return them? Especially should selfishness be guarded against where there are children in the household. Parents who set the example of selfishness cannot expect their children to grow into generous men and women.

Teach your children to be generous in the everyday matters of life. Let the child be taught to share with those around him the things that give him most pleasure—but let him be taught by your example rather than by precept. Do not always insist upon having your own way. Even if you feel that your way is the best, it is wise to be generous sometimes and give way to others.

Be Polite

Good manners have a great deal to do with happiness. They are almost an absolute necessity for success in business or professional life. It is a sad mistake to drop good manners at home. To be good-mannered is to consider the rights and comforts of others before one's own, and this is just the spirit that should be found in the home circle. Children should not have to go away from home to learn to be polite. They should be taught by the constant example of father and mother.

Horace Mann wrote long ago that manners easily and rapidly mature into morals. As childhood advances to manhood the transition from bad manners to bad morals is almost imperceptible. It is an old and true saying that "the truest courtesy is the truest Christianity."

Gentleness and consideration for others are at the foundation of good manners. In business and social life politeness is of vast importance. Good manners often count as much or more than ability in turning the scale toward promotion. It is of little use to possess kindly feelings if you cannot express them in a kindly way.

Be Economical

Do not be niggardly or stingy—but live within your means. No home can be truly happy over which hangs the dark cloud of debt. No matter how small your income, nothing but the most absolute necessity should permit you to exceed it in your expenditures. Only by keeping one's outgo less than one's income can one "get ahead" in this world.

Do not leave all the economy to the wife and mother. Never fear but she will do her share of the saving. Watch your own personal expenses. If you find yourself indulging in pleasures or habits that are purely personal, and therefore purely selfish, cut them off and see what pleasure can be given to the whole family with the money thus saved. Why should the wife be forced to go with a shabby or out-of-date bonnet while the husband spends the price of a dozen bonnets for cigars?

Avoid "accounts" in the stores. To have credit in the retail stores is always a temptation to use it. It is better to "pay as you go." It is harder to pay for a thing after you have had it than when you buy it. Then, too, one does not realize how the bills are mounting up when one is simply having purchases put on the "charge account." It takes the monthly bill to show how thoughtlessly extravagant one has been. It is always easier to save money when one buys for cash only.

"He that goes a-borrowing goes a-sorrowing," said poor Richard.

Writing of his ideal of a perfect life, Robert Louis Stevenson said: "To be honest, to be kind, to earn a little and to spend a little less; to make, on the whole, a family happier by his presence; to renounce when that shall be necessary and not to be embittered; to keep a few friends, but these without

capitulation; above all, on the same grim conditions, to keep friends with himself—here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude or delicacy."

> "Neither a borrower nor a lender be;
> For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
> And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry,"

Shakespeare declares, and Smiles wrote: "Debt makes everything a temptation. It lowers a man in self-respect, places him at the mercy of his tradesmen and servants. He cannot call himself his own master, and it is difficult for him to be truthful."

Shun extravagance, avoid ostentatious display, repress the desire to outshine others, and you will find it less difficult to keep out of debt.

THE HOME

Homelessness of Certain Married Women

By Mrs. JAMES FARLEY COX*

OPPORTUNITY has come to me of late to meet an unusual number of homeless young married people. They have good, though moderate incomes, they are clever, in excellent health, active, energetic young men and women, and yet they have elected to live in boarding-houses and hotels. Elevators carry them to upper stories of huge caravansaries, where they take possession of a bedroom, a parlor, and a dressing-room. Here they add to the rich, but unmistakably "hotel furniture" the pretty trifles, easily transported, which were among their wedding presents, and they declare themselves content. They partake of meals, always rich and indigestible, and often of doubtful origin, ordered from long bills of fare, cooked by foreigners, and sit at little tables, observing and being observed, with that long critical stare which is learned only in such surroundings.

The wife has no duties; nothing in their lives exercises her skill, her brain power, or her ingenuity. Her husband receives no help or delight from the labor of her hands, or as the result of her good judgment. Half of her endowments are lying dormant, and almost every power she has is dulled from want of use. After her husband leaves her for his office, she has to think out some occupation for the day. She shops and visits; if she is musical, she practices a little; if she is bookish, she goes, perhaps, to a literary class or a lecture. Nothing taxes

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her resources; no one is helped or benefited by her wise rule. Lacking that great prop and staff, personal responsibility, she has no taste of the joy of personal achievement and success. There is no way in which either husband or wife can express themselves in the material things by which they are surrounded. These furnished rooms are to their personal characteristics like ready-made clothing to their bodies, and betray in one way and another, that they are "misfits."

Worse still, to my thinking, is life in smaller boarding-houses, where the independence and isolation possible in large hotels is lost, and the elements of criticism and gossip find such congenial soil in which to lodge their fast-growing seeds.

I know no sadder words than homeless and childless. There is a mournful inflection in their very sounds, and yet these prettily dressed, eager, restless young women are both these sorrowful things. If God has denied them the crown of motherhood, it would be better to take some motherless baby to their hearts, than to live all their lives without the guiding hand of a little child in theirs, and the clasp of little loving arms about their necks. I say guiding, with very sincere faith that there is no such attraction toward a noble life as the dependence and love of childhood, nor any such rebuke as the surprise or fear in a child's innocent eyes.

What causes a deliberate choice of this narrow life which entails so many deprivations is incomprehensible to me. The semblance of great luxury is certainly to be found in the mirrors, the gilding, the deep-piled velvet carpets; but does all this expensive show give any pleasure when it loses all personal interest, and stretching this way and that can sometimes be measured by miles? To walk five hundred feet down the long corridors, between doors which seem countless in number, and opening right and left to liberate strangers who pass you as if you were to be avoided as carefully as if you had the smallpox, cannot be a pleasure. To open your door and see five or six conventional pieces of furniture standing about at precisely the same angles as in every other room you have passed, so that if you did not chance to know that your legitimate number of square feet were known as No. 499, you might readily think

you were in your own quarters, until you saw that where your walls were blue, your neighbor's were pink, cannot be encouraging to the sense of individual possession, which is half of life's joy.

The mere abiding under the same roof with people you dislike or despise, is trying, but when you believe that on your right hand is drunkenness, and on your left the elements of some great human tragedy; to doubt the decency of your nearest neighbor at dinner, and be shocked at the vulgar display of the women you meet in the elevator, does not conduce to love of mankind or the elevation of your own thoughts.

In the narrower circle of the boarding house, to detect in yourself an intense curiosity as to whether Mr. Blank is kind to his wife, or Mrs. Jones does not dress beyond her means, and be mortally ashamed of your impertinence, does not increase your self-respect.

Why choose these ways of living, when open to every woman, according to her means, lies the door of a home? A place which is for the time at least your very own, to be a source of comfort and peace to your husband and of joy to yourself, just in proportion to your endeavors? A place where color, arrangement, every adornment, every detail, from the delicate draperies at the windows to the well-chosen implements in the kitchen, expresses your tastes, your judgment, your judicious economies, your thought of others, your love for your husband. Where no one enters but at your bidding, and then comes to be made happy by your society, or refreshed by your hospitality. Where, when the day is done, you realize that, from the flavor of the breakfast cup of coffee and the lightness of the rolls, to the restful chair in which he smoked his last cigar at night, the man you love best of all human beings owes every enjoyment to your oversight and plans.

No matter how small it may be, no matter how many difficulties of arrangement and adaptation present themselves, these, like all obstacles, only enhance success, and in these days of apartments and moderate houses, built especially to tempt young housekeepers, no one who can afford to live as I have described, can be too restricted in their means to find it hard

to select from one of these classes of domiciles what is suitable and pleasant. And having chosen, can there be many pleasures more sure and satisfying than making of those vacant rooms and bare walls a home? That vital spark of vanity and self-satisfaction, without which no woman's life is really delightful, that undefinable, unclassified quality which makes her look at her completed work with the exhilarating belief that few could excel it, here has full play. Here she can be original, ingenious, surprising, and all this to the fulfilment of the chief end of her hopes and the expression of her highest desire.

The birds find sources of exultation in the building of their nests, and you can discover that they are house-furnishing by the joy of their songs. It is the natural instinct of love and life to make a place to dwell in. To the woman who can devise a fastidiously beautiful gown, I would commend the arrangement and decoration of a room as the expansion and tenfold higher use of her art. To the woman who would endear herself to her husband, I would offer to guarantee that if she can keep within the limit of his means, and yet make for him a lovely, comfortable, appropriate abiding place, in which he has room for the development of his own tastes and opportunity to bring about him his friends in hospitable fashion, she will have endeared herself inexpressibly to him and increased his pride in her tenfold. Let the good order and beauty, and contrivances for his individual comfort be sufficient to make his friends envious, and ready to say that his home tempts them to marry, and the wife becomes lovely in his eyes, in a far more flattering way than because she is pretty and well dressed. To become the source of a husband's comfort and rest is to have placed yourself far beyond the fear of losing your complexion, or ceasing to be his ideal of a pretty girl. It is also to rise from the position of a dear pet, to a useful, important partner without whose clever brains and wise direction his life would cease to be a success. I do not claim that home-making is easy work, nor for a moment attempt to say that the fine art of good housekeeping is easily attained, but I do say, with all the strength I can put into the assertion, that the married woman who sets aside her kingdom for lack of courage and energy to

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rule it, is but a disinherited princess, who has lost the greatest joy of life when she abdicated her throne.

The place a man lives in should surely be the place wherein sorrow and illness and death can best be borne and suffered. To the very young, these three pregnant words mean little, but when they make themselves heard, may they find the sacredness and privacy of home about you, and the tender surroundings of your own family-life soothing your pain. To be happy in or to grieve in, there can be no place like the shelter which love and care have made for a man and his wife to abide in together, with the children God has given them to sweeten and hallow their inseparable lives.

THE HOME

The Inhumanities of Parents

By HELEN HUNT JACKSON

A PRESBYTERIAN minister in Western New York whipped his three-year-old boy to death, for refusing to say his prayers. The little fingers were broken; the tender flesh was bruised and actually mangled; strong men wept when they looked on the body; and the reverend murderer, after having been set free on bail, was glad to return and take refuge within the walls of his prison, to escape summary punishment at the hands of an outraged community. At the bare mention of such cruelty, every heart grew sick and faint; men and women were dumb with horror; only tears and a hot demand for instant retaliation availed.

The question whether, after all, that baby martyr were not fortunate among his fellows, would, no doubt, be met by resentful astonishment. But it is a question which may well be asked, may well be pondered. Heartrending as it is to think for an instant of the agonies which the poor child must have borne for some hours after his infant brain was too bewildered by terror and pain to understand what was required of him, it still cannot fail to occur to deeper reflection that the torture was short and small in comparison with what the next ten years might have held for him if he had lived. To earn entrance on the spiritual life by the briefest possible experience of the physical, is always "greater gain"; but how emphatically is it so when the conditions of life upon earth are sure to be unfavorable!

If it were possible in any way to get a statistical summing-

up and a tangible presentation of the amount of physical pain inflicted by parents on children under twelve years of age, the most callous-hearted would be surprised and shocked. If it were possible to add to this estimate an accurate and scientific demonstration of the extent to which such pain, by weakening the nervous system and exhausting its capacity to resist disease, diminishes children's chances for life, the world would stand aghast.

Too little has been said upon this point. The opponents of corporal punishment usually approach the subject either from the sentimental or the moral standpoint. The argument on either of these grounds can be made strong enough, one would suppose, to paralyze every hand lifted to strike a child. But the question of the direct and lasting physical effect of blows—even of one blow on the delicate tissues of a child's body, on the frail and trembling nerves, on the sensitive organization which is trying, under a thousand unfavoring conditions, to adjust itself to the hard work of both living and growing—has yet to be properly considered.

Every one knows the sudden sense of insupportable pain, sometimes producing even dizziness and nausea, which follows the accidental hitting of the ankle or elbow against a hard substance. It does not need that the blow be very hard to bring involuntary tears to adult eyes. But what is such a pain as this, in comparison with the pain of a dozen or more tingling blows from a heavy hand on flesh which is, which must be, as much more sensitive than ours, as are the souls which dwell in it purer than ours. Add to this physical pain the overwhelming terror which only utter helplessness can feel, and which is the most recognizable quality in the cry of a very young child under whipping; add the instinctive sense of disgrace, of outrage, which often keeps the older child stubborn and still throughout—and you have an amount and an intensity of suffering from which even tried nerves might shrink. Again, who does not know—at least, what woman does not know—that violent weeping, for even a very short time, is quite enough to cause a feeling of languor and depression, of nervous exhaustion for a whole day? Yet it does not seem to occur to

mothers that little children must feel this, in proportion to the length of time and violence of their crying, far more than grown people. Who has not often seen a poor child receive, within an hour or two of the first whipping, a second one, for some small ebullition of nervous irritability, which was simply inevitable from its spent and worn condition?

It is safe to say that in families where whipping is regularly recognized as a punishment, few children under ten years of age, and of average behavior, have less than one whipping a week. Sometimes they have more, sometimes the whipping is very severe. Thus you have in one short year sixty or seventy occasions on which for a greater or less time, say from one to three hours, the child's nervous system is subjected to a tremendous strain from the effect of terror and physical pain combined with long crying. Will any physician tell us that this fact is not an element in that child's physical condition at the end of that year? Will any physician dare to say that there may not be, in that child's life, crises when the issues of life and death will be so equally balanced that the tenth part of the nervous force lost in such fits of crying, and in the endurance of such pain, could turn the scale?

Suppose that punishment of children had been unheard of till now. Suppose that the idea had yesterday been suggested for the first time that by inflicting physical pain on a child's body you might make him recollect certain truths; and suppose that instead of whipping, a very moderate and harmless degree of pricking with pins, or cutting with knives, or burning with fire had been suggested. Would not fathers and mothers have cried out all over the land at the inhumanity of the idea?

Would they not still cry out at the inhumanity of one who, as things are to-day, should propose the substitution of pricking or cutting or burning for whipping? But I think it would not be easy to show in what way small pricks or cuts are more inhuman than blows; or why lying may not be as legitimately cured by blisters made with a hot coal as by black and blue spots made with a ruler. The principle is the same; and if the principle be right, why not multiply methods?

It was my misfortune once to be forced to spend several of

the hottest weeks of a hot summer in New York. In near neighborhood to my rooms were blocks of buildings which had shops on the first floor and tenements above. In these lived the families of small tradesmen, and mechanics of the better sort. During those scorching nights every window was thrown open, and all sounds were borne with distinctness through the hot still air. Chief among them were the shrieks and cries of little children, and blows and angry words from tired, overworked mothers. At times it became almost unbearable: it was hard to refrain from an attempt at rescue. Ten, twelve, twenty quick, hard blows, whose sound rang out plainly, I counted again and again; mingling with them came the convulsive screams of the poor children, and that most piteous thing of all, the reiteration of "Oh, mamma! oh, mamma!" as if, through all, the helpless little creatures had an instinct that this word ought to be in itself the strongest appeal. These families were all of the better class of workpeople, comfortable and respectable. What sounds were to be heard in the more wretched haunts of the city, during those nights, the heart struggled away from fancying. But the shrieks of those children will never wholly die out of the air. I hear them to-day; and mingling with them, the question rings perpetually in my ears, "Why does not the law protect children, before the point at which life is endangered?"

A cartman may be arrested in the streets for the brutal beating of a horse which is his own, and which he has the right to kill if he so choose. Should not a man be equally withheld from the brutal beating of a child who is not his own, but God's, and whom to kill is murder?

Needless Denials

Most men and a great many women would be astonished at being told that simple humanity requires them to gratify every wish, even the smallest, of their children, when the pain of having that wish denied is not made necessary, either for the child's own welfare, physical or mental, or by circumstances beyond the parent's control. The word "necessary" is a very authori-

tative one; conscience, if left free, soon narrows down its boundaries; inconvenience, hindrance, deprivation, self-denial, one or all, or even a great deal of all, to ourselves, cannot give us a shadow of right to say that the pain of the child's disappointment is "necessary." Selfishness grasps at help from the hackneyed sayings, that it is "best for children to bear the yoke in their youth"; "the sooner they learn that they cannot have their own way the better"; "it is a good discipline for them to practice self-denial," etc. But the yoke that they must bear, in spite of our lightening it all we can, is heavy enough; the instances in which it is, for good and sufficient reasons, impossible for them to have their own way are quite numerous enough to insure their learning the lesson very early; and as for the discipline of self-denial—God bless their dear, patient souls!—if men and women brought to bear on the thwartings and vexations of their daily lives, and their relations with each other, one hundredth part of the sweet acquiescence and brave endurance which average children show, under the average management of average parents, this world would be a much pleasanter place to live in than it is.

Let any conscientious and tender mother, who perhaps reads these words with tears half of resentment, half of grief in her eyes, keep for three days an exact record of the little requests which she refuses, from the baby of five, who begged to stand on a chair and look out of the window, and was hastily told, "No, it would hurt the chair," when one minute would have been enough time to lay a folded newspaper over the upholstery, and another minute enough to explain to him, with a kiss and a hug, "that that was to save his spoiling mamma's nice chair with his boots"; and the two minutes together would probably have made sure that another time the dear little fellow would look out for a paper himself, when he wished to climb up to the window—from this baby up to the pretty girl of twelve, who, with as distinct a perception of the becoming as her mother had before her, went to school unhappy because she was compelled to wear the blue necktie instead of the scarlet one, and surely for no especial reason! At the end of the three days, an honest examination of the record would show that

full half of these small denials, all of which had involved pain, and some of which had brought contest and punishment, had been needless, had been hastily made, and made usually on account of the slight interruption or inconvenience which would result from yielding to the request. I am very much mistaken if the honest keeping and honest study of such a three days' record would not wholly change the atmosphere in many a house to what it ought to be, and bring almost constant sunshine and bliss where now, too often, are storm and misery.

With some parents, although they are neither harsh nor hard in manner, nor yet unloving in nature, the habitual first impulse seems to be to refuse: they appear to have a singular obtuseness to the fact that it is, or can be, of any consequence to a child whether it does or does not do the thing it desires. Often the refusal is withdrawn on the first symptom of grief or disappointment on the child's part; a thing which is fatal to all real control of a child, and almost as unkind as the first unnecessary denial—perhaps even more so, as it involves double and treble pains, in future instances, where there cannot and must not be any giving way to entreaties. It is doubtless this lack of perception—akin, one would think, to color-blindness—which is at the bottom of this great and common inhumanity among kind and intelligent fathers and mothers: an inhumanity so common that it may almost be said to be universal; so common that, while we are obliged to look on and see our dearest friends guilty of it, we find it next to impossible to make them understand what we mean when we make outcry over some of its glaring instances.

Rudeness

I had intended to put third on the list of inhumanities of parents "needless requisitions"; but my last summer's observations changed my estimate, and convinced me that children suffer more pain from the rudeness with which they are treated than from being forced to do needless things which they dislike. Indeed, a positively and graciously courteous manner toward children is a thing so rarely seen in average daily life,

the rudenesses which they receive are so innumerable, that it is hard to tell where to begin in setting forth the evil. Children themselves often bring their sharp and unexpected logic to bear on some incident illustrating the difference in this matter of behavior between what is required from them and what is shown to them: as did a little boy I knew, whose father said crossly to him one morning, as he came into the breakfast-room, "Will you ever learn to shut that door after you?" and a few seconds later, as the child was rather sulkily sitting down in his chair, "And do you mean to bid anybody 'good-morning,' or not?" "I don't think you gave *me* a very nice 'good-morning,' anyhow," replied satirical justice, age seven. Then, of course, he was reproved for speaking disrespectfully; and so in the space of three minutes the beautiful opening of the new day, for both parents and children, was jarred and robbed of its fresh harmony by the father's thoughtless rudeness.

Scores of times in a day, a child is told, in a short, authoritative way, to do or not to do certain little things which we ask at the hands of older people, as favors, graciously, and with deference to their choice. "Would you be so very kind as to close that window?" "May I trouble you for that cricket?" "If you would be as comfortable in this chair as in that, I would like to change places with you." "Oh, excuse me, but your head is between me and the light: could you see as well if you moved a little?" "Would it hinder you too long to stop at the store for me? I would be very much obliged to you, if you would." "Pray, do not let me crowd you," etc. In most people's speech to children, we find, as synonyms for these polite phrases: "Shut that window down, this minute." "Bring me that cricket." "I want that chair; get up. You can sit in this." "Don't you see that you are right in my light? Move along." "I want you to leave off playing, and go right down to the store for me." "Don't crowd so. Can't you see that there is not room enough for two people here?" and so on. As I write, I feel an instinctive consciousness that these sentences will come like home-thrusts to some surprised people. I hope so. That is what I want. I am sure that in more than half the cases where family life is marred in peace,

and almost stripped of beauty, by just these little rudenesses, the parents are utterly unconscious of them. The truth is, it has become like an established custom, this different and less courteous way of speaking to children on small occasions and minor matters. People who are generally civil and of fair kindliness do it habitually, not only to their own children, but to all children. We see it in the cars, in the stages, in stores, in Sunday schools, everywhere.

On the other hand, let a child ask for anything without saying "please," receive anything without saying "thank you," sit still in the most comfortable seat without offering to give it up, or press its own preference for a particular book, chair, or apple, to the inconveniencing of an elder, and what an outcry we have: "Such rudeness!" "Such an ill-mannered child." "His parents must have neglected him strangely." Not at all: they have been steadily telling him a great many times every day not to do these precise things which you dislike. But they themselves have been all the while doing those very things to him; and there is no proverb which strikes a truer balance between two things than the old one which weighs example over against precept.

I shall never, so long as I live, forget a lesson which my own mother once gave me. I was not more than seven years old; but I had a great susceptibility to color and shape in clothes, and an insatiable admiration for all people who came finely dressed. One day, my mother said to me, "Now I will play 'house' with you." Who does not remember when to "play house" was their chief of plays? And to whose later thought has it not occurred that in this mimic little show lay bound up the whole of life? My mother was the liveliest of playmates, she took the worst doll, the broken tea-set, the shabby furniture, and the least convenient corner of the room for her establishment. Social life became a round of festivities when she kept house as my opposite neighbor. At last, after the washing-day, and the baking-day, and the day when she took dinner with me, and the day when we took our children and walked out together, came the day for me to take my oldest child and go across to make a call at her house. Chill discom

fort struck me on the very threshold of my visit. Where was the genial, laughing, talking lady who had been my friend up to that moment? There she sat, stock-still, dumb, staring first at my bonnet, then at my shawl, then at my gown, then at my feet; up and down, down and up, she scanned me, barely replying in monosyllables to my attempts at conversation; finally getting up, and coming nearer, and examining my clothes, and my child's still more closely. A very few minutes of this were more than I could bear; and, almost crying, I said, "Why, mamma, what makes you do so?" Then the play was over; and she was once more the wise and tender mother, telling me playfully that it was precisely in such a way I had stared, the day before, at the clothes of two ladies who had come in to visit her. I never needed that lesson again. To this day, if I find myself departing from it for an instant, the old tingling shame burns in my cheeks.

To this day, also, the old tingling pain burns my cheeks as I recall certain rude and contemptuous words which were said to me when I was very young, and stamped on my memory forever. I was once called a "stupid child" in the presence of strangers. I had brought the wrong book from my father's study. Nothing could be said to me to-day which would give me a tenth part of the hopeless sense of degradation which came from those words. Another time, on the arrival of an unexpected guest to dinner, I was sent, in a great hurry, away from the table, to make room, with the remark that "it was not of the least consequence about the child; she could just as well have her dinner afterward." "The child" would have been only too happy to help on the hospitality of the sudden emergency, if the thing had been differently put; but the sting of having it put in that way I never forgot. Yet in both these instances the rudeness was so small, in comparison with what we habitually see, that it would be too trivial to mention, except for the bearing of the fact that the pain it gave has lasted till now.

When we consider seriously what ought to be the nature of a reproof from a parent to a child, and what is its end, the answer is simple enough. It should be nothing but the supe-

rior wisdom and strength, explaining to inexperience and feebleness wherein they have made a mistake, to the end that they may avoid such mistakes in future. If personal annoyance, impatience, antagonism enter in, the relation is marred and the end endangered. Most sacred and inalienable of all rights is the right of helplessness to protection from the strong, of ignorance to counsel from the wise. If we give our protection and counsel grudgingly, or in a churlish, unkind manner, even to the stranger that is in our gates, we are no Christians, and deserve to be stripped of what little wisdom and strength we have hoarded. But there are no words to say what we are or what we deserve if we do thus to the little children whom we have dared, for our own pleasure, to bring into the perils of this life, and whose whole future may be blighted by the mistakes of our careless hands.

THE HOME

Disagreeable Children

By Mrs. JAMES FARLEY COX*

THE mother of three darling children told me of her trials in finding an apartment in New York: "But, you see, my dear friend, they don't want my children." I heartily wished that I might have gone with her from house to house to explain that these happy little ones were acquisitions who might be gladly welcomed anywhere. But the fact that they were really a grave impediment to finding desirable lodgings set me to thinking very seriously, and has made me watchful of other children and their mothers, with a view to solving the reasons.

Lately the interest then aroused has been increased by hearing the members of a summer colony congratulate themselves on the discovery that there was not a child within their borders. I have seen ample reasons to justify these hard sayings, and it seems little short of cruelty so to bring up children that they are looked upon as public nuisances. If there is anything which should appeal to the best side of human nature in every phase of life, it is the beauty and sweetness and joy of a child, and to have them debarred from certain comfortable and desirable places because they are destructive to the peace of the people and injurious to the material beauty of the dwelling, tells a sad story of neglect and selfishness on the part of their mothers.

The three jolly little ones of whom I spoke were so attractive and delightful that even neighboring families grieved to have them leave a country place, where their pretty faces and

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picturesque little figures were beauty spots, as they trotted about trundling their wagons, or absorbed in quiet merry plays. They were saved from fretting because they knew that "no" once said was final, and that no end of coaxing and crying did anything toward getting a thing once denied them; they caused no disorder, for they were required to pick up and bring home their playthings; they were never allowed to shriek when they were pleased, nor quarrel when they were vexed, and they were required to obey implicitly and at once. At the end of a six-weeks' visit to a relative, even the servants grieved to say "good-by" to the merry little souls who had endeared themselves to every one, even to those who only watched them at their play. Had they found entrance where they were ruled out, I believe they would have acted as missionaries in behalf of their kind.

But there can be no doubt that few mothers have so endowed their children, and it is so much easier to let them do as they please, until the consequences begin to show themselves in their developing characters that, in these days of unending occupation and diversion, in which so little time is spent either in the nursery by the mother, or by the children at her knee elsewhere, an obedient and therefore happy child is seldom seen.

Whenever a self-willed, strong-minded child learns to have entire confidence in his mother's judgment and firmness, and learns to know that she always tries to give him pleasures which are good for him; when he sees that it is not to spare herself trouble, but to save him from harm, that he is denied his wish, he will content himself, with rare exceptions, to follow her guidance without murmuring. Whether it is through reasoning, or by the quick instinctive conclusions which childhood comes to, the result is the same, and they are admirable judges of character and great respecters of consistent government.

It is the child whose mother says "No," to-day, and "Yes," to-morrow, without any reason for the change, or who refuses utterly at first, and then is teased into saying "Just a little," that whines and cries, and argues and rebels.

To learn to respect the perfection of things is of infinite

value to a child. If it is a flower, to shelter and try to keep it alive, never wantonly to pluck and fling away a blossom; if it is a book, not to deface or mar it; if it is a wall, not to mark or deface it; if it is a smooth-rolled lawn, not to litter it with rubbish or deface it with wheel marks. To learn to wait patiently! all their lives long they will give thanks for having been taught how to do this. How many a pleasant talk has been interrupted, how many an otherwise helpful visit has been lost by a teasing, puling child, tormenting its mother either to listen to its demands or to go somewhere.

The whole of its life lies in what the child learns of these things, and it must either grow into selfish manhood or womanhood, or have the evil beaten out by the hard and bitter teaching of the world in which it was meant to be happy and useful, rather than to begin thus late to learn that we cannot live unto ourselves.

The nurse, that invaluable lieutenant to the mother, is greatly instrumental in making children pleasant inmates of a house and agreeable companions. Better that they never knew a word of any language but their own, that they were devoid of many society accomplishments, than that they should lack an influence always supplementing the mother's rule of faithful obedience, respect for the rights of others, and primary self-restraint, which is the foundation of all pleasant intercourse between human beings of every age.

There is no reason why children should not be a joy wherever they go; a refreshment, even an amusement to their world-tired elders, to whom their innocent pleasures, their spontaneous, unaffected merriment, their original and ingenious thoughts, are like a new and diverting book; and surely to many forms of grief no tenderness is as soothing as the love and caress of a dear child.

If they are looked upon as pests and nuisances, if the nervous shrink from their shrill screams and continued fretfulness, the delicate from their rude ways, and the refined from their destructiveness, it is the fault of their mothers, not of the children.

Though it should require extreme self-denial to pay for the priceless service of a woman who has character and brains of a

caliber equal to the task of upholding your rules and entering into your reasons for making them, yet count her worth every sacrifice, and in the early days of the nursery life put the culture of the heart and character of your children far above the improvement of their minds.

The bodily ailments of very young children often cause them to cry, and there is no denying that there are pain and disturbance in hearing them; but the accidents of illness are the exceptions to the rule of life, and even in these cases they are less annoying if habitually yielding and good when they are well; and when people prefer to go where there are no children, they are not thinking of those who are ill.

It is easier to yield than to show a child that he cannot be indulged; it is far easier to quiet a restless little spirit with a forbidden plaything than to insist on his amusing himself legitimately; but every day the mother or nurse who would grieve sincerely that any lack of care or forethought had entailed a bump or bruise, will permit him, without regret, to acquire habits which make him a trial wherever he goes, and which only the rod of life's hard discipline can remove.

The subtle form of selfishness which causes this lamentable result hides itself away under many coverings, but in the end the finished work is the same; the distasteful, annoying, obnoxious child owes his condition to his mother, and she has been very cruel to him.

I have a child in my mind now, whose defiant eyes are a strange study to a child-lover, and whose repellant manner leaves you in doubt what strategy to use to keep her from injuring herself. At once you realize that not until "the last ditch" is reached, will she yield a jot to your entreaties. Already you are afraid for her in the present; and in the future, alas! how will she ever meet that?

These thoughts are home thoughts and woman's thoughts, and both these combine against places where a little child is unwelcome. It is a pitiful thing to know that our selfishness and unfaithfulness can daily strengthen the barriers of their exclusion, and so add to the loss of one of the most humanizing and purifying influences God has sent into the world.

THE HOME

The Girl of Fifteen

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

IT makes no little difference to the girl of fifteen whether or not she is the oldest daughter of her parents, or occupies the place in the middle of the household where she touches hands with the young people who are grown up and with the little ones below her, or again, is the baby of the group. In the last position, that of youngest daughter in a household of several children, she is considered and treated as a mere child, and petted as such, when, in the reverse situation, many duties would fall to her lot, and she would be regarded as almost a woman. The middle daughter has certain advantages and certain handicaps which neither the oldest nor the youngest girl in the family may possess or disclaim. Unless her people are very well to do, she must contentedly wear the left-over garments of her sisters, while Phyllis at twenty, and Dorothy at eighteen, are busy in taking their college courses. She is only Jeanie, who helps her mother at odd seasons with the housekeeping, mends her father's gloves, plays basket ball and tennis with her brothers, and relieves the nurse of the care of the wee ones, on the nurse's afternoon out. Only Jeanie, with her hair still worn in its two braids and tied with a ribbon at the ends, her bright eyes, her long limbs yet pushing their way to future height, her angularities, her eager impulsive disposition, and her frank liking for sports and sweets. She is fifteen, and the middle girl, a sort of clasp of the family.

But Phyllis and Dorothy in their respective turns were fifteen, too, and as the elder daughter and the second daughter

have had their share in the mother's intimacy, and their novitiate as they slipped out of childhood's land of dream and phantasy into the realm of the practical which is woman's kingdom. An elder daughter and sister at fifteen, or an only child at fifteen, has her peculiar and individual questions to settle, and her environment is a matter of no slight importance. What she is now, forecasts what she may be, what indeed she will be twenty years hence when life with its broad opportunities and its insistent obligations has made her its own.

She stands to-day where the little limpid brook with its narrow silvery thread and flower-bordered banks meets the brimming full-bosomed river, and it is impossible not to love her, not to be wistful for her, not to pray for her, if one has in her own heart the memory of the sweet days she lived when she was herself fifteen, and a daughter of some happy home.

Winsome and clever, or thoughtful and brooding, merry or quiet, according to her temperament, the girl of fifteen is in some phases a problem to her mother, and in many ways a puzzle to herself. She is no longer a child to play freely with her mates in the games which delighted her at ten, and she is not yet a young woman, though she may have womanly tastes and aspirations. On certain subjects, as for instance her dress, her amusements, her studies, she has very decided views, and she is daily gaining in breadth and independence, though still under her mother's wing, and accustomed to refer all questions at issue to her for settlement as the final authority. Just now she needs more than ever the mother's loving guardianship, and the wise mother keeps her daughter very close to her side in confidential affection, in daily intercourse, in the purest and most intimate association. For the little woman is passing through a transitional period in her development, and she can nowhere else be as safe and as sheltered as in the sweet seclusion of the home. Should the mother decide to send her away to school, then the choice should be a matter of careful thought, and personal investigation—the atmosphere of the institution, the character of the teachers, and the social plane of the pupils being all passed under review. The associations formed in school may be of lifelong tenure, and it is well that a young

girl's friendships be made among those who are the product of refined and Christian homes.

At fifteen a young girl is full of enthusiasm. She adores her favorite teacher; she worships the classmate who seems to her ideally beautiful and faultless; she makes any sacrifice for her chum, and chameleon-like, unless she be of very strongly marked individuality, she takes on the color, absorbs the manner, and reflects the opinions of her companions.

She expresses herself in superlatives, and exaggerates both likes and dislikes. It is far more important that a girl at this formative stage of her being shall be thrown with high-minded and gracious-mannered persons, than that she shall be thoroughly drilled in Latin and mathematics, though this too is a worth-while thing.

She resents the curb, and must be taught by example rather than by dictation. Her physical life is subject to well-known alternations and perils, and if she is to become physically a strong, well-poised woman, with firm health and serene vigor, she must now have the good food, the sound, abundant sleep, and the wholesome outdoor exercise which build up the body, and make it the fit instrument of a noble mind.

Looking forward is the natural employment of this child-woman, who is not as yet sure of herself, nor aware of her own powers. If she desire the finest intellectual discipline available to-day, she may be prepared for college at home or in a good preparatory school, but she should not enter college itself until she is at least eighteen years old. No harm will be done her, but on the contrary a great and very positive good, if she drop all study of books for a year or more, at this stage of her progress, and learn some lessons in practical housewifery in the best school of domestic economy in the whole world, a mother's own kitchen and drawing-room.

A college graduate, however profound and brilliant, however fully furnished mentally, is hardly fitted to be an all-round woman, whose lot it may be either to marry a man of small means, or to administer the affairs of a millionaire's household, unless she practically understands cooking, catering, and general home management. Nor may the twentieth-

century spinster dispense with this excellent knowledge; and particularly to-day, when the trend of young girls is away from house service and toward factory and shop, there is a demand for the fullest possible training of the mistress, in order that her maids may remain in her employ, and domestic service with its obvious advantages for women cease to be shunned by wage-earners.

Never will our girl of fifteen more readily and more delightfully take the first steps in this department than in an interval saved from school at one end and college at the other, and utilized to the best of attainments by an accomplished mother.

Fifteen takes its perplexities very seriously and grieves without restraint over its sorrows. Never was there a greater mistake than to suppose that early girlhood is a season of unalloyed pleasure. To many girls it is a time of restlessness, of quicksands and reefs, of romantic dreams which bring only disappointments, and of poignant pain to sensitive natures which are wounded because misunderstood.

The reserves of girlhood are an unfathomed sea. For no reason which she can explain, the young girl often withholds her thoughts and fancies from her parents, and folds herself in secrecy, like a rosebud not yet ready to bloom. It may be that her mother, who is her natural confidante, has been so busy and so cumbered with outside service in the church and in society, that she has lost her hold upon her child, and when this occurs it is a deplorable misfortune. For a daughter's first refuge should be her mother, her next best shield her father. Now and then it happens that a much-occupied father understands his little girl in a subtle way, uncomprehended by her mother. Her inexperience needs a guide, and she must be piloted over and across the perils which lie between her and the happy days awaiting her further on. The two watchwords of her life are sympathy and freedom, and she needs both in equal measure.

Every young girl cannot arrange her life as she desires. With severe endeavor and splendid self-denial, some daughters of the mountain farm and of the city tenement secure a college

education; but others must early begin to assist their families by their own toil. In the great shops of our cities, and in every factory town, scores and hundreds of very young girls go to their daily avocations, and bring home their weekly stipend to help clothe and feed the younger children, and to ease the load which hard-working parents carry. The accidents of circumstances do not materially affect the character of the girl of fifteen, except that outside life and hard work as a rule mature her early.

Exposed to the rougher winds of fortune, to the greater publicity, she is not to be the less shielded, but rather the more, by her parents and friends. As a rule, the mother of the young working girl is alive to the need of caring for her during her evenings and holidays, and all honor should be given to women, themselves weary with long hours of labor, who mother their young daughters as sedulously as do mothers who move in a different sphere, with homes of plenty, and the ease of a long purse at command.

In a beautiful and loving sisterhood of service the Young Woman's Christian Association and the Friendly Guilds of the churches, the Leagues and Endeavor Circles, and King's Daughters' Groups of Ten, look after and help upward on her steep ascent the youthful breadwinner who has taken her place as a unit in the great competitions of the labor market.

Nobody who has had to do with a girl of fifteen but has observed her recklessness as to wraps, her fondness for bonbons, her indifference to overshoes and thick boots. Hers is the bread-and-butter age, when she scorns precautions and is averse to the whole machinery of prudence. With a fatal facility she picks up and adopts the college slang of her brothers, or the more objectionable catch-words of the street. She needs constant reminders of her duty to her mother tongue even when her home associations are ideal.

A room of her very own, as tastefully appointed and comfortably furnished as possible, should be every young girl's retreat. Here she may enjoy the half-hours for devotion which tend to the soul's growth, and may read and study and entertain a girl friend, and be as independent of the rest of the

family as she pleases. In this, her den, her nook, her bower, her special fancies may be indulged in, and her individuality find fit expression.

If a girl admits me to her room, I need no other interpreter of her character. Her daintiness, her delicacy, her fondness for art, her little fads and caprices are here revealed. Does she care for athletics?—her room tells the story. Her mandolin or banjo, her books on the swinging shelf, her desk, her dressing table explain her, for wherever we live we set our seal, and this unconsciously. The untidy girl keeps her room in chaos and confusion: it looks as if swept by a small cyclone. The orderly and fastidious girl has a place for each belonging and puts it there without effort and without fuss. As for the room itself, it may be plain to bareness, or beautifully luxurious; a cell or a shrine, it owes its grace or lack of charm more to its occupant than to its paper and paint, its bed and bureau, its rug and chairs.

When a mother cannot give her young daughter a whole room for herself, she should at least contrive for her a little sanctuary, by means of screens and curtains. Some one spot where she may rest the sole of her foot, should belong to the young girl, if only a corner under the stairs, or a good-sized closet with a window and door.

With its delicate papering of rose-pink or robin's egg blue, its furnishings in white, its rocking chair, its table, its sheer muslin draperies, its simple engravings on the wall, its cups and saucers that she may give her chum a cup of tea or chocolate, the girl's room need cost little in money. All the good things in this world do not depend on gold and silver, nor need we resign our right to beautiful surroundings because we must keep a strict rein upon expenditure, and have an eye to ways and means. Unless a young woman learns early to make the most of her little in hand, she will never be successful when she has a large sum in her stewardship.

And this leads me to plead for my little Jeanie, my Gladys, my May, my Rosamond, whatever dear and lovely name this maid of fifteen summers bears, that she may have an allowance of her own, as well as a room of her own. Her little purse

should have its regularly bestowed sum, given her weekly, monthly, or quarterly, and from it she should pay her legitimate personal expenses. Mothers sometimes give young girls a sufficient amount to buy their own wardrobes, and to cover every item of their journeying to and fro, of their luxuries and their charities. Jeanie should keep accounts; she should not run in debt; she should have a little margin; she should learn judicious saving, as well as careful spending, and at fifteen it should be her custom to lay aside a portion of her means for the Lord's treasury.

One final word. A sensitive girl often suffers from the teasing proclivities of her brothers, and from the thoughtless despotism of her elder sisters. She has her rights and her privileges, and among them is immunity from needless jesting and careless tyranny. Nor ought a young girl to be reproved in public nor held up to ridicule, nor snubbed by any incivility. She is an unformed being to some extent, and to mar her in the making is exceedingly shortsighted and unkind. Exact from her the performance of her regular daily duties, in the taskwork of the school and in the routine of the home, but include her in the simple household pleasures, and surround her with the protection of considerate politeness. If she is brusque, be the more delicately urbane. If she is willful, treat her with gentleness. If she is disturbed and disquieted, find out the cause. Be true to her, and expect from her the truth. Teach her to honor her body and to conserve her health. And above all things else love her, and let her feel herself beloved. And let this be her secret of strength, that she is not her own but bought with a price, even the precious blood of Christ. So may she sing for Him, or work for Him, or live for Him, because her life is His, and He abides in her soul as in a temple.

Of Frances Ridley Havergal, at this beautiful dawning of her life, a friend said, "Her form was graceful as a flower stem; her face as bright as the flower itself. She flashed into the room, caroling like a bird. Flashed! Yes, I say the word advisedly, flashed in like a burst of sunshine, like a hillside breeze, and stood before us, her fair sunny curls falling round

her shoulders, her bright eyes dancing, and her fresh, sweet voice ringing through the room. There was joy in her face, joy in her words, joy in her ways."

So I would have my girl of fifteen make her world the blither, where the brook and the river meet.

THE HOME

Cheery People

By HELEN HUNT JACKSON

THERE is but one thing like them—that is sunshine. It is the fashion to state the comparison the other end foremost—i.e., to flatter the cheery people by comparing them to the sun. I think it is the best way of praising the sunshine, to say that it is almost as bright and inspiring as the presence of cheery people.

That the cheery people are brighter and better even than sunshine is very easily proved; for who has not seen a cheery person make a room and a day bright in spite of the sun's not shining at all—in spite of clouds and rain and cold all doing their very best to make it dismal? Therefore, I say, the fair way is to compare the sun to cheery people, and not cheery people to the sun. However, whichever way we state the comparison, it is a true and good one; and neither the cheery people nor the sun need take offense. In fact, I believe they will always be such good friends, and work so steadily together for the same ends, that there is no danger of either's grudging the other the credit of what has been done. The more you think of it, the more you see how wonderfully alike the two are in their operation on the world. The sun on the fields makes things grow—fruits and flowers and grains; the cheery person in the house makes everybody do his best—makes the one who can sing feel like singing, and the one who has an ugly, hard job of work to do, feel like shouldering it bravely and having it over with. And the music and mirth and work in the house, are they not like the flowers and fruits and grains in the field?

The sun makes everybody glad. Even the animals run and leap and seem more joyous when it shines out; and no human being can be so cross-grained, or so ill, that he does not brighten up a little when a great, broad, warm sunbeam streams over him and plays on his face. It is just so with a cheery person. His simple presence makes even animals happier. Dogs know the difference between him and a surly man. When he pats them on the head and speaks to them, they jump and gambol about him just as they do in the sunshine. And when he comes into the room where people are ill, or out of sorts, or dull and moping, they brighten up, spite of themselves, just as they do when a sudden sunbeam pours in—only more so; for we often see people so ill they do not care whether the sun shines or not, or so cross that they do not even see whether the sun shines or not. But I have never yet seen anybody so cross or so ill that the voice and face of the cheery person would not make them brighten up a little.

If there were only a sure and certain recipe for making a cheery person, how glad we would all be to try it! How thankful we would all be to do good like sunshine! To cheer everybody up, and help everybody along!—to have everybody's face brighten the minute we came in sight! Why, it seems to me that there cannot be in this life any pleasure half so great as this would be. If we looked at life only from a selfish point of view, it would be worth while to be a cheery person, merely because it would be such a satisfaction to have everybody so glad to live with us, to see us, even to meet us on the street.

People who have done things which have made them famous, such as winning great battles or filling high offices, often have what are called "ovations." Hundreds of people get together and make a procession, perhaps, or go into a great hall and make speeches, all to show that they recognize what the great man has done. After he is dead, they build a stone monument to him, perhaps, and celebrate his birthday for a few years. Men work very hard, sometimes, for a whole lifetime to earn a few things of this sort. But how much greater a thing it would be for a man to have every man, woman, and child in his

own town know and love his face because it was full of kindly good cheer! Such a man has a perpetual "ovation," year in and year out, whenever he walks on the street, whenever he enters a friend's house.

"I jist likes to let her in at the door," said an Irish servant one day, of a woman I know, whose face was always cheery and bright; "the face of her does one good, shure!"

I said if there were only a recipe—a sure and certain recipe—for making a cheery person, we would all be glad to try it. There is no such recipe, and perhaps if there were, it is not quite certain that we would all try it. It would take time and trouble. Cheeriness cannot be taught, like writing, "in twenty lessons"; nor analyzed and classified and set forth in a manual, such as "The Art of Polite Conversation," or "Etiquette Made Easy for Ladies and Gentlemen." It lies so deep that no surface rules of behavior, no description ever so minute of what it is or is not, does or does not do, can ever enable a person to "take it up," and "master" it, like a trade or a study. I believe that it is, in the outset, a good gift from God at one's birth, very much dependent on one's body, and a thing to be more profoundly grateful for than all that genius ever inspired, or talent ever accomplished. This is natural, spontaneous, inevitable cheeriness. This, if we were not born with it, we cannot have. But next best to this is deliberate, intended, and persistent cheeriness, which we can create, can cultivate, and can so foster and cherish, that after a few years the world will never suspect that it was not a hereditary gift handed down to us from generations. To do this we have only to watch the cheeriest people we know, and follow their example. We shall see, first, that the cheery person never minds—or if he minds, never says a word about—small worries, vexations, perplexities. Second, that he is brimful of sympathy in other people's gladness; he is heartily, genuinely glad of every bit of good luck or joy which comes to other people. Thirdly, he has a keen sense of humor, and never lets any droll thing escape him; he thinks it worth while to laugh, and to make everybody about him laugh, at every amusing thing; no matter how small, he has his laugh, and a good hearty laugh, too, and tries to make

everybody share it. Patience, sympathy, and humor—these are the three most manifest traits in the cheery person. But there is something else, which is more an emotion than a trait, more a state of feeling than a quality of mind. This is lovingness. This is the secret, so far as there is a secret; this is the real point of difference between the mirth of the witty and sarcastic person, which does us no good, and the mirth of the cheery person, which "doeth good like a medicine."

Somebody once asked a great painter, whose pictures were remarkable for their exquisite and beautiful coloring: "Pray, Mr. Turner, how *do* you mix your colors?"

"With brains, madam—with brains," growled the painter. His ill-nature spoke a truth. All men had or might have the colors he used; but no man produced the colors he produced.

So I would say of cheeriness. Patience, sympathy, and humor are the colors; but patience may be mere doggedness and reticence, sympathy may be wordy and shallow and selfish, and humor may be only a sharp perception of the ridiculous. Only when they are mixed with love—love, three times love—do we have the true good cheer of genuine cheery people.

THE HOME

Girls and Their Mothers

By WASHINGTON GLADDEN

THAT I might have something worth saying on the problems of life as they present themselves to girls, I determined to seek instruction by sending a circular letter to a large number of those who once were girls, but who now are women of experience and reputation, asking them to tell me—

1. What are the most common defects in the training of our girls?

2. What principles of conduct are most important, and what habits most essential, to the development of a useful and noble womanhood?

This circular brought me more than forty letters, and it is upon the truths contained in these letters that this talk will be founded. I only undertake to reflect, in an orderly way, some of the advice of these wise women. I shall give you their words sometimes, and sometimes my own.

I shall find it necessary, now and then, to turn in this talk from the girls to their mothers. Indeed, a large share of what is written in these letters is intended for mothers rather than for girls, and cannot, therefore, be so freely used in this place as I should like to use it; but the girls are generous enough, I am sure, to be willing that their mothers, and their fathers, too, should have some share of the advice.

In the first place, then, girls make a great mistake in being careless about their health. I do not know that they are any more careless than boys, but their habits of life, and especially their habits of dress, are generally more injurious to health than

those of boys. The great majority of our girls take much less vigorous exercise in the open air than is good for them: those who can walk three or four miles without exhaustion are exceptions.

"It seems to me a mistake," says one of my correspondents, "that boys and girls should be trained so differently, particularly in regard to out-of-door sports. With a strong love for everything in nature, I remember, as a child, what torture it was to be kept always indoors, in some feminine employment, while my strong brothers (strong on this very account, perhaps) could spend all their leisure time in the open air. I was much interested years ago in reading a sketch of Harriet Hosmer's girlhood. Her father, having lost all his children by consumption, and finding her delicate, resolved to bring her up as a boy, teaching her all sorts of athletic sports, and thus making her a strong, healthy woman."

The lack of exercise on the part of girls is due, no doubt, in part, to the foolish styles of dress, in which it is impossible for them to be out in rough weather, or to make any considerable muscular exertion. "The lack of warmth in clothing, and the foolish adjustment of what is worn," are said in one of these letters to be some of the chief causes that produce "the peculiar nervous diseases to which women are subject." Of recent years there has been a great improvement in the physical training of girls.

Another great mistake that many of our girls are making, and that their mothers are either encouraging or allowing them to make, is that of spending their time out of school in idleness or in frivolous amusements, doing no work to speak of, and learning nothing about the practical duties and the serious cares of life. It is not only in the wealthier families that the girls are growing up indolent and unpracticed in household work; indeed, I think that more attention is paid to the industrial training of girls in the wealthiest families than in the families of mechanics and of people in moderate circumstances, where the mothers are compelled to work hard all the while.

"Within the last week," says one of my correspondents, "I have heard two mothers—worthy women in most respects—say,

the first, that her daughter never did any sweeping. Why, if she wants to say to her companions, 'I never swept a room in my life' and takes any comfort in it, let her say it; and yet that mother is sorrowing much over the shortcomings of that very daughter. The other said she would not let her daughter do anything in the kitchen. Poor deluded woman! She did it all herself, instead!"

The habits of indolence and of helplessness that are thus formed are not the greatest evils resulting from this bad practice: the selfishness that it fosters is the worst thing about it. How devoid of conscience, how lacking in all true sense of tenderness, or even of justice, a girl must be who will thus consent to devote all her time out of school to pleasuring, while her mother is bearing all the heavy burdens of the household! And the foolish way in which mothers themselves sometimes talk about this, even in the presence of their children, is mischievous in the extreme. "Oh, Hattie is so absorbed with her books, or her crayons, or her embroidery, that she takes no interest in household matters, and I do not like to call upon her." As if the daughter belonged to a superior order of beings, and must not soil her hands or ruffle her temper with necessary housework! The mother is the drudge; the daughter is the fine lady for whom she toils. No mother who suffers such a state of things as this can preserve the respect of her daughter; and the respect of her daughter no mother can afford to lose.

The result of all this is to form in the minds of many girls not only a distaste for labor, but a contempt for it, and a purpose to avoid it as long as they live, by some means or other.

There is scarcely one of these forty letters which does not mention this as one of the chief errors in the training of our girls at the present day. It is not universal, but it is altogether too prevalent. And I want to say to you, girls, that if you are allowing yourselves to grow up with such habits of indolence and such notions about work, you are preparing for yourselves a miserable future.

"Work," says one of my letters—and it is written by a woman who does not need to labor for her own support, and who does enjoy with a keen relish the refinements of life—

"work, which you so plainly showed to be good for our boys, is quite as necessary for our girls."

Closely connected with what has just been said is the mistake of many girls in making dress the main business of life. I quote now from one of my letters, whose writer has had unusual opportunities of observing the things she describes:—

"From the time when the little one can totter to the mirror to see 'how sweetly she looks in her new hat,' to the hour when the bride at the altar gives more thought to the arrangement of her train and veil than to the vows she is taking upon herself, too large a share of time and thought is devoted by mothers and daughters to dress."

Listen to these strong words of another correspondent:—

"From the cradle to the casket, and including them both, the important question is not of the spirit and its destiny, but of the frail house of the soul—how much money it can be made to represent—what becomes it, and is it all in the latest fashion. The occasional sight of a young girl simply and girlishly dressed is like a sight of a white rose after a bewildering walk through lines of hollyhocks and sunflowers. It is generally conceded that early tastes leave indelible results in character. What may be prophesied for the future of our girls with their banged, befrizzed hair, jingling ornaments, and other fashions, which some one has well characterized as 'screaming fashions'?"

It is not that there is any harm in thinking about dress, or in wishing to be tastefully attired; it is only that personal appearance comes to be in the minds of so many of you the one subject, to which everything else is subordinate. This weakness, if indulged, must belittle and degrade you.

I do not think that the girls or their mothers are wholly to blame for this absorbing devotion to dress. The vanity of women is stimulated by the foolishness of men. A young woman who is modestly and plainly clad is much less likely to attract the notice of young men than one who is gorgeously arrayed. From bright, intelligent, finely cultured, sensible girls, whose chief adorning is *not* the adorning of braided hair, or golden ornaments, or of gay clothing, the young man often turns away in quest of some creature glittering in silks and

jewelry, with a dull mind and a selfish heart. But I beseech you to remember, girls, that a young man who cares for nothing but "style" in a woman is a young man whose admiration you can well afford to do without. If that is all he cares for in you, you cannot trust his fidelity; when you and your finery have faded, some bird in gayer feathers than you are wearing will easily entice him away from you, and the sacred ties of marriage and parentage will prove no barrier to his wayward fancies. The girl who catches a husband by fine dress too often finds that the prize she has won is a broken heart.

Another mistake that many of our girls are making is in devoting too much of their time to novel reading. The reading of an occasional novel of pure and healthful tone may be not only an innocent diversion, but a good mental stimulant; but the reading of the lighter sort of novels (which, if they do not teach bad morality, do represent life in a morbid and unreal light, and awaken cravings that never can be satisfied), and the reading of one or two or three of them in a week, as is the common habit of many of our girls, must prove grievously injurious to their minds and hearts. It is mental dissipation of a very dangerous sort; its influence is more insidious than, but I am not sure that it is not quite as fatal to character as, the habitual use of strong drink. Certainly, the mental dissipation of novel reading is vastly more prevalent than the other sort of dissipation, not only in "the best society," but in the second best, as well; and five women's lives are ruined by the one where one life is wrecked by the other. "Ruined," do I say? Yes; no weaker word tells the whole truth. This intemperate craving for sensational fiction weakens the mental grasp, destroys the love of good reading, and the power of sober and rational thinking, takes away all relish from the realities of life, breeds discontent and indolence and selfishness, and makes the one who is addicted to it a weak, frivolous, petulant, miserable being. I see girls all around me in whom these results are working themselves out steadily and fatally.

Another mistake which our girls are making—or which their parents are making—is a too early initiation into the excitements and frivolities of what is called society. It was

formerly the rule for girls to wait until their school days were over before they made their appearance in fashionable society. At what age, let us inquire, does the average young lady of our cities now make her *début?* From my observations, I should answer at about the age of three. They are not older than that when they begin to go to children's parties, for which they are dressed as elaborately as they would be for a fancy ball. From this age onward, they are never out of society; by the time they are six or eight years old, they are members of clubs, and spend frequent evenings out, and the demands of social diversion and display multiply with their years.

"I think," writes one of my correspondents, who loves little girls, "the greatest defect in the training of girls is in letting them think too much of their clothes and of the boys. Little girls that ought to be busy with their books and their dolls, are often dressed up like dolls themselves, and encouraged to act in a coquettish manner that many of their elders could not equal."

"It seems to me," writes another, "that one prominent defect in our modern training of girls is undue haste in making them society young ladies, and cultivating a fondness for admiration by lavish display of dress. Before leaving the nursery many a child does penance by being made a figure on which a vain mamma may gratify her tastes in elegant fabrics and exquisite laces to be exhibited at a fashionable children's party. This trait easily becomes a controlling one, and girls scarcely in their teens, with the *blasé* manner of a woman of the world, will scan a lady's dress, tell you at once the quality of the material, the rarity of the laces, the value of the jewels—even venture an opinion whether or not it be one of Worth's latest designs, showing what apt scholars they have become."

"It is in the claims of society upon our girls," writes another, who knows them well, "that their strength is most severely taxed, and their characters endangered. To meet creditably the demands of this master, our girls must attend day school, dancing school, take music lessons, go to parties, concerts, the theater, sociables; be active members of cooking clubs, archery clubs, reading clubs; ride, skate, walk, and go to the health lift.

To do this and to dress with appropriate anxiety for each one of the occasions, a young girl runs an appalling gauntlet of foes to the healthy development of her soul and body."

I am sure that the early contact of our girls with the vanities and the insincerities and the excitements of social life is doing a great injury to many of them. Girls of from twelve to sixteen years of age, who ought to be in bed every night at nine o'clock, are out at parties till midnight, and sometimes later, thus destroying their health and keeping their young heads filled with thoughts which are not conducive to healthy mental or moral growth.

And as for the children's parties to which my correspondents apply words of such severity, I cannot conceive anything more hurtful than they are in the way that they are generally managed. If a little company of children could be brought together in the afternoon or in the early evening, all plainly dressed, so that they might romp and play to their hearts' content, and take no thought for their raiment—if they could be healthily fed, and wisely amused, with no resort to kissing games, and no suggestions of beaux—that would be innocent enough; but to dress these children in silks and laces, in kid gloves and kid slippers, with frizzed hair and jewelry—to parade them up and down the drawing-rooms for the foolish mothers who are in attendance to comment on their dresses in their hearing, saying, "Oh, you dear little thing! How sweet you look! What a beautiful dress! How that color becomes her!" then to chaff them about their lovers and sweethearts, and laugh at their precocious flirtations—oh, it is pitiful! pitiful! I say to you, mothers, that if there are any children for whom my heart aches, it is these innocent, beautiful children who are being sacrificed on the altars of foolish fashion. The children of the poor, thinly clad, poorly fed, rudely taught are not any more to be pitied than are many of the children of the rich; their bodies may suffer more, but their souls are not any more likely to be pampered and corrupted and destroyed.

From this early entrance into fashionable society the girls go right on, as I have said, plunging a little deeper every year into the currents of social life, until many of them, as my friend

has said, are utterly *blasé* before they are twenty. Society is a squeezed orange; they have got all the flavor out of it, they have nothing serious nor sacred to live for, and you sometimes hear them wishing they were dead.

I suppose that many of us who are parents yield, with many misgivings and protests, to this bad custom, which drags our children into social life and its excitements at such an early age. We give in to it because all the rest do, and because it is hard to deny to our children what all their companions are allowed. And sometimes I suspect you might go into a company of girls and boys who are keeping late hours, and carrying their social diversions to an injurious excess, and find there not a single child whose parents did not heartily disapprove of this excess. Yet the thing is allowed not so much because the parents lack authority over their children, as because they lack the firmness to resist a bad social custom.

I will mention only one more sad mistake which some—I hope not many—of our girls are making, and it shall be described for you in the language of one who has had the amplest opportunities of knowing whereof she speaks:—

"The most common defect in the training of girls is, in my judgment, the ignoring of the command to honor and obey parents. From the age of thirteen, girls and parents alike seem to regard this commandment as a dead letter. The girl of thirteen regards herself as her own mistress; she is already a woman in her own estimation, and has a right to do as she likes. If she prefers to go to parties, sociables, and so forth, three or four evenings in a week, rather than spend her evenings in study, she does so. Both she and her parents, however, expect and demand that she is to be ranked at graduation as high as the laborious, self-denying, faithful worker in her class.

"Again, in one congregation in this city I know of four cases well worthy of thoughtful consideration. The four families all are respectable, such people as form the majority of your own congregation. In each of three of these families is only one child. Each one of these three girls left school when she chose to do so, went into society when she pleased, spent as much time on the street as she liked, and all three, still

under twenty, have now become a byword and reproach among all who know them. In the fourth family there were three girls, two of whom cast off all restraint, while father and mother were regularly taking part in prayer-meetings. This father and mother excused themselves by saying they did not know what their girls were doing, yet the girls lived at home all the time, and their neighbors knew all about their conduct."

This habit of running loose, of constantly seeking the street for amusement, and even of making chance acquaintances there, is practiced by some of the girls of our good families, and it is not at all pleasant to see them on the public thoroughfares, and to witness their hoydenish ways. I know that they mean no harm by it, but it often results in harm; the delicate bloom of maiden modesty is soiled by too much familiarity with the public streets of a city, and a kind of boldness is acquired which is not becoming in a woman.

Such are some of the errors which are frequently committed in the training of our girls, and some of the dangers to which they are exposed.

HOME COURTESIES

Grumblers

By HELEN HUNT JACKSON

THERE can hardly be found a household which has not at least one to worry it.

They are not the men and women of great passionate natures, who flame out now and then in an outbreak like a volcano, from which everybody runs. This, though terrible while it lasts, is soon over, and there are great compensations in such souls. Their love is worth having. Their tenderness is great. One can forgive them "seventy times seven," for the hasty words and actions of which they repent immediately with tears.

They are the grumblers; and they are never done. Such sons of Belial are they to this day that no man can speak peaceably unto them. They are as much worse than passionate people as a slow drizzle of rain is than a thunderstorm. For the thunderstorm you stay indoors, and you cannot help having pleasure in its sharp lights and darks and echoes; and when it is over, what clear air, what a rainbow! But in the drizzle, you go out; you think that with a waterproof, an umbrella, and overshoes, you can manage to get about in spite of it, and attend to your business. What a state you come home in—muddy, limp, chilled, disheartened! The house greets you, looking also muddy and cold—for the best of front halls gives up in despair and cannot look anything but forlorn in a long, drizzling rain; all the windows are bleared with trickling, foggy wet on the outside, which there is no wiping off nor seeing through, and if one could see through there is no gain. The street is more gloomy than the house; black, slimy mud, inches

deep on crossings; the same black, slimy mud in footprints on sidewalks; hopeless-looking people hurrying by, so unhappy by reason of the drizzle, that a weird sort of family likeness is to be seen in all their faces. This is all that can be seen outside. It is better not to look. For the inside is no redemption except a wood fire—a good, generous wood fire—not in any of the modern compromises called open stoves, but on a broad stone hearth, with a big background of chimney up which the sparks can go skipping and creeping.

This can redeem a drizzle; but this cannot redeem a grumbler. Plump he sits down in the warmth of its very blaze, and complains that it snaps, perhaps, or that it is oak and maple, when he paid for all hickory. You can trust him to put out your wood fire for you as effectually as a waterspout. And, if even a wood fire, bless it! cannot outshine the gloom of his presence, what is to happen in the places where there is no wood fire, on the days when real miseries, big and little, are on hand, to be made into mountains of torture by his grumbling! Oh, who can describe him? There is no language which can do justice to him; no supernatural foresight which can predict where his next thrust will fall, from what unsuspected corner he will send his next arrow. Like death, he has all seasons for his own; his ingenuity is infernal. Whoever tries to forestall or appease him might better be at work in Augean stables; because, after all, we must admit that the facts of life are on his side. It is not intended that we shall be very comfortable. There is a terrible amount of total depravity in animate and inanimate things. From morning till night there is not an hour without its cross to carry. The weather thwarts us; servants, landlords, drivers, washerwomen, and bosom friends misbehave; clothes don't fit; teeth ache; stomachs get out of order; newspapers are stupid; and children make too much noise. If there are not big troubles, there are little ones. If they are not in sight, they are hiding. I have wondered whether the happiest mortal could point to one single moment and say, "At that moment there was nothing in my life which I would have had changed." I think not.

In argument, therefore, the grumbler has the best of it. It

is more than probable that things are as he says. But why say it? Why make four miseries out of three? If the three be already unbearable, so much the worse. If he is uncomfortable, it is a pity; we are sorry, but we cannot change the course of Nature. We shall soon have our own little turn of torments, and we do not want to be worn out before it comes by having listened to his; probably, too, the very things of which he complains are pressing just as heavily on us as on him—are just as unpleasant to everybody as to him. Suppose everybody did as he does. Imagine, for instance, a chorus of grumble from ten people at a breakfast table, all saying at once, or immediately after each other, "This coffee is not fit to drink"; "Really, the attendance in this house is insufferably poor." I have sometimes wished to try this homeopathic treatment in a bad case of grumble. It sounds as if it might work a cure.

If you lose your temper with the grumbler, and turn upon him suddenly, saying, "Oh, do not spoil all our pleasure. Do make the best of things; or, at least, keep quiet!" then how aggrieved he is! how unjust he thinks you are to "make a personal matter of it"! "You do not, surely, suppose I think you are responsible for it, do you?" he says, with a lofty air of astonishment at your unreasonable sensitiveness. Of course, we do not suppose he thinks we are to blame; we do not take him to be a fool as well as a grumbler. But he speaks to us, at us, before us, about the cause of his discomfort, whatever it may be, precisely as he would if we were to blame; and that is one thing which makes his grumbling so insufferable. But this he can never be made to see. And the worst of it is that grumbling is contagious. If we live with him, we shall, sooner or later, in spite of our dislike of his ways, fall into them; even sinking so low, perhaps, before the end of a single summer, as to be heard complaining of butter at boarding-house tables, which is the lowest deep of vulgarity of grumbling. There is no help for this; I have seen it again and again. I have caught it myself. One grumbler in a family is as pestilent a thing as a diseased animal in a herd; if he be not shut up or killed, the herd is lost.

But the grumbler cannot be shut up or killed, since grum-

bling is not held to be a proof of insanity, nor a capital offence —more's the pity.

What, then, is to be done? Keep out of his way, at all costs, if he be grown up. If it be a child, labor day and night, as you would with a tendency to paralysis, or distortion of limb, to prevent this blight on its life.

It sounds extreme to say that a child should never be allowed to express a dislike of anything which cannot be helped; but I think it is true. I do not mean that it should be positively forbidden or punished, but that it should never pass unnoticed; his attention should be invariably called to its uselessness, and to the annoyance it gives to other people. Children begin by being good-natured little grumblers at everything which goes wrong, simply from the outspokenness of their natures. All they think they say and act. The rudiments of good behavior have to be chiefly negative at the outset, like Punch's advice to those about to marry—"Don't."

The race of grumblers would soon die out if all children were so trained that never, between the ages of five and twelve, did they utter a needless complaint without being gently reminded that it was foolish and disagreeable. How easy for a good-natured and watchful mother to do this! It takes but a word.

"Oh, dear! I wish it had not rained to-day. It is too bad!"

"You do not really mean what you say, my darling. It is of much more consequence that the grass should grow than that you should go out to play. And it is so silly to complain, when we cannot stop its raining."

"Mamma, I hate this pie."

"Oh! hush, dear! Don't say so, if you do. You can leave it. You need not eat it. But think how disagreeable it sounds to hear you say such a thing."

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! I am too cold."

"Yes, dear, I know you are. So is mamma. But we shall not feel any warmer for saying so. We must wait till the fire burns better; and the time will seem twice as long if we grumble."

"Oh, mamma! mamma! My steam engine is all spoiled. It won't run. I hate things that wind up!"

"But, my dear little boy, don't grumble so! What would you think if mamma were to say, 'Oh, dear! oh, dear! My little boy's stockings are full of holes. How I hate to mend stockings!' and, 'Oh, dear! oh, dear! My little boy has upset my workbox! I hate little boys'?"

How they look steadily into your eyes for a minute—the honest, reasonable little souls—when you say such things to them; and then run off with a laugh, lifted up, for that time, by your fitly spoken words of help.

Oh! if the world could only stop long enough for one generation of mothers to be made all right, what a millennium could be begun in thirty years!

"But, mamma, you are grumbling yourself at me because I grumbled!" says a quick-witted darling not ten years old. Ah! never shall any weak spot in our armor escape the keen eyes of these little ones.

"Yes, dear! And I shall grumble at you till I cure you of grumbling. Grumblers are the only thing in this world that it is right to grumble at."

HOME COURTESIES

A Courteous Mother

By HELEN HUNT JACKSON

DURING the whole of one of last summer's hottest days I had the good fortune to be seated in a railway car near a mother and four children, whose relations with each other were so beautiful that the pleasure of watching them was quite enough to make one forget the discomforts of the journey.

It was plain that they were poor; their clothes were coarse and old, and had been made by inexperienced hands. The mother's bonnet alone would have been enough to have condemned the whole party on any of the world's thoroughfares. I remembered afterward, with shame, that I myself had smiled at the first sight of its antiquated ugliness; but her face was one which it gave you a sense of rest to look upon—it was so earnest, tender, true, and strong. It had little comeliness of shape or color in it, it was thin, and pale; she was not young; she had worked hard; she had evidently been much ill; but I have seen few faces which gave me such pleasure. I think that she was the wife of a poor clergyman; and I think that clergyman must be one of the Lord's best watchmen of souls. The children—two boys and two girls—were all under the age of twelve, and the youngest could not speak plainly. They had had a rare treat; they had been visiting the mountains, and they were talking over all the wonders they had seen with a glow of enthusiastic delight which was to be envied. Only a word-for-word record would do justice to their conversation; no description could give any idea of it—so free, so pleasant, so genial, no interruptions, no contradictions; and the mother's

part borne all the while with such equal interest and eagerness that no one not seeing her face would dream that she was any other than an elder sister. In the course of the day there were many occasions when it was necessary for her to deny requests, and to ask services, especially from the eldest boy; but no young girl, anxious to please a lover, could have done either with a more tender courtesy. She had her reward; for no lover could have been more tender and manly than was this boy of twelve. Their lunch was simple and scanty; but it had the grace of a royal banquet. At the last, the mother produced with much glee three apples and an orange, of which the children had not known. All eyes fastened on the orange. It was evidently a great rarity. I watched to see if this test would bring out selfishness. There was a little silence; just the shade of a cloud. The mother said, "How shall I divide this? There is one for each of you; and I shall be best off of all, for I expect big tastes from each of you."

"Oh, give Annie the orange. Annie loves oranges," spoke out the oldest boy, with a sudden air of a conqueror, and at the same time taking the smallest and worst apple himself.

"Oh, yes, let Annie have the orange," echoed the second boy, nine years old.

"Yes, Annie may have the orange, because that is nicer than the apple, and she is a lady, and her brothers are gentlemen," said the mother, quietly. Then there was a merry contest as to who should feed the mother with largest and most frequent mouthfuls; and so the feast went on. Then Annie pretended to want apple, and exchanged thin golden strips of orange for bites out of the cheeks of Baldwins; and, as I sat watching her intently, she suddenly fancied she saw longing in my face, and sprang over to me, holding out a quarter of her orange, and saying, "Don't you want a taste, too?" The mother smiled, understandingly, when I said, "No, I thank you, you dear, generous little girl; I don't care about oranges."

At noon we had a tedious interval of waiting at a dreary station. We sat for two hours on a narrow platform, which the sun had scorched till it smelt of heat. The oldest boy—the little lover—held the youngest child, and talked to her, while

the tired mother closed her eyes and rested. Now and then he looked over at her, and then back at the baby; and at last he said confidentially to me (for we had become fast friends by this time), "Isn't it funny, to think that I was ever so small as this baby? And papa says that then mamma was almost a little girl herself."

The two other children were toiling up and down the banks of the railroad track, picking ox-eye daisies, buttercups, and sorrel. They worked like beavers, and soon the bunches were almost too big for their little hands. Then they came running to give them to their mother. "Oh dear," thought I, "how that poor, tired woman will hate to open her eyes! and she never can take those great bunches of common, fading flowers, in addition to all her bundles and bags." I was mistaken.

"Oh, thank you, my darlings! How kind you were! Poor, hot, tired little flowers, how thirsty they look! If they will only try and keep alive till we get home, we will make them very happy in some water; won't we? And you shall put one bunch by papa's plate, and one by mine."

Sweet and happy, the weary and flushed little children stood looking up in her face while she talked, their hearts thrilling with compassion for the drooping flowers and with delight in the giving of their gift. Then she took great trouble to get a string and tie up the flowers, and then the train came, and we were whirling along again. Soon it grew dark, and little Annie's head nodded. Then I heard the mother say to the oldest boy, "Dear, are you too tired to let little Annie put her head on your shoulder and take a nap? We shall get her home in much better ease to see papa if we can manage to give her a little sleep." How many boys of twelve hear such words as these from tired, overburdened mothers?

Soon came the city, the final station, with its bustle and noise. I lingered to watch my happy family, hoping to see the father. "Why, papa isn't here!" exclaimed one disappointed little voice after another. "Never mind," said the mother, with a still deeper disappointment in her own tone; "perhaps he had to go to see some poor body who is sick." In the hurry of picking up all the parcels, and the sleepy babies, the poor

daisies and buttercups were left forgotten in a corner of the rack. I wondered if the mother had not intended this. May I be forgiven for the injustice! A few minutes after I passed the little group, standing still just outside the station, and heard the mother say, "Oh, my darlings, I have forgotten your pretty bouquets. I am so sorry! I wonder if I could find them if I went back. Will you all stand still and not stir from this spot if I go?"

"Oh, mamma, don't go, don't go. We will get you some more. Don't go," cried all the children.

"Here are your flowers, madam," said I. "I saw that you had forgotten them, and I took them as mementoes of you and your sweet children." She blushed and looked disconcerted. She was evidently unused to people, and shy with all but her children. However, she thanked me sweetly, and said—

"I was very sorry about them. The children took such trouble to get them; and I think they will revive in water. They cannot be quite dead."

"They will never die!" said I, with an emphasis which went from my heart to hers. Then all her shyness fled. She knew me; and we shook hands, and smiled into each other's eyes with the smile of kindred as we parted.

As I followed on, I heard the two children, who were walking behind, saying to each other, "Wouldn't that have been too bad? Mamma liked them so much, and we never could have got so many all at once again."

"Yes, we could, too, next summer," said the boy, sturdily.

They are sure of their "next summers," I think, all six of those souls—children, and mother, and father. They may never again gather so many ox-eye daisies and buttercups "all at once." Perhaps some of the little hands have already picked their last flowers. Nevertheless, their summers are certain. To such souls as these, all trees, either here or in God's larger country, are Trees of Life, with twelve manner of fruits and leaves for healing; and it is but little change from the summers here, whose suns burn and make weary, to the summers there, of which "the Lamb is the light."

Heaven bless them all, wherever they are.

HOME COURTESIES

Private Tyrants

By HELEN HUNT JACKSON

WE recognize tyranny when it wears a crown and sits on a hereditary throne. We sympathize with nations that overthrow the thrones, and in our secret hearts we almost canonize individuals who slay the tyrants. From the days of Ehud and Eglon down to those of Charlotte Corday and Marat, the world has dealt tenderly with their names whose hands have been red with the blood of oppressors. On moral grounds it would be hard to justify this sentiment, murder being murder all the same, however great gain it may be to this world to have the murdered man put out of it; but that there is such a sentiment, instinctive and strong in the human soul, there is no denying. It is so instinctive and so strong that, if we watch ourselves closely, we shall find it giving alarming shape sometimes to our secret thoughts about our neighbors.

How many communities, how many households even, are without a tyrant? If we could "move for returns of suffering," as that tender and thoughtful man, Arthur Helps, says, we should find a far heavier aggregate of misery inflicted by unsuspected, unresisted tyrannies than by those which are patent to everybody, and sure to be overthrown sooner or later.

An exhaustive sermon on this subject should be set off in three divisions, as follows: Subject—"Private Tyrants." (1) Number of. (2) Nature of. (3) Longevity of.

(1) The number of private tyrants.—They are not enumerated in any census. Not even the most painstaking statistician has meddled with the topic. Fancy takes bold leaps at

the very suggestion of such an estimate, and begins to think at once of all things in the universe which are usually mentioned as beyond numbering. Probably one good way of getting at a certain sort of result would be to ask each person of one's acquaintance, "Do you happen to know a private tyrant?"

How well we know beforehand the replies we should get from some beloved men and women—that is, if they spoke the truth!

But they would not. That is the saddest thing about these private tyrannies. They are in many cases borne in such divine and uncomplaining silence by their victims, perhaps for long years, that the world never dreams of their existence. But at last the fine, subtle writing, which no control, no patience, no will can thwart, becomes set on the man's or the woman's face, and tells the whole record. Who does not know such faces? Cheerful usually, even gay, brave, and ready with lines of smile; but in repose so marked, so scarred with unutterable weariness and disappointment, that tears spring in the eyes and love in the hearts of all finely organized persons who meet them.

(2) The nature of private tyrants.—Here also the statistician has not entered. The field is vast; the analysis difficult.

Selfishness is, of course, their leading characteristic; in fact, the very sum and substance of their natures. But selfishness is Protean. It has as many shapes as there are minutes, and as many excuses and wraps of sheep's clothing as ever ravening wolf possessed.

One of its commonest pleas is that of weakness. Here it often is so inextricably mixed with genuine need and legitimate claim that one grows bewildered between sympathy and resentment. In this shape, however, it gets its cruelest dominion over strong and generous and tender people. This kind of tyranny builds up and fortifies its bulwarks on and out of the very virtues of its victims; it gains strength hourly from the very strength of the strength to which it appeals; each slow and fatal encroachment never seems at first so much a thing required as a thing offered; but, like the slow sinking inch by inch of that great, beautiful city of stone into the relentless

Adriatic, so is the slow, sure going down and loss of the freedom of a strong, beautiful soul, helpless in the omnipresent circumference of the selfish nature to which it is or believes itself bound.

That the exactions never or rarely take shape in words is, to the unbiased looker-on, only an exasperating feature in their tyranny. While it saves the conscience of the tyrant—if such tyrants have any—it makes doubly sure the success of their tyranny. And probably nothing short of revelation from Heaven, in shape of blinding light, would ever open their eyes to the fact that it is even more selfish to hold a generous spirit fettered hour by hour by a constant fear of giving pain than to coerce or threaten or scold them into the desired behavior. Invalids, all invalids, stand in deadly peril of becoming tyrants of this order. A chronic invalid who entirely escapes it must be so nearly saint or angel, that one instinctively feels as if such invalidism would soon end in the health of heaven. We know of one invalid woman, chained to her bed for long years by an incurable disease, who has had the insight and strength to rise triumphant above this danger. Her constant wish and entreaty is that her husband should go freely into all the work and the pleasure of life. Whenever he leaves her, her farewell is not, "How soon do you think you shall come back? At what hour, or day, may I look for you?" but, "Now, pray stay just as long as you enjoy it. If you hurry home one hour sooner for the thought of me, I shall be wretched." It really seems almost as if the longer he stayed away—hours, days, weeks even—the happier she were. By this sweet and wise unselfishness she has succeeded in realizing the whole blessedness of wifehood far more than many women who have health. But we doubt if any century sees more than one such woman as she is.

Another large class, next to that of invalids the most difficult to deal with, is made up of people who are by nature or by habit uncomfortably sensitive or irritable. Who has not lived at one time or other in his life in daily contact with people of this sort—persons whose outbreaks of temper, or of wounded feeling still worse than temper, were as incalculable as meteoric

showers? The suppressed atmosphere, the chronic state of alarm and misgiving, in which the victims of this species of tyranny live, are withering and exhausting to the stoutest hearts. They are also hardening; perpetually having to wonder and watch how people will "take" things is apt sooner or later to result in indifference as to whether they take them well or ill.

But to define all the shapes of private tyranny would require whole histories; it is safe, however, to say that so far as any human being attempts to set up his own individual need or preference as law to determine the action of any other human being, in small matters or great, so far forth he is a tyrant. The limit of his tyranny may be narrowed by lack of power on his part, or of response on the part of his fellows; but its essence is as purely tyrannous as if he sat on a throne with an executioner within call.

(3) The longevity of private tyrants.—We have not room under this head to do more—nor, if we had all room, could we do better—than to quote a short paragraph from George Eliot's immortal Mrs. Poyser: "It seems as if them as aren't wanted here are th' only folks as aren't wanted i' th' other world."

HOME COURTESIES

Cheerfulness in the Home

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

TO begin, we may as well be candid. In moments of honest retrospection, most of us acknowledge that it is not always easy to be cheerful at home. Our relations with the home people are intimate, and when with them we are off guard. They love us, we love them, and sometimes we presume on the elasticity of household affection, and on love's capacity for pardoning until seventy times seven, and we indulge at home in moods which would be tolerated nowhere else under the sun. A man may be ever so morose, but he must put on the semblance of courtesy to customers; a woman may be ever so fretful, but she cannot scold the neighbor who makes a morning call. The blues in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred do their worst under one's own roof, and are the close allies of an unrestrained temper. Morbidness become habitual should be sent to the sanitarium; it is out of place in the home, but there is a moment, before it is established as a mental tyrant, that if seized, will be potent to break its spell. "Open the windows," cried Sydney Smith, "and glorify the room," and obedient to the command of wisdom and common sense the sun came flooding in, filling the house with light. What every home needs, whether it be avenue mansion, or cottage on a back street, or apartment near the sky, is plenty of sunshine. Sunshine and good cheer are synonymous.

Of course there are days when one cannot be gay. When, for example, a sick headache lays the housemother under its ban, and the weird of her darkened chamber falls upon kitchen

and parlor. When a leak springs suddenly in the boiler, and the plumber is five miles off, and friends are invited to luncheon. When you have been going over the year's accounts and discover that you have been too expensive and must reef in sail or go to wreck on the lee shore of debt. When the doctor comes in, and tells you, guardedly, that the child of the house has typhoid fever. When the drawing-room ceiling tumbles with a crash and ruins your most precious bric-a-brac. When your oldest son boyishly inconsequent, wounds you by an escapade at college, and is suspended for a time. There are no end to the various occurrences and experiences in everyday life, to the commonplaces of the most ordinary home, when gayety would be not only impossible, but as improper and as amazing as festal garments at a funeral. Gayety is as the foam and sparkle on the cup; a breath may blow it away. The home needs it, and often effervescent and iridescent, it adds to the domestic circle a peculiar charm; but for the ups and downs of those whom kindred ties bind together and who dwell between four walls for shelter from the world outside, the necessity is for something more enduring. Cheerfulness has what the sportsman calls staying power. It owns that merry heart which goes all the way, which does not tire at the first steep stretch, the first dusty mile. For any successful home life, happy, useful, united, and influential in the community, there must be mingled in the daily view, not only integrity, not only truth, not only justice, but cheerfulness as well.

Temperament is a spur to some natures, and a handicap to others. Some fortunate beings are born sanguine. A disposition to look on the bright side, accompanies them from childhood, and to old age they retain something of the child's impulsiveness, the child's eagerness, and the child's hope. Side by side in the same group of brothers and sisters, there may be those who are constitutionally cautious, not to say perverse; who forebode disaster, and who never by any chance anticipate pleasure. Many a defeat comes to these hesitating and unready folk, simply through their inability to see and to grasp the right moment for action. Many a victory crowns the others because of the blithe *élan* with which they rush into a fight.

The mother, brooding over her children at home, may discern sooner than any teacher or subsequent mentor, which child is to eat life's bread with honey, and to which it will be given flavored with rue. A part of her aim should be to help the unfoldings of the diffident and the sensitive, as well as to train the too exuberant in self-repression.

When a man comes home at night after a tedious and perhaps depressing day, a day in which he has felt the shock of rebuffs, and striven with temptations, and known losses, he should meet bright, welcoming faces at the door, and sit down to a daintily spread table where not the food alone, but the wife's sweet looks as well, cheat him of fatigue. There in the ease of a tranquil home evening, he should be heartened for another day. Equally to him as to his wife is cheerfulness a duty, and domination over circumstances. No matter what day is behind him, the cares should stay in the background. Fault-finding and crossness on the husband's part inevitably murder good cheer. Neither wife nor husband can afford, looking at the whole course of their blended lives, to kill their joy by the weakness of yielding to irritability because of untoward incidents now and then. Each has obligations to share, not to shirk, in the conduct of the home. A woman occupied all day with household economies, taken up with the thousand and one petty things which go to the making of a neat and cozy home, but which are so blended in a successful whole, that separately they are never in evidence, is as tired at night as the man who has been footing up a ledger, or talking to a client. Her engagements are as important, and as impossible of evasion as his, and she has not had his advantage of a change of base. The mere fact of putting on outdoor clothing and starting for an objective point, gives a man something plus the day's drudgery, which he may contribute to the sum total of the family cheer. If it is a wife's supreme duty to make her home happy, it is a husband's supreme duty to aid her in doing so. Cheerfulness is a good substantial wrap, like a shepherd's plaid, which is large enough to go round both, and under the folds of which a little lamb or two, in the shape of a bairn or a babe, may creep and nestle. Heaven blesses the sturdily cheerful soul.

The habit of being pleased with little things is worth cultivating by those who would be cheerful. If we wait for the greater gifts and scorn the smaller ones we shall often go through life with empty hands. A child's kiss, a child's good report on Friday afternoon, a bit of fire on the hearth on a chilly night, a letter from an old friend, a pleasure jaunt to park or seaside costing for the whole family less than a dollar, a new book, a picture bought with small daily savings—these are the items that add to the balance on the credit side of the home felicity. And when one has for years made it a rule to be glad and pleased when little delights have brightened the hours, one will realize that the capacity for a surprise or pleasure is greatly enlarged. The woman who found it a treat to go to Coney Island with the children for a picnic, will be very far from blasé if she ever goes to Mentone or Capri, or crosses the Continent and sits among the roses in a garden of enchantment at Santa Monica. Still beyond this, they who cultivate the talent for finding enjoyment in the daily little things, will be the stronger for battling with the sterner realities, and for bearing the greater sorrows, if ever they come.

I used to know a home, very plain, very simply furnished, very strenuous in its endeavors, and lofty in its ideals, which for abounding cheerfulness surpassed the common abodes of men and women. Looking back I know that there was a struggle with poverty, that the wolf sometimes growled at the door, and that the one shadow on the lives of the heads of the house was that they had so little to give away. But the fund of anecdote there, the jests that were as much the family property as the silver spoons and the old clock in the hall, the friends who came and went, the hospitality that was spontaneous, and the fun that was never wanting, made that home perennially sweet for its inmates, and makes it perennially fragrant in memory.

Some of us are so busy in working for the children's future that we neglect their present. We have an eye to the investments that shall make their inheritance bigger, to the meadowland that will increase the farm, to the new house we mean to buy on a finer street. So we toil and we strain, we save and we skimp, we grow sober-paced and our backs are bowed, and

we forget that children need, not wealth to-morrow, but sympathy to-day. Nothing that we can bequeath to them after a while will be so valuable as a present of daily comprehension, as hours of living with them, of half way meeting their needs, and of wholly joining in their play as well as in their work. Among the tragedies of life are the misunderstandings between parents and children in the years of the latter's maturity, misunderstandings often traceable to the parents' absorbed but mistaken affection that chose the lower, instead of the higher good.

Among tangible aids to cheerfulness in the household, and these should not be overlooked, light and warmth take precedence. Exercise frugality in other directions, but have a well-lighted living room, and, if practicable, a fire that one may poke. The gloomy, vault-like chill of a half-warmed, obscurely lighted home has driven many a boy and man to some hostelry where lamps and fire beckoned. No place in a home should be too ornamental and too costly in its equipment for the use of the family. A stately drawing-room may be the privilege of a palace, where there are suites of other pleasant apartments, but people of ordinary means should live all over their houses, and have no shut-up room, into which the boys and girls may not intrude. Books and periodicals add immensely to the cheer of a home, and to the broadening and brightening of growing youth. That house is always cheerful which is open to the voices of the period, which keeps a tally of new inventions and discoveries, and which is, to use a graphic phrase, up to date. The up-to-date house must own, not merely borrow from a library, plenty of books. Receptive to new ideas, cheerfulness comes to us as a matter of course. It is to the lonely, narrow, hopeless home that melancholy creeps a menace and a blight.

They who most prize home cheerfulness will carefully avoid getting into a rut. The bondage of routine fetters those who never have variety, who, year in and year out, walk in the same track and drop seeds into the same furrow. If the mother, the pivot of the domestic machinery, shows symptoms of wearing out, if she is not responsive as formerly, if she sits by herself, and the tears start at some fancied slight, the combined family

should rally to her rescue. Twenty miles from home, or two hundred, the sovereign virtues of a change may restore her spirits and make her once more cheerful and brave. One uncheerful person in the house, one who is the slave of the low mood, will, without evil intention, upset the equanimity of the whole circle. Low spirits are malarious. Very subtly, very wofully, they undermine the family health. The contagion of despair is more noxious than the germ of yellow fever, and more to be dreaded. Make a strong fight, and be sure it will not be a losing one, with prayer and pains, against the ill dominion of the blues; in other words, against the malignity of the lower self. If the individual does this, the family will feel the tonic of a brave endeavor, and will help mightily and unitedly to drive the demoniac possession away.

One more tangible aid to good cheer at home is music. Banjo, mandolin, piano, plenty of song, and the household will move without friction, in mutual respect, and a common devotion to the common weal. A music-loving family is almost sure to have good times at home. While a home ought to reach out from itself to other homes, and to keep an open door for friends and guests, it should never be dependent for its cheer upon any influence from without. For its happy times, its daily enjoyments, and its pleasures that are processional with the year, it should be sufficient to itself. If cheerfulness in the home is to be a factor in the home's development, it must grow from the center, not be fastened on the circumference. The song must be in the soul before it is on the lip. Good times at home, among the home folk, a simple, uncostly style of living that involves no undue anxiety, a house not too fine for daily use, and plenty of sunshine and love, will fulfill the republican ideal, and upbuild our nation.

Somebody has written a little verse in praise of the fellow who is pleasant when "everything goes dead wrong." We deserve little credit for being cheerful at home when there is no provocation to be otherwise. That patient and manly type of character that is cheerful on the doleful day, and declines to note the dolefulness, is the one that I admire. A little while ago I stood looking down on the quiet face of a man who had

lived ninety years. His daughter said, "The sunshine will not be so bright without him, father always saw the funny side of things." It was a great gift. To see the funny side! It is usually there, but some of us lack vision.

Here, in this mortal sphere, the pessimist tells his audience that we are in a vale of tears. It is not so. This is a world full of joys. The possibilities of happiness are inexhaustible. We carry with us provision for our journey, and though we pass this way but once, we may feed the hungry and give drink to the thirsty, and make every desert place blossom as the rose, if only we take each day as it comes, fill it with love to God and one another, and brim its measure with invincible cheerfulness.

HOME COURTESIES

True Hospitality

"DO you ever thoroughly enjoy receiving company?" said a lady to us not long ago. "For my part, I am so occupied with the fear that my guests will not be sufficiently entertained that I have no time to enjoy them." Most American housekeepers will confess to something of this feeling. Even in our best-appointed households, there is not that absence of care in the deportment of the lady of the house which is seen in French or English drawing-rooms. Her thoughts cannot help wandering to the kitchen, even in the midst of the most animated conversation. She knows full well that after all those endeavors which have made her somewhat too weary to be quite at her best in looks or manner, there may be a failure in serving the repast. It is curious to see what a different woman she is after supper, if all has gone well. For the time she is safe, and exuberant with a sense of relief.

When our guests are staying with us for a day or a week, matters are somewhat better, because so much is not attempted; but still there is often an unnaturalness and constraint which makes itself felt, even through the most scrupulous politeness. Much of this is no doubt owing to our unsatisfactory and precarious domestic service. Arthur Hugh Clough said: "The only way to live comfortably in America is to live rudely and simply"; and while we should not like to agree to his statement seriously, there are moments of despair, it must be acknowledged, in which we feel the force of it. But there is a deeper reason than this for our discomfort, and happily it is one which it lies in our power to remedy. Somehow or other, the idea has become chronic with us that we must enter-

tain our visitors according to their style of living rather than our own. If a friend comes who has no larger a *menage* than we, it is all very well; we make no special effort, and are thoroughly and simply hospitable. But let a distinguished foreigner or an "American prince" visit us, and everything is changed. We have an indistinct idea of what he is accustomed to at home, and nothing short of that will content us. We put ourselves to torture to devise how to entertain him worthily, forgetting that what is unusual is always obviously so, and that he will detect the thin veneering of style, and either pity or sneer at us, according to his nature.

There is with us Americans an inborn dislike to be surpassed; it is at once our strength and our weakness; giving us a stimulus to endeavor in great things, and causing a belittling anxiety in small ones. Far better in family affairs is French simplicity, that gives its best, whether poor or otherwise, without shame or ostentation; that makes no guest uncomfortable by a suggestion of unusual expense or fatigue. If we could only understand it, we should feel that what our guests desire, if they are right-minded persons, is a glimpse of our real life: they come to us to know us better—not to have a repetition of their home experiences. True hospitality makes as little difference as possible for the stranger or the friend; it enfolds each at once in its warm atmosphere; and if he be a guest worth entertaining, he will prefer a thousand times such a home welcome to the display which has no heart in it. Especially with the foreigners who come to our shores is this true. They are away from their homes and families; they tire of receptions and state dinners; and the kindest thing we can do for them is occasionally to vary the programme by a quiet, friendly chat at the family fireside. And for all whom we entertain, that which we have decided to be right and proper for us in private should be the measure of our public doings. Consistency in this particular would relieve many a guest as well as many an entertainer. "I pray you, O excellent wife," says Emerson, "not to cumber yourself and me to get a rich dinner for this man or this woman who has alighted at our gate, nor a bedchamber made ready at too great a cost. These things, if they

are curious in, they can get for a dollar at any village. But let this stranger, if he will, in your looks, in your accent and behavior, read your heart and earnestness, your thought and will, which he cannot buy at any price, in any village or city, and which he may well travel fifty miles, and dine sparely and sleep hard, in order to behold. Certainly let the board be spread, and let the bed be dressed for the traveler; but let not *the emphasis of hospitality lie in these things.*"

HOME COURTESIES

The Dear Old People

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

IF one wants to see human nature in some of its most repellent phases, let him visit one of the homes with a capital H, in which old people, the derelicts of waning generations, are harbored for their declining years. Flotsam and jetsam of adverse circumstance, these survivors of kindred, and driftwood of scattered households, live together, as a rule, in a state of armed neutrality, sometimes amiable it is true, but oftener cross-grained, discontented, and unspeakably difficult. Ask any lady manager who takes an interest in the pensioners in such a home, and she will tell you that the task of harmonizing the crabbed wills and contrary tempers of these old women or old men, who are gathered under a safe roof and supposed to be made most comfortable, is no sinecure. The fact is that with all our good intentions we have never yet succeeded in making an asylum a real home, and I greatly doubt whether the thing can be done. Reduced gentlewomen invited as guests to such a shelter, and entertained with every luxury, are often as impossible in their requirements as illiterate old dames in the almshouse, and, seen in groups apart from the natural background of a single household, the aged do not appear to advantage. The consciousness of being superfluous, of being nowhere needed for their own sakes, of having no claim on any one's loyalty or affection, acts as a dead weight on the old and brings out in sharp relief whatever in their dispositions is froward and sullen.

Unless it is absolutely the only thing that remains to do, never let any aged relative or friend spend the last years of life

in even the best and kindliest institution known to you. Old people are not gregarious. They cling to the chimney corner that is familiar. They like to have around them the belongings, the bureaus, tables, chairs, if you will, the very pots and pans, that they have used and handled for years. To work as long as their strength lasts, to be unchecked by their juniors, to potter around farm and garden, to do as they please without too much surveillance and not to be laid on the shelf, are the almost universal desires of the old. Who has not been touched by the instinctive and pathetic resentment of people on the westering slope of life, against tactless assistance offered by younger folk in all kindness. A similar sensitive recoil is often shown by cripples and chronic invalids, from attentions which differentiate them in the crowd and accentuate their fragility. The old gentleman refuses the proffered arm on the stairs, the old lady does her own errands, and both make a valiant stand against the one stealthy foe whom nobody ever vanquishes, relentless time.

Aged people who have means are naturally in a position far superior to aged people who are in poverty. When wealthy men and women grow old, they may still command the situation that confronts them, so far as their style of living and scale of expenditure may be concerned. If they are grandparents, or even uncles or aunts, and prefer not to maintain individual establishments, there are plenty of homes open to them, and they may be sure of the most affectionate welcome from their kindred. They are wise, being old, to keep control of the purse strings, and not to repeat the folly of King Lear; to give up any portion of their sovereignty is a blunder likely to entail regret. Old people who are dependent are not invariably thought superfluous or pushed more or less gently aside, for, thank Heaven, there are always grateful and gentle hearts in the world, but frequently they are passed from hand to hand; there is bargaining; there is managing as to ways and means, and whether or not they wish it, they are sent to stay a year with one, and six months with another, here with Helen, there with Jane, next with Hezekiah, while the feeling in the family is that the old folks are a burden to be borne.

This view is not cynical; it is the simple statement of a condition patent to every observer. One's pity springs up anew whenever one sees the shame of it, the tragedy of it; a father or mother, bent and tottering, and asking but a corner and a crust, so to speak, yet elbowed out of the way, and dismissed with a snub, or loftily patronized and ostentatiously supported, by the children for whom they once toiled.

I remember one summer in the hill country of New York, when in the pearly morning of the fairest day that ever dawned, a little hamlet was startled by the death of an old lady. She was seventy-five, had been restless, and fond of wandering from her home, not a very happy one; they found her face downward in a shallow brook, where she had drowned herself. The gray hair, the chocolate-colored print dress, the thin, work-worn hands clinched in desperation, all epitomized a gruesome story of struggle and defeat.

A peculiarity of advancing years is restlessness, and, in women, it is often accompanied by furtiveness. The lifelong habit of woman is to render an account of her proceedings, few women having much freedom of movement. In some natures there is resistance to this semi-bondage, and the instinct to escape finally manifests itself in stealing away innocently enough, but without telling the objective point. The elderly lady arrays herself in her best, softly creeps out the door, carelessly saunters at her ordinary gait down the road or street, turns the corner, and gleefully proceeds to make her visit of a day. She has a sense of triumph in evading those who are always escorting her, guarding her, and trying to save her from fatigue. She does not wish to be saved, guarded, or escorted.

In our dealing with the aged who happen to be members of the household, we should, if our aim is to make them contented, take pains not to interfere with their plans. So long as they can, they should be allowed without note or comment, to take their own way, as they did when in their prime. If the elderly woman wishes to sew, to keep house, even to wash and iron, let her, if that is her pleasure. She prefers being tired to feeling that her usefulness is over, or that she has lost her knack. A good deal of obtrusive kindness is really unkindness, when

it forces on people the conviction that they belong to yesterday. Never criticise old-fashioned speech or old-fashioned methods, nor show impatience when you see that the elderly person has ideas not quite like yours. They belong to his or her period, as do the courteous formality called old-school manner, too seldom encountered now.

When an old gentleman, once a mighty man of valor, undertakes a day's work, interpose no objection. It is being put on the retired list that breaks the heart of the old soldier. In a farmhouse in the Berkshires, a few years ago, a good deal of remodeling and improving was done. The patriarch of the family, eighty-seven years old, and by trade a carpenter, with his own hands made window sashes and baseboards, sawed, hammered, planed, and did many days' work on his son's house. The old man lived to be ninety-three and worked till he was ninety.

Nothing so saps vitality and ages men as atrophy. Keep on with what you are doing. Preach, practice law, medicine, sell goods, or what you choose, only don't stop. Keep in touch with to-day.

Stand firmly for the privileges of your dear old people and let them do all they wish. They may live happily and usefully to fourscore and beyond, by simply using their gifts and never recognizing any lessening of their powers till compelled to do so.

At sixty-odd, a woman who had been fond of study all her life decided to begin Hebrew, attacked the grammar, engaged a rabbi to tutor her, and was soon reading her Old Testament in the original. A woman past her sixty-fourth year became an expert stenographer and typewriter, with speed and accuracy not inferior to those acquirements in her young nieces. At seventy, a lady who has always been a musician, is studying the Norse music, and making intelligent progress. With silvered hair, and a troop of grandchildren about her, another woman watches the birds, and writes books about their habits and caprices. Past seventy, there are men and women in every department, domestic, scientific, literary, financial, who are pegging away with the same doggedness of purpose and the same joy in achievement that characterized them in more

youthful years. They have lost no whit of their earlier aptitudes, and have gained facility by rich experience.

Do not condescend to such people, nor say "it is wonderful how well they succeed, considering their age." There are twin impertinences which should be repressed whenever they appear. One is that which compliments a young person on his work; the other that which pats age on the back for the excellence of his. Work is work, and should always be judged on its merits, not valued in proportion to the age of the worker, or his youth.

Conspicuous among accomplishments is the art of growing old gracefully, and we may assist our friends to learning its secrets if we try. It will do us no harm to learn them, too, since if we live long enough, we shall all be one day old. Idle indeed is the effort to oppose the incursions of time by daring attempts at juvenility. Taking the mass of people as they come and go, most of them look about the age they are. If one is inclined to be doubtful, just let him sit down before a camera, and gaze at the relentless severity with which it reproduces every line and wrinkle and angle. But the daughter who encourages her mother to indulge in frivolities of dress, heightens her mother's look of age. For old people, dress should be of such richness of fabric and elegance of cut as they can compass; if not rich, it should be dainty, immaculate, never frayed, neglected, or shabby. Youth is so lovely that it demands no ornament; simplicity befits it best. But age should be invested with the purple. Its dignity is not inconsistent with adornment, though the lines should be severe. The austerity of the lady abbess, the soft neatness of the Quaker, the frilled cap and velvet gown of the Puritan grandmother, all make for age a quaint, rich setting, picturesque and noble. The face should be younger than the dress. This is an axiom which the inartistic overlook. And the fact that the cheek is no longer round, the neck no longer plump, the hands no longer dimpled, should lead old people of either sex to put the emphasis on clothes that are well-brushed and well-made, on linen well laundered, in short on a tidiness that is a distinction. The dentist should be invoked that the mouth may not be an

offense; the teeth of age may be as faultless as those of youth, and should be. And when deafness or blindness or other infirmity supervenes, let the aged bear it without fretting. The deaf are saved from hearing many annoying things; the blind from seeing some distressing sights. Let the old be philosophic and make the best of the situation.

On the part of younger people it is very gracious not to let the old feel themselves left out. Age is inevitably lonely, particularly if with lacking foresight, it has not kept its friendships in repair. A thrift of management should characterize our friendships as well as all our other investments. Death thins the ranks. Acquaintances migrate to the other side of the globe. The men and women of each generation step to the front of the stage, bow, and pass off. It must happen that there shall be a last survivor of every college class, of every town meeting, of every army corps. When the Loyal Legion meets annually, there are vacant places. Some have fallen out. Some have grown too feeble to enjoy reunions. There are always gaps in the ranks of the veterans. Old people should form new connections, be receptive to new friends, and above all, keep in touch with the present. When one ceases to live in the present, and grows automatically reminiscent, and continually lives in the past, one loses grip; one has become an antique.

Mindful of the limitations and possible irritability of the old, the young who are not hampered by feebleness, and who have no vexations that are insurmountable, should bear patiently what they cannot exorcise. If there is in your home a kinswoman well on in years, whose infirmity of temper and inconsistencies of mood are rather wearing, try to put yourself in her place. Take her, if you like, as an object lesson, and bring yourself up with a round turn, if you ever suspect that you, too, are growing difficult. Each generation has its own passwords. It is not probable that twenty will be on the same plane with fifty, or fifty have the identical viewpoint of eighty. There is a common ground of respect and affection where the separated ages may meet, and there is room for people of every age to learn something worth while from those of every other.

As for our homes, ask the little children if there is anybody who as comrade and playmate quite equals the grandparent. Cross the ocean and go to France, that country to which we erroneously ascribe the absence of home atmosphere. There you shall see the utmost homage paid to the grandmother; her sons and daughters consulting her as if she were an oracle, and their young people making her the confidante of every dream and wish, and the consoler in every disappointment. A household in which there had never been a grandparent, would in France be regarded with compassion. It should be the same among us. Blessed are the little ones to whom grandmother's room is a refuge, who may run with their pin-pricks of childish trouble to the shelter of her broad breast, and who find her nearer to them in comprehension than the busy parents, who are less indulgent, because more directly responsible. Above all, blessed are those children who may spend happy holidays in homes where grandparents reign, and whose idea of Arcadia is all told in three words, "off to grandmamma's."

Never, I repeat, if it can be helped, choose for the haven of old age, a home apart from kindred. For hundreds of old people, desolate and forlorn, the home with a capital H is a barrier against suffering, and a place of repose when the winds blow fiercely and the skies are dark. But these institutional folds, though ever so discreetly and generously managed, are not, for our dear old people, the true environment. A place at the family board, an arm-chair and footstool in the family living-room, and a seat in the family councils, are the rights of old age to the very end.

Washington's "Rules of Behavior" *

EVERY action in company ought to be with some sign of respect to those present.

2. In the presence of others, sing not to yourself with a humming noise, nor drum with your fingers or feet.

3. Speak not when others speak, sit not when others stand, and walk not when others stop.

4. Turn not your back to others, especially in speaking; jog not the table or desk on which another reads or writes; lean not on any one.

5. Be no flatterer, neither play with any one that delights not to be played with.

6. Read no letters, books, or papers in company; but when there is a necessity for doing it, you must ask leave. Come not near the books or writings of any one so as to read them, unasked; also, look not nigh when another is writing a letter.

7. Let your countenance be pleasant, but in serious matters somewhat grave.

8. Show not yourself glad at the misfortune of another, though he were your enemy.

9. They that are in dignity or office have in all places precedency; but whilst they are young, they ought to respect those that are their equals in birth or other qualities, though they have no public charge.

10. It is good manners to prefer them to whom we speak before ourselves, especially if they be above us, with whom, in no sort, we ought to begin.

* Collected and copied by him in his youth.

11. Let your discourse with men of business be short and comprehensive.

12. In visiting the sick, do not presently play the physician, if you be not knowing therein.

13. In writing or speaking, give to every person his due title, according to his degree and the custom of the place.

14. Strive not with your superiors in argument, but always submit your judgment to others with modesty.

15. Undertake not to teach your equal in the art himself professes; it savors of arrogancy.

16. When a man does all he can, though it succeeds not well, blame not him that did it.

17. Being to advise or reprehend any one, consider whether it ought to be in public or in private, presently or at some other time, also in what terms to do it; and in reproving show no signs of choler, but do it with sweetness and mildness.

18. Mock not, nor jest at anything of importance; break no jests that are sharp or biting, and if you deliver anything witty or pleasant, abstain from laughing thereat yourself.

19. Wherein you reprove another be unblamable yourself, for example is more prevalent than precept.

20. Use no reproachful language against any one, neither curses nor revilings.

21. Be not hasty to believe flying reports, to the disparagement of any one.

22. In your apparel be modest, and endeavor to accommodate nature rather than procure admiration, keep to the fashion of your equals, such as are civil and orderly with respect to time and place.

23. Play not the peacock, looking everywhere about you to see if you be well decked, if your shoes fit well, if your stockings sit neatly, and clothes handsomely.

24. Associate yourself with men of good quality if you esteem your own reputation, for it is better to be alone than in bad company.

25. Let your conversation be without malice or envy, for it is a sign of a tractable and commendable nature, and in all causes of passion admit reason to govern.

26. Be not immodest in urging your friend to discover a secret.

27. Utter not base and frivolous things amongst grown and learned men: nor very difficult questions or subjects amongst the ignorant, nor things hard to be believed.

28. Speak not of doleful things in time of mirth, nor at the table; speak not of melancholy things, as death and wounds, and if others mention them, change, if you can, the discourse. Tell not your dreams but to your intimate friends.

29. Break not a jest where none take pleasure in mirth. Laugh not aloud, nor at all without occasion. Deride no man's misfortune, though there seem to be some cause.

30. Speak not injurious words, neither in jest nor earnest. Scoff at none, although they give occasion.

31. Be not forward, but friendly, and courteous, the first to salute, hear, and answer, and be not pensive when it is a time to converse.

32. Detract not from others, but neither be excessive in commending.

33. Go not thither where you know not whether you shall be welcome or not. Give not advice without being asked, and when desired, do it briefly.

34. If two contend together, take not the part of either unconstrained, and be not obstinate in your opinion: in things indifferent be of the major side.

35. Reprehend not the imperfections of others, for that belongs to parents, masters, and superiors.

36. Gaze not on the marks or blemishes of others, and ask not how they came. What you may speak in secret to your friend, deliver not before others.

37. Speak not in an unknown tongue in company, but in your own language; and that as those of quality do and not as the vulgar. Sublime matters treat seriously.

38. Think before you speak; pronounce not imperfectly, nor bring out your words too hastily, but orderly and distinctly.

39. When another speaks, be attentive yourself, and disturb not the audience. If any hesitate in his words, help him

not, nor prompt him without being desired; interrupt him not, nor answer him till his speech be ended.

40. Treat with men at fit times about business, and whisper not in the company of others.

41. Make no comparisons, and if any of the company be commended for any brave act of virtue, commend not another for the same.

42. Be not apt to relate news, if you know not the truth thereof. In discoursing of things you have heard, name not your author always. A secret discover not.

43. Be not curious to know the affairs of others, neither approach to those that speak in private.

44. Undertake not what you cannot perform; but be careful to keep your promise.

45. When you deliver a matter, do it without passion and indiscretion, however mean the person may be you do it to.

46. When your superiors talk to anybody, hear them, neither speak nor laugh.

47. In disputes, be not so desirous to overcome as not to give liberty to each one to deliver his opinion, and submit to the judgment of the major part, especially if they are to judge of the dispute.

48. Be not tedious in discourse, make not many digressions, nor repeat often the same matter of discourse.

49. Speak no evil of the absent, for it is unjust.

50. Be not angry at table whatever happens; and if you have reason to be so, show it not, put on a cheerful countenance, especially if there be strangers, for good humor makes one dish a feast.

51. Set not yourself at the upper end of the table, but if it be your due, or the master of the house will have it so, contend not, lest you should trouble the company.

52. When you speak of God or His attributes, let it be seriously, in reverence and honor, and obey your natural parents.

53. Let your recreations be manful, not sinful.

54. Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience.

HOME COURTESIES

The Conduct of Life

By MARCUS AURELIUS ANTONINUS

COUNTRY houses, retreats in the mountains or by the sea —these things men seek out for themselves; and often thou, too, dost most eagerly desire such things. But this does but betoken the greatest ignorance; for thou art able, when thou desirest, to retreat into thyself. No other where can a man find a retreat more quiet and free from care than in his own soul; and most of all, when he hath such rules of conduct that if faithfully remembered, they will give to him perfect equanimity—for equanimity is naught else than a mind harmoniously disciplined. Cease not then to betake thyself to this retreat, there to refresh thyself. Let thy rules of conduct be few and well settled; so that when thou hast thought thereon straightway they will suffice to thoroughly purify the soul that possesses them, and to send thee back, restless no more, to the things to the which thou must return. With what indeed art thou disquieted? With the wickedness of men? Meditate on the thought that men do not do evil of set purpose. Remember also how many in the past, who, after living in enmity, suspicion, hatred, and strife one with another, now lie prone in death and are but ashes. Fret then no more. But perhaps thou art troubled concerning the portion decreed to thee in the Universe? Remember this alternative: either there is a Providence or simply matter. Recall all the proofs that the world is, as it were, a city or a commonwealth. But perhaps the desires of the body still torment thee? Forget not, then, that the mind, when conscious of its real self, when self-reliant,

shares not the agitations of the body, be they great or small. Recall, too, all thou hast learned (and now holdest as true) concerning pleasure and pain. But perhaps what men call Fame allures thee? Behold how quickly all things are forgotten! Before us, after us, the formless Void of endless ages! How vain is human praise! How fickle and undiscriminating those who seem to praise! How limited the sphere of the greatest fame! For the whole earth is but a point in space, thy dwelling-place a tiny nook therein. How few are those who dwell therein, and what manner of men are those who will praise thee!

Therefore, forget not to retire into thine own little country place—thyself. Above all, be not diverted from thy course. Be serene, be free, contemplate all things as a man, as a lover of his kind, and of his country—yet withal as being born to die. Have readiest to thy hand, above all others, these two thoughts: one, that things cannot touch the soul; the other, that things are perpetually changing and ceasing to be. Remember how many of these changes thou thyself hast seen! The Universe is change. But as thy thoughts are, so thy life shall be.

HOME COURTESIES

The Enjoyment of Life

By JEAN PAUL RICHTER

LITTLE joys refresh us constantly like house bread, and never bring disgust; and great ones, like sugar bread, briefly, and then bring it. We should not merely refuse to permit trifles to plague us, but should compel them to gratify us; we should seize not their poison bags only, but their honey bags also; and if flies often buzz about our room, we should, like Domitian, amuse ourselves with flies, or, feed them. For civic life and its micrologies, we must learn to love without esteeming it; learn, far as it ranks beneath human life, to enjoy it like another twig of this human life, as poetically as we do the pictures of it in romances. The loftiest mortal loves and seeks the same sort of things with the meanest, only from higher grounds and by higher paths. Be every minute, Man, a full life to thee! Despise anxiety and wishing, the Future and the Past! If the second pointer can be no road pointer into an Eden for thy soul, the month pointer will still less be so, for thou livest not from month to month, but from second to second! Enjoy thy Existence more than thy Manner of Existence, and let the dearest object of thy Consciousness be this Consciousness itself! Make not the Present a Means of thy Future; for this Future is nothing but a coming Present; and the Present which thou despisest, was once a Future which thou desiredst! Stake in no lotteries; keep at home; give and accept no pompous entertainments; travel not abroad every year! Conceal not from thyself, by long plans, thy household goods, thy chamber, thy acquaintance! Despise Life, that

thou mayst enjoy it! Inspect the neighborhood of thy life: every shelf, every nook of thy abode; and nestling in, quarter thyself in the farthest and most domestic winding of thy snail-house! Look upon a capital but as a collection of villages, a village as some blind alley of a capital; fame as the talk of neighbors at the street door; a library as a learned conversation, joy as a second, sorrow as a minute, life as a day; and three things as all in all—God, Creation, Virtue!

Of ways for becoming happier (not happy) I could never find out more than three. The first, rather an elevated road, is this: to soar away so far above the clouds of life that you see the whole external world, with its wolf-dens, charnel-houses, and thunder-rods, lying far down beneath you, shrunk into a little child's garden. The second is: simply to sink down into this little garden and there to nestle yourself so snugly, so homewise, in some furrow, that, in looking out from your warm lark-nest, you likewise can discern no wolf-dens, charnel-houses, or thunder-rods, but only blades and ears, every one of which, for the nest-bird, is a tree, and a sun-screen, and a rain-screen. The third, finally, which I look upon as the hardest and cunningest, is that of alternating between the other two.

This I shall not satisfactorily expound to men at large. The Hero, the Reformer, your Brutus, your Howard, your Republican, he whom civic storm, or genius, poetic storm, impels —in short, every mortal with a great Purpose, or even a perennial Passion (were it but that of writing the largest folios)—all these men fence themselves in by their internal world against the frosts and heats of the external, as the madman in a worse sense does; every fixed idea, such as rules every genius, every enthusiast, at least periodically, separates and elevates a man above the bed and board of this Earth, above its bat's-caves, buckthorns, and devil's-walls; like the Bird of Paradise, he slumbers flying; and, on his outspread pinions, oversleeps unconsciously the earthquakes and conflagrations of Life, in his long, fair dream of his ideal Motherland. Alas! To few is this dream granted; and these few are so often awakened by vampires!

This skyward track, however, is fit only for the winged por-

tion of the human species—for the smallest. What can it profit poor quill-driving brethren, whose souls have not even wing shells, to say nothing of wings? Or these tethered persons with the best back, breast, and neck-fins, who float motionless in the wicker Fish-box of the State, and are not allowed to swim, because the Box or State, long ago tied to the shore, itself swims in the name of the Fishes? To the whole standing and writing host of heavy-laden State domestics, purveyors, clerks of all departments, and all the lobsters packed together heels over head into the Lobster basket of the Government office-rooms, and for refreshments, sprinkled over with a few nettles—to these persons, what way of becoming happy *here* can I possibly point out? My *second* merely; and that is as follows: to take a compound microscope, and with it to discover and convince themselves that their drop of Burgundy is properly a Red Sea, that butterfly dust is peacock feathers, moldiness a flowery field, and sand a heap of jewels. These microscopic recreations are more lasting than all costly watering-place recreations. But I must explain these metaphors by new ones. I may show to the whole Earth that we ought to value little joys more than great ones, the night-gown more than the dress-coat; that Plutus's heaps are worth less than his handfuls, the plum than the penny for a rainy day; and that not great but little good-haps can make us happy. Can I accomplish this, I shall, through means of my Book, bring up for Posterity a race of men finding refreshment in all things: in the warmth of their rooms and of their night-caps; in their pillows; in the three High Festivals; in Apostles' days; in the Evening Moral Tales of their wives, when these gentle persons have been forth as ambassadresses visiting some Dowager Residence, whither the husband could not be persuaded. . . . You perceive my drift is, that man must become a little Tailor-bird, which, not amid the crashing boughs of the storm-tossed, roaring, immeasurable tree of Life, but on one of its leaves, sews itself a nest together, and there lies snug. The most essential sermon one could preach to our century were a sermon on the duty of staying at home.

The *third* skyward road is the alternation between the

other two. The foregoing *second* way is not good enough for man, who here on Earth should take into his hand not the Sickle only, but also the Plow. The *first* is too good for him. He has not always the force, like Rugendas, in the midst of the battle to compose Battle-pieces; and, like Backhuisen in the Shipwreck, to clutch at no board but the drawing-board to paint it on. And then his pains are not less lasting than his fatigues. Still oftener is Strength denied its Arena; it is but the smallest portion of life that, to a working soul, offers Alps, Revolutions, Rhine-falls, Worms Diets, and wars with Xerxes; and for the whole it is better so; the longer portion of life is a field beaten flat as a thrashing-floor, without lofty Gothard Mountains; often it is a tedious ice-field, without a single glacier tinged with dawn. But even by walking a man rests and recovers himself for climbing; by little joys and duties, for great. The victorious dictator must contrive to plow down his battle-field into a flax and carrot field; to transform his theater of war into a parlor theater, on which his children may enact some good pieces from "The Children's Friend." Can he accomplish this, can he turn so softly from the path of poetical happiness into that of household happiness, then is he little different from myself, who even now, though modesty might forbid me to disclose it—who even now, I say, amid the creation of this Letter, have been enabled to reflect that, when it is done, so also will the Roses and Elderberries of pastry be done, which a sure hand is seething in butter for the Author of this Work.

MANNERS IN THE HOME

Good Manners

WHAT is Good Society? What constitutes Good Manners? How happens it that the elegance of one age becomes the vulgarity of the next? From immemorial time the human family has been divided into two sections—the Polite and the Vulgar. Whence arose that broad distinction? What was the primitive definition of Politeness? Who first discovered the possibilities of Vulgarity? How may both be resolved into their first elements? These are questions which have of late engaged the serious attention of the learned. They are questions by no means trivial—by no means unessential to the student of history. We might even go further than this, and say that neither the history of mankind in general nor the history of any one nation in particular, can be duly understood and appreciated without a much fuller knowledge of the rise and progress of manners and customs than has hitherto been deemed necessary by historians or students.

It would seem that good manners were originally the mere expression of submission from the weaker to the stronger. In a rude state of society every salutation is to this day an act of worship. Hence the commonest acts, phrases, and signs of courtesy with which we are now familiar, date from those earlier stages of our life as a nation when the strong hand ruled, and the inferior demonstrated his allegiance by studied servility. Let us take for example the words "Sir" and "Madam." "Sir," once in use among equals, but now only proper on the lips of inferiors, is derived from Seigneur, Sieur, Sire, and originally meant Lord, King, Ruler, and, in its patriarchal sense, Father. The title of Sire was last borne by some of the ancient

feudal families of France who, as Selden has said, "affected rather to be styled by the name of Sire than Baron, as Le Sire de Montmorenci and the like."

Madam, or Madame, corrupted into "Ma'am," and by Mrs. Gamp and her tribe into "Mum," is in substance equivalent to "Your exalted," or "Your Highness"—*Ma Dame* originally meaning high born or stately, and being applied only to ladies of the highest rank.

To turn to our everyday forms of salutation. We take off our hats on meeting an acquaintance. We bow on being introduced to strangers. We rise when visitors enter our drawing-room. We wave our hand to our friend as he passes the window, or drives away from our door. The Oriental, in like manner, leaves his shoes on the threshold when he pays a visit. The natives of the Tonga Islands kiss the soles of a chieftain's feet. The Siberian peasant grovels in the dust before a Russian noble. Each of these acts has a primary, a historical significance. The very word "salutation," in the first place, derived as it is from *salutatio*, the daily homage paid by a Roman client to his patron, suggests in itself a history of manners. To bare the head was originally an act of submission to gods and rulers. A bow is a modified prostration. A lady's courtesy is a modified genuflection. Rising and standing are acts of homage; and when we wave our hand to the friend on the opposite side of the street, we are unconsciously imitating the Romans who, as Selden tells us, used to stand "somewhat off before the Images of their Gods, solemnly moving the right hand to the lips and casting it, as if they had cast kisses."

Again, men remove the glove when they shake hands with a lady—a custom evidently of feudal origin The knight removed his iron gauntlet, the pressure of which would have been all too harsh for the palm of a fair *châtelaine*, and the custom which began in necessity has traveled down to us as a point of etiquette.

How are we to define that unmistakable something, as subtle as an essence, that makes a gentleman or a gentlewoman? May good breeding be acquired as an art? and if so, where are we to seek the best professors? Who does not wish

to give his children, above all other accomplishments, that inestimable branch of education, the Manners of Good Society? What is learning, what are abilities, what are personal attractions, what is wealth, without this one supreme essential? A man may know as many languages as Mezzofanti, may have made scientific discoveries greater than those of Herschel or Darwin, may be as rich as a Rothschild, as brave as a Napier, yet if he has a habit of hesitating over his words, or twisting his limbs, of twiddling his thumbs, of laughing boisterously, of doing or saying awkward trifles, of what account is he in society? So likewise of a woman. Though she were fair as Helen, skilled in all modern accomplishments, well dressed, good-natured, generous, yet if her voice were over loud, or her manner too confident; above all, if she were to put her knife in her mouth at dinner; who would think of her beauty, or her accomplishments, or her fine clothes? Who would invite her? Who would tolerate her?

But we would by no means be understood to say that these mere outward observances constitute the essence of good manners. Neither gestures, nor tones, nor habits, can be accepted as infallible signs of good or ill breeding. Thumb-twiddling, and lolling, and knife-swallowing, are terrible habits enough, and would be, of course, sufficient to exclude any man or woman who practiced them from the precincts of good society; not only because they are in themselves offensive, but because they would point to foregone associations of a vulgar kind; but they do not of necessity prove that the primary essentials of good manners—the foundation, so to speak, upon which the edifice of good manners should be built—is wanting in those unfortunate persons who are guilty of the offenses in question. That foundation, that primary essential, is goodness—innate goodness, innate gentleness, innate unselfishness. Upon these qualities, and these alone, are based all these observances and customs which we class together under the head of good manners. And these good manners, be it remembered, do not merely consist in the art of bowing gracefully, of entering a room well, of talking easily, of being *au courant* with all the minor habits of the best society. A man may have all this,

know all this, and yet, if he be selfish, or ill-natured, or untruthful, fail altogether of being a true gentleman. Good manners are far, indeed, from being the outward evidences of mere training and discipline. They are the kindly fruits of a refined nature. As just and elevated thoughts expressed in choice language are the index of a highly trained and well-regulated mind, so does every act, however unimportant, and every gesture, however insignificant, reveal the kindly, considerate, modest, loyal nature of the true gentleman and the true lady. Hear what Ruskin has to say of the characteristics of the true gentleman:—

"A gentleman's first characteristic is that fineness of structure in the body which renders it capable of the most delicate sensation, *and of that structure in the mind which renders it capable of the most delicate sympathies*—one may say, simply, 'fineness of nature.' This is, of course, compatible with heroic bodily strength and mental firmness; in fact, heroic strength is not conceivable without such delicacy. Elephantine strength may drive its way through a forest and feel no touch of the boughs; but the white skin of Homer's Atrides would have felt a bent rose-leaf, yet subdue its feelings in glow of battle, and behave itself like iron. I do not mean to call an elephant a vulgar animal; but if you think about him carefully, you will find that his non-vulgarity consists in such gentleness as is possible to elephantine nature; not in his insensitive hide, nor in his clumsy foot, but in the way he will lift his foot if a child lies in his way; and in his sensitive trunk, and still more sensitive mind, and capability of pique on points of honor. Hence it will follow, that one of the probable signs of high breeding in men generally will be their kindness and mercifulness; these always indicating more or less firmness of make in the mind."

It is impossible, however, in a work like the present, to touch other than incidentally on the grand moral substratum underlying all true refinement—as impossible as it would be to write earnestly upon the subject of good manners without touching upon it at all. For manners and morals are indissolubly allied, and he who undertakes to discourse of the one can never, in his own mind, lose sight of the other.

To return, however, to this question of good feeling and good manners. Just as it may be shown that every form of salutation takes its origin either in some religious observances or some curious medieval ceremony, so may it also be shown that the simplest rules of etiquette are traceable, in their essence, to that unselfishness of nature, and that kindly consideration for others, which Ruskin, as we have just seen, defines as "fineness of nature," and adduces as the touchstone of genuine breeding. To listen with patience, however prosy our entertainer may be; to smile at the thrice-told jest; to yield the best seat, or the choicest dish, or the most amusing volume, are acts, not of mere civility, but of kindness and unselfishness. So of every other prescribed rule of social conduct—so of that abstinence from interruption or contradiction in conversation; of that suppression of a yawn; of that cheerful countenance concealing inward anxiety or weariness; of those perpetual endeavors to please and to seem pleased, which end by becoming a second nature to the really well-bred person. Analyze each one of these acts, and it resolves itself into a concession toward the feelings, the vanity, or the comfort of others. Its essence is unselfishness. Its animating spirit is forbearance. The proposition is demonstrable by a process of reversal. If goodness be the parent of politeness, is not badness the parent of vulgarity? Is not bad temper vulgar? Is not selfishness vulgar? Is not scandal vulgar? Are not greediness, egotism, inquisitiveness, prevarication, lying, and dishonesty, one and all, utterly vulgar? In a word, is not vice vulgar?

If, then, we desire that our children shall become ladies and gentlemen, can we make them so, think you, by lavishing money upon foreign professors, dancing masters, continental tours, tailors, and dressmakers? Ah, no! good breeding is far less costly, and begins far earlier than those things. Let our little ones be nurtured in an atmosphere of gentleness and kindness from the nursery upward; let them grow up in a home where a rude gesture or an ill-tempered word are alike unknown; where between father and mother, master and servant, mistress and maid, friend and friend, parent and child, prevails the law of truth, of kindness, of consideration for

others, and forgetfulness of self. Can they carry into the world, whither we send them later, aught of coarseness, of untruthfulness, of slatternliness, of vulgarity, if their home has been orderly, if their parents have been refined, their servants well-mannered, their friends and playmates kind and carefully trained as themselves? Do we want our boys to succeed in the world; our girls to be admired and loved; their tastes to be elegant; their language choice; their manners simple, charming, graceful; their friendships elevating?—then we must ourselves be what we would have our children to be, remembering the golden maxim, that good manners, like charity, must begin at home.

Good manners are an immense social force. We should therefore spare no pains to teach our children what to do, and what to avoid doing, in their pathway through life. "When we reflect," says Emerson, "how manners recommend, prepare, and draw people together; how, in all clubs, manners make the members; how manners make the fortune of the ambitious youth; that, for the most part, his manners marry him, and, for the most part, he marries manners; when we think what keys they are, and to what secrets; what high lessons and inspiring tokens of character they convey; and what divination is required in us for the reading of this fine telegraph, we see what range the subject has, and what relations to convenience, form, and beauty." Again the same writer says, "The maxim of courts is power. A calm and resolute bearing, a polished speech, an embellishment of trifles, and the art of hiding all uncomfortable feelings, are essential to the courtier. Manners impress, as they indicate real power. A man who is sure of his point carries a broad and contented expression, which everybody reads; and you cannot rightly train to an air and manner, except by making him the kind of man of whom that manner is the natural expression. Nature forever puts a premium on reality."

On utilitarian as well as social principles, we should try to instruct our children in good manners; for whether we wish them to succeed in the world or to adorn society, the point is equally important. We must never lose sight of the fact that

here teachers and professors can do little, and that the only way in which it is possible to acquire the habits of good society is to live in no other.

"A blockhead makes a blockhead his companion," says the writer last quoted; and so will a little leaven of vulgarity leaven the whole social lump. No habit is so easily acquired as a habit of awkward gesticulation; no slovenliness so insidious as that of incorrect speech. He who wishes to be a gentleman must associate only with those whose tastes and habits are gentlemanly, and whose language is refined.

Manner is only to be defined by a series of negations. The well-bred person has no manner. The well-bred person is distinguished from the ill-bred person, not by what he does, but by what he leaves undone. The well-bred person just differs from the ill-bred person in that he knows what he ought not to do. The very best breeding consists chiefly in the utmost unobtrusiveness. To be well bred and well mannered, in short, is to keep down the *ego* upon every occasion; to control every expression of strong feeling; to be of noiseless bearing and gentle speech; to abstain from all that may hurt the feelings or prejudices of others; to make small sacrifices without seeming to make them; in a word, to remember that in society one lives for others and not for oneself.

But politeness is not like a robe of state, to be worn only upon occasions of ceremony. In no place do the laws of etiquette bear more gratifying results than in the home circle, where, stripped of their mere formality, tempered with love, and fostered by all kindly impulses, they improve the character and bear their choicest fruits. A true gentlewoman will show as much courtesy, and observe all the little duties of politeness as unfailingly, toward her parents, husband, and family as toward the greatest strangers. A true gentleman will never forget that if he is bound to exercise courtesy and kindness in his intercourse with the world, he is doubly bound to do so in his intercourse with those who depend upon him for advice, protection, and example.

Etiquette may be defined as the minor morality of life. No observances, however minute, that tend to spare the feelings of

others, can be classed under the head of trivialities; and politeness, which is but another name for general amiability, will oil the creaking wheels of life more effectually than any of those unguents supplied by mere wealth or station.

Etiquette is not politeness, but only the mere external vesture of it; too often the mere counterfeit. True politeness is the outward visible sign of those inward spiritual graces called modesty, unselfishness, generosity. The manners of a gentleman are the index of his soul. His speech is innocent, because his life is pure; his thoughts are direct, because his actions are upright; his bearing is gentle, because his blood, and his impulses, and his training, are gentle also. A true gentleman is entirely free from every kind of pretense. He avoids homage, instead of exacting it. Mere ceremonies have no attraction for him. He seeks not to say civil things, but to do them. His hospitality, though hearty and sincere, will be strictly regulated by his means. His friends will be chosen for their good qualities and good manners; his servants, for their truthfulness and honesty; his occupations for their usefulness, or their gracefulness, or their elevating tendencies, whether moral, or mental, or political. And so we come round again to our first maxim; i.e., that "good manners are the kindly fruit of a refined nature."

And if this be true of mankind, how still more true is it of womankind! Granted that truthfulness, gracefulness, considerateness, unselfishness, are essential to the breeding of a true gentleman, how infinitely essential must they not be to the breeding of a true lady! That her tact should be even readier, her sympathies even tenderer, her instincts even finer, than those of the man, seems only fit and natural. In her, politeness, *prévoyance*, and all the minor observances of etiquette, are absolutely indispensable. She must be even more upon her guard than a man in all those niceties of speech, look, and manner, which are the especial and indispensable credentials of good breeding. Every little drawing-room ceremonial, all the laws of precedence, the whole etiquette of hospitality, must be familiar to her. And even in these points, artificial though they be, her best guide, after all, is that kindness of heart

which gives honor where honor is due, and which is ever anxious to spare the feelings and prejudices of others.

Every mistress of a house, be it remembered, is a minor sovereign, upon whose bounty the comfort, and happiness, and refinement of her little court depend. She must take especial care that her servants are capable, well trained, and reliable, and that her domestic arrangements are carried on as noiselessly and easily as if by machinery. In a well-ordered household the machinery is always in order, and always works out of sight. No well-bred woman talks of her servants, of her dinner arrangements, or of the affairs of her nursery. One feels these matters to be under her surveillance, and that fact alone is a guarantee of their good management. The amusements and comforts of her guests are provided for without discussion or comment; and whatever goes wrong is studiously withheld from the conversation of the drawing-room. And let no lady, however young, however beautiful, however gifted, for one moment imagine that the management of her house can be neglected with impunity. If she is rich enough to provide an efficient housekeeper, well and good; but even so, the final responsibility must still rest upon her, and her alone. No tastes, no pleasures, must stand in the way of this important duty; and if even that duty should at first seem irksome, the fulfillment of it is sure to bring its own reward.

Good manners of course presuppose good education. "Crabbed age and youth" are as incompatible associates as ignorance and high breeding. Let, therefore, those persons who from adverse circumstances have not run through the ordinary curriculum of a liberal education early in life, begin the reformation of their manners by the cultivation of their minds. Some knowledge of ancient and modern history, of the progress of English literature, and of the current affairs of our own time, is indispensable to even the most ordinary conversationists. Next in importance comes a familiar acquaintance with the French and German languages. Nor is mere knowledge of much value, unless the taste be equally cultivated. Some familiarity with the best schools of art and music is now made not only possible but easy to persons of all classes. Mu-

seums, schools of art, reading rooms, lecture halls, loan exhibitions, and the like have of late years placed such means of culture as were unattainable by gentlemen and nobles of a hundred years ago within reach of the humblest mechanic. If knowledge is power, taste, be it remembered, is delight. Without taste, knowledge becomes mere pedantry, and study remains to the last unfruitful and unattractive.

How to Entertain a Guest

By SUSAN ANNA BROWN

HINTS are sometimes given to those who wish to be agreeable guests. It seems hardly fair that these should have all the advice, since there are some people whom you enjoy receiving in your own house, who do not know exactly how to manage matters when they have company at their own houses.

Now we will have a little talk on the other side of this question of entertainment, and will speak of those frequent occasions when, as Dr. Holmes says:—

"The visitor becomes the visitee."

There are some people who seem to consider that the obligation is all over when the guest has arrived; but, in reality, it has just begun. You are responsible in some degree for the happiness of your visitors from the time they enter your house until they leave it.

Young girls who have no household cares should feel this obligation especially, but some who do feel it do not know how to make their visitors happy and at ease, and so are uncomfortable all the time they stay, and because they feel that they do not succeed, become discouraged, and at last stop trying. Indeed, there is nothing more discouraging than to feel that you ought to do a thing, and not know exactly how or where to begin; but a few words of help, carefully remembered, may give one a wonderful start in the right direction, so here they are, for those of you who are looking forward to receiving visits from your young friends, with a sort of dread lest they may not have what they call "a good time."

It is not in the finest houses, or in the gayest places, that guests always enjoy themselves the most. You must have something better than elegant rooms, or all the sights and sounds of a big city, to make your home attractive and pleasant. It is a very low grade of hospitality which trusts in good dinners and fine houses alone. It must be a more subtle charm than either of these which will make your house a home to your friends.

All who have ever made visits themselves know this to be true. A cordial welcome, a readiness to oblige, a kind thoughtfulness of the pleasure of others instead of your own, are three golden rules for a hostess to remember. Let us look at some of the smaller details.

In the first place, have the guest's room in readiness beforehand, so as not to be constantly supplying deficiencies after she comes. Put a few interesting books on the table, and writing materials, if it be only a common pencil, pen, and inkbottle, with a few sheets of paper.

Try to make the room show your guest that she was expected, and that her coming was looked forward to with pleasure.

A few flowers on the bureau, an easy-chair by the pleasantest window—these are some of the little touches which make the plainest room seem homelike.

If your visitors are strangers, or unaccustomed to traveling, try to meet them at the station, or to send some one for them. The sight of a familiar face among the crowd takes away that first homesick feeling which comes to young people as, tired and travel-worn, they step from the boat or cars into the sights and sounds of a strange place. When your friend is once established in the guest chamber, remember that it becomes her castle, and is as much her own as if she was at home; so do not be running in and out too familiarly without an invitation. Let her feel that when you go there the order of things is reversed, and that then you are the guest and she is the hostess.

Let the pleasures which you choose for her entertainment be of a kind which you are sure she will enjoy. It is no kind-

ness to insist on taking a nervous, timid girl on a fast drive, or out rowing if she is afraid of the water, under the impression that visitors must be taken somewhere, when all the time she is wishing she was on solid ground.

Do not invite people unaccustomed to walking to go on long tramps in the woods, and imagine that because it is easy and pleasant for you it must be so for them, nor take those who are longing for music to see pictures instead, while you are boring the picture-lovers, who may care nothing for music, with concerts. A little ingenuity and observation will give you enough knowledge of your friend's real taste to prevent you from making these mistakes; and, indeed, there will be little danger of your doing this if you keep in mind that the kindest thing you can do is to let guests enjoy themselves in their own way, instead of insisting that they shall enjoy themselves in yours. If they are fond of books, let them read in peace. I once heard a lady, who thinks herself hospitable, say to a young friend who was looking over a book which lay on the table, "If you want to read that book I will lend it to you to take home, but while you are here I want you to visit with me."

Let your friends alone, now and then, and do not make them feel that you are constantly watching over them. Some people, in trying to be polite, keep their guests in continual unrest. The moment one is comfortably seated, they insist that she shall get up and take a chair which they consider more easy. If she sits in the center of the room, they are sure she cannot see: and if she happens to be by a window, they are afraid the light will hurt her eyes.

There is no place where this is more uncomfortable than at the table. An entire visit is sometimes spoiled for a sensitive guest by having her friends say, from a mistaken kindness, "I am sorry you do not like what we have. Cannot we get you something that you will like better?" or, "How does it happen that you have no appetite?" in this way calling the attention of the whole family to her, and making her feel that they consider her difficult to please. You can get something different for her the next time, if you choose; but do not let her feel that you are too carefully watching her plate.

Do not make visitors feel obliged to account to you for all their comings and goings, or tire them by constant and obvious efforts to entertain them. Unless they are very stupid people, they will prefer to entertain themselves for a part of the time, even although you make them feel that your time is at their disposal whenever they want it. I heard two friends talking, not long ago, of a place where they were both in the habit of visiting.

"How pleasant it is at Mrs. Chauncey's!" said one. "If you want her to go anywhere with you, she always makes you feel that it is just the place where she wishes to go herself."

"Yes," replied the other, "she never makes a fuss over you, but acts as if you did not cause an extra step to be taken, so that you don't worry all the time for fear you are making trouble; and if you want her advice about anything you are doing, she is always ready to stop her own work and show you just what you want to know, and makes you feel as if she was doing it for her own pleasure instead of yours—so much nicer than the way some people have of acting as though you were a constant interruption."

If any excursion is planned, and for any reason you find that your friend will be really happier to stay at home, do not insist upon her going, or allow the party to be broken up on her account. If she would really enjoy more to have you go without her, do not insist upon remaining with her. A friend of mine suffered much by being obliged to go on a steamboat excursion with a cinder in her eye, because she found that her friends would not do as she wished, and leave her quietly at home, and so, finding that the pleasure of a whole party would be broken up, she endured the pain of going with them, when she might have passed the afternoon in comparative comfort at home.

In the same way, some people will insist upon going about on business with a guest, who would much prefer to go alone.

In regard to conversation, remember sweet George Herbert's rule:—

> "Entice all neatly to what they know best,
> For so thou dost thyself and him a pleasure."

Talk of the people and things which are most likely to interest those whom you wish to please. You would think it very rude to speak in a language which your visitors did not understand, and it is about the same thing to talk of matter in which they have no interest, and which they know nothing about. Every family has its sayings and jokes, which sound very funny to them, but unless they are explained they mean nothing to a stranger.

Do not ask many questions about your guest's personal affairs, since you are taking them at a great disadvantage when they are in your own house, as they will not like to refuse to answer. Be careful not to be too ready with advice about a visitor's dress. If she asks you what is most suitable to wear on any occasion, tell her frankly; but above all things do not say or do anything which shall indicate that you do think her clothes are not as pretty and fashionable as they ought to be. Sometimes a remark made with the kindest intentions will hurt a sensitive girl's feelings. Those of you who have read "The Diary of Mrs. Kitty Trevelyan" will remember how the little country cousin felt when she saw Evelyn smile at the dresses which had been made with so much care. I once heard a lady speaking of her girlhood, when she made her first visit away from the farm where she had always lived. She said, as she looked back upon it, she always wondered at the kindness of the friends who received her cordially, and took her about with them cheerfully, when her dress was such as to make her laugh heartily at the mere recollection of it.

Before your guest comes, tell your young friends of her expected visit, and ask them to come and see her, and if you invite company to meet her, do it as soon as convenient after she comes, that she may not feel that she is among strangers during the most of her visit. Western people coming East often think they do not receive a very cordial reception, because they meet so few people. A lady remarked to me quite recently that she did not know whether the friends she had been visiting were ashamed of her appearance, or of the appearance of their own neighbors. She concluded it must have been one or the other, as no pains had been taken to have them meet each other.

Do not ask visitors what you shall do to entertain them. That is your business, and you should not be so indolent as to shift it from your own shoulders to theirs. There may be many things which they would enjoy that they will hardly venture to suggest. Try and have a pleasant plan for every day. It will require thought and care on your part, but it is worth while. I do not mean that you must be constantly taking them to some great entertainment. This is only possible to a few of you. In the most quiet country village some little visit or excursion may be easily found, if it is nothing more than a game of croquet with some pleasant girls, or an interesting story read aloud. Do not make the mistake of thinking that because things are old and dull to you, they are so to every one else. To the city girl, who goes weary and worn-out from the dust and heat of brick walls and pavements, the pleasant stroll in the woods, which is too familiar to please you, may be a fresh delight. So, to the one who has passed all her life among green fields, the sights and sounds of a city may be a great pleasure, even though it may not seem possible to those who are tired of them.

It is surprising how many things there are to see, in any locality, if one will only take the trouble to find them; and the hope of making a visit pleasant to a friend is a good incentive to help one in the search.

If you cannot give your young visitor any elaborate and expensive pleasures, do not be discouraged. The sight of a brilliant sunset from some neighboring hill; a walk down Broadway; the inside of a great factory, where the throbbing looms are full of interest to stranger eyes—if you have no more wonderful sights than these to show, these are enough.

> "Who does the best his circumstance allows,
> Does well, acts nobly. Angels can no more."

Do not think it necessary to insist upon riding with your friends, if there is not room enough for you without crowding the others. I knew a lady who turned to her sister, who was visiting her, when but one seat in the carriage was left, and said: "Shall you stay at home, or I?" The guest replied that

she was willing to give up, if necessary; whereupon the hostess handed her the baby and drove off, although she knew that her sister had particular reasons for wishing to go with the rest. This is almost too bad to tell of, even though it is true; but it exactly illustrates how selfishness in trifles may grow upon one unconsciously, until it becomes a controlling power. This fault has been rightly called "the taproot of all other sins," and is the greatest difficulty we have to overcome in acquiring habits of uniform courtesy and consideration for others.

Do not urge your guests to extend their visits, after they have clearly explained to you that the time has come for them to go, and that it is inconvenient for them to stay longer. Let the subject drop, merely letting them know that you are sorry to part with them. Do not convey the impression that you think you can judge better than they can of their own affairs, by constantly teasing them to stay, and saying that you are sure they could do so if they pleased:—

> "For still we hold old Homer's rule the best,
> Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest."

MANNERS IN THE HOME

An Agreeable Guest

By SUSAN ANNA BROWN

THE longest visit that we read of in modern days was one which Dr. Isaac Watts made at Lord Abney's, in the Isle of Wight. He went to spend a fortnight, but they made him so happy that he remained a beloved and honored guest for *forty years.*

Few of us would care to make so long a visit as that, but it might be worth the while for us all to try to learn the secret of making ourselves agreeable and welcome guests. To have "a nice time" when one is visiting is delightful, but to leave behind us a pleasant impression is worth a great deal more.

An agreeable guest is a title which any one may be proud to deserve. A great many people, with the best intentions and the kindest hearts, never receive it, simply because they have never considered the subject, and really do not know how to make their stay in another person's home a pleasure instead of an inconvenience. If you are one of these thoughtless ones, you may be sure that, although your friends are glad to see you happy, and may enjoy your visit on that account, your departure will be followed with a sigh of relief, as the family settle down to their usual occupations, saying, if not thinking, that they are glad the visit is over.

A great many different qualities and habits go to make up the character of one whom people are always glad to see, and these last must be proved while we are young, if we expect to wear them gracefully. A young person whose presence in the house is an inconvenience and a weariness at fifteen, is seldom a welcome visitor in after life.

The two most important characteristics of a guest are tact and observation, and these will lead you to notice and do just what will give pleasure to your friends in their different opinions and ways of living. Apply in its best sense the maxim, "When you are in Rome, do as the Romans do."

Unless you have some good reason for not doing so, let your friends know the day, and, if possible, the hour when you expect to arrive. Surprises are very well in their way, but there are few households in which it is quite convenient to have a friend drop in without warning for a protracted visit. If they know that you are coming, they will have the pleasure of preparing for you and looking forward to your arrival, and you will not feel that you are disturbing any previous arrangements which they have made for the day.

Let your friends know, if possible, soon after you arrive, about how long you mean to stay with them, as they might not like to ask the question, and would still find it convenient to know whether your visit is to have a duration of three days or three weeks. Take with you some work that you have already begun, or some book that you are reading, that you may be agreeably employed when your hostess is engaged with her own affairs, and not be sitting about idle, as if waiting to be entertained, when her time is necessarily taken up with something else. Make her feel that, for a small part at least of every day, no one needs to have any responsibility about amusing you.

A lady who is charming as a guest and as a hostess once said to me: "I never take a nap in the afternoon when I am at home, but I do when I am visiting, because I know what a relief it has sometimes been to me to have company lie down for a little while, after dinner."

Try, without being too familiar, to make yourself so much like one of the family that no one shall feel you to be in the way; and, at the same time, be observant of those small courtesies and kindnesses which all together make up what the world agrees to call good manners.

Regulate your hours of rising and retiring by the customs of the house. Do not keep your friends sitting up until later

than usual, and do not be roaming about the house an hour or two before breakfast. If you choose to rise at an early hour, remain in your own room until near breakfast time, unless you are very sure that your presence in the parlor will not be unwelcome. Write in large letters, in a prominent place in your mind, "BE PUNCTUAL." A visitor has no excuse for keeping a whole family waiting, and it is unpardonable negligence not to be prompt at the table. Here is a place to test good manners, and any manifestation of ill-breeding here will be noticed and remembered. Do not be too ready to express your likes and dislikes for the various dishes before you. The wife of a certain United States senator, once visiting acquaintances at some distance from her native wilds, made a lasting impression upon the family by remarking at the breakfast table that "she should starve before she would eat mush," and that she "never heard of cooking mutton before she came East."

If you are tempted to go to the other extreme, and sacrifice truth to politeness, read Mrs. Opie's "Tale of Potted Sprats," and you will not be likely to be insincere again.

It is well to remember that some things which seem of very little importance to you may make an unpleasant impression upon others, in consequence of a difference in early training. The other day, two young ladies were heard discussing a gentleman who had a great many pleasant qualities. "Yes," said one, "he *is* very handsome, but he *does* eat pie with his knife." Take care that no trifle of that kind is recalled when people are speaking of you.

Keep your own room in order, and do not scatter your belongings all over the house. If your friends are orderly, it will annoy them to see your things out of place; and if they are not, their own disorder will be enough without adding yours.

Make up your mind to be entertained with what is designed to entertain you. If your friends invite you to join them in an excursion, express your pleasure and readiness to go, and do not act as though you were conferring a favor instead of receiving one. No visitors are so wearisome as those who do not meet half way whatever proposals are made for their pleasure. Be contented to amuse yourself quietly in the house, or to join

in any outside gayeties to which you are invited, and show by your manner that you enjoy both.

If games are proposed, do not say that you will not play, or "would rather look on"; but join with the rest, and do the best you can. Never let a foolish feeling of pride, lest you should not make so good an appearance as the others, prevent your trying.

If you are not skillful, you will at least show that you are good-natured, and that you do not think yourself modest when you are only proud.

If you have any skill in head or fingers, you will never have a better time to use it than when you are visiting; only, whatever you do, do well, and do not urge your offers of assistance after you see that it is not really desired. Mrs. Poyser, who is one of George Eliot's best characters, says: "Folks as have no mind to be o' use have allays the luck to be out o' the road when there's anything to be done." If you do not find any place to be useful, you may be tolerably sure that it is your own fault.

I heard a gentleman say of a young lady whose small affectations were undergoing a sharp criticism: "Well, whatever you may say of her, she is certainly more ready to make herself useful than any other young lady who visits here. If I lose my glasses, or mislay the newspaper, or want a stitch taken, she is always ready." And I shall never forget the impression which a young lady made on me, as I saw her sit idly rocking backward and forward, complacently surveying the young friends she was visiting as they were hurrying to finish peeling a basket of peaches.

While visiting, remember that you meet many who are strangers to you, and do not seem to you especially attractive, but who may still be dear and valued friends of the family; and be cautious about making criticisms upon them. Be friendly and cordial toward those whom you meet, and try to show that you are ready to like them. Whatever peculiarities you may observe, either in the family or its guests, which strike you as amusing, be careful that you do not sin against the law of love by repeating little things to their disadvantage, which you have

found out while you were admitted to the sanctuary of the home.

Do not ask questions which people would rather not answer, and be careful not to speak of anything which will bring up painful recollections, or be likely to cause unpleasant forebodings. The old proverb expresses this in few words: "Never mention a rope in the family of a man who has been hanged."

If your own home is in any way better and handsomer than your friend's, do not say anything which may seem like making invidious comparisons, or allow them to see that you miss any of the conveniences to which you have been accustomed.

Be careful about making any unnecessary work for others, and do not ask even the servants to do for you anything which you ought to do for yourself. The family had their time filled up before you came, and, do what you will, you are an extra one, and will make some difference.

Provide yourself, before you leave home, with whatever small supplies you are likely to require, so that you need not be borrowing ink, pens, paper, envelopes, postage stamps, etc.

It may seem unnecessary to speak of the need of taking due care of the property of others, but having just seen a young lady leaning forward with both elbows upon the open pages of a handsome volume which was resting upon her knees, I venture to suggest that you do not leave any marred wall, or defaced book, or ink stains, or mark of a wet tumbler, to remind your friends of your visit long after it has ended.

Do not forget, when you go away, to express your appreciation of the kindness which has been shown you, and when you reach home inform your friends by letter of your safe arrival.

If you follow faithfully these few suggestions, you will probably be invited to go again; and if you do not thank me for telling you these plain truths, perhaps the friends whom you visit will be duly grateful.

MANNERS IN THE HOME

Lord Chesterfield's Maxims

LEARNING, honor, and virtue are absolutely necessary to gain you the esteem and admiration of mankind; politeness and good breeding are equally necessary, to make you welcome and agreeable in conversation, and common life. Great talents, such as honor, virtue, learning, and parts, are above the generality of the world; who neither possess them themselves, nor judge of them rightly in others: but all people are judges of the lesser talents, such as civility, affability, and an obliging, agreeable address and manner; because they feel the good effects of them, as making society easy and pleasing.

Rudeness and Civility

I dare say I need not tell you how rude it is, to take the best place in a room, or to seize immediately upon what you like at table, without offering first to help others; as if you considered nobody but yourself. On the contrary, you should always endeavor to procure all the conveniences you can to the people you are with. Besides being civil, which is absolutely necessary, the perfection of good breeding is, to be civil with ease, and in a gentlemanlike manner. For this, you should observe the French people; who excel in it, and whose politeness seems as easy and natural as any other part of their conversation. Whereas the English are often awkward in their civilities, and, when they mean to be civil, are too much ashamed to get it out.

Manner

However trifling a genteel manner may sound, it is of very great consequence toward pleasing in private life, especially

the women; whom, one time or other, you will think worth pleasing; and I have known many a man, from his awkwardness, give people such a dislike of him at first, that all his merit could not get the better of it afterward. Whereas a genteel manner prepossesses people in your favor, bends them toward you, and makes them wish to like you. Awkwardness can proceed but from two causes: either from not having kept good company, or from not having attended to it.

There is, likewise, an awkwardness of expression and words, most carefully to be avoided; such as false English, bad pronunciation, old sayings, and common proverbs; which are so many proofs of having kept bad and low company. For example: if, instead of saying that tastes are different, and that every man has his own peculiar one, you should let off a proverb, and say, that "What is one man's meat is another man's poison"; or else, "Every one as they like, as the good man said when he kissed his cow"; everybody would be persuaded that you had never kept company with anybody above footmen and housemaids.

Attention will do all this; and without attention nothing is to be done; want of attention, which is really want of thought, is either folly or madness. You should not only have attention to everything, but a quickness of attention, so as to observe, at once, all the people in the room; their motions, their looks, and their words; and yet without staring at them, and seeming to be an observer. This quick and unobserved observation is of infinite advantage in life, and is to be acquired with care; and, on the contrary, what is called absence, which is a thoughtlessness and want of attention about what is doing, makes a man so like either a fool or a madman, that, for my part, I see no real difference. A fool never has thought, a madman has lost it; and an absent man is, for the time, without it.

Letter Writing

Let your letter be written as accurately as you are able—I mean with regard to language, grammar, and stops; for as to the *matter* of it, the less trouble you give yourself the better it

will be. Letters should be easy and natural, and convey to the persons to whom we send them, just what we should say to the persons if we were with them.

Dancing Trifling

Dancing is in itself a very trifling, silly thing; but it is one of those established follies to which people of sense are sometimes obliged to conform; and then they should be able to do it well. And, though I would not have you a dancer, yet when you do dance, I would have you dance well, as I would have you do everything you do, well. There is no one thing so trifling, but which (if it is to be done at all) ought to be done well. And I have often told you, that I wished you even played at pitch, and cricket, better than any boy at Westminster. For instance: dress is a very foolish thing; and yet it is a very foolish thing for a man not to be well dressed, according to his rank and way of life; and it is so far from being a disparagement to any man's understanding, that it is rather a proof of it, to be as well dressed as those whom he lives with. The difference in this case between a man of sense and a fop is, that the fop values himself upon his dress, and the man of sense laughs at it, at the same time that he knows he must not neglect it. There are a thousand foolish customs of this kind, which not being criminal must be complied with, and even cheerfully, by men of sense. Diogenes the cynic was a wise man for despising them, but a fool for showing it. Be wiser than other people if you can, but do not tell them so.

Inattention

There is no surer sign in the world of a little, weak mind than inattention. Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well; and nothing can be done well without attention. It is the sure answer of a fool, when you ask him about anything that was said or done, where he was present, that "truly he did not mind it." And why did not the fool mind it? What had he else to do there, but to mind what was doing? A man of sense sees, hears, and retains everything that passes where

he is. I desire I may never hear you talk of not minding, nor complain, as most fools do, of a treacherous memory. Mind, not only what people say, but how they say it; and, if you have any sagacity, you may discover more truth by your eyes than by your ears. People can say what they will, but they cannot look what they will, and their looks frequently discover what their words are calculated to conceal. The most material knowledge of all—I mean the knowledge of the world—is not to be acquired without great attention.

The Well-Bred Man

feels himself firm and easy in all companies; is modest without being bashful, and steady without being impudent: if he is a stranger he observes, with care, the manners and ways of the people the most esteemed at that place, and conforms to them with complaisance. Instead of finding fault with the customs of that place, and telling the people that the English ones are a thousand times better (as my countrymen are very apt to do), he commends their table, their dress, their houses, and their manners, a little more, it may be, than he really thinks they deserve. But this degree of complaisance is neither criminal nor abject; and is but a small price to pay for the good will and affection of the people you converse with. As the generality of people are weak enough to be pleased with these little things, those who refuse to please them so cheaply are, in my mind, weaker than they.

World Knowledge

Do not imagine that the knowledge which I so much recommend to you is confined to books, pleasing, useful, and necessary as that knowledge is; but I comprehend in it the great knowledge of the world, still more necessary than that of books. In truth, they assist one another reciprocally; and no man will have either perfectly, who has not both. The knowledge of the world is only to be acquired in the world, and not in a closet. Books alone will never teach it you; but they will suggest many things to your observation, which might other-

wise escape you; and your own observations upon mankind, when compared with those which you will find in books, will help you to fix the true point.

One Thing at a Time

If at a ball, a supper, or a party of pleasure, a man were to be solving, in his own mind, a problem in Euclid, he would be a very bad companion, and make a very poor figure in that company; or if, in studying a problem in his closet, he were to think of a minuet, I am apt to believe that he would make a very poor mathematician. There is time enough for everything, in the course of the day, if you do but one thing at once; but there is not time enough in the year, if you will do two things at a time.

Personal Cleanliness

As you must attend to your manners, so you must not neglect your person; but take care to be very clean, well dressed, and genteel; to have no disagreeable attitudes, nor awkward tricks; which many people use themselves to, and then cannot leave them off. Do you take care to keep your teeth very clean, by washing them constantly every morning, and after every meal? This is very necessary, both to preserve your teeth a great while, and to save you a great deal of pain. Do you dress well, and not too well? Do you consider your air and manner of presenting yourself enough, and not too much? neither negligent nor stiff. All these things deserve a degree of care, a second-rate attention; they give an additional luster to real merit. My Lord Bacon says, that a pleasing figure is a perpetual letter of recommendation. It is certainly an agreeable forerunner of merit, and smooths the way for it.

Truth

Every man seeks for truth; but God only knows who has found it. It is, therefore, as unjust to persecute, as it is absurd to ridicule people for those several opinions, which they cannot help entertaining upon the conviction of their reason.

Good Breeding

Civility, which is a disposition to accommodate and oblige others, is essentially the same in every country; but good breeding, as it is called, which is the manner of exerting that disposition, is different in almost every country, and merely local; and every man of sense imitates and conforms to that local good breeding of the place which he is at. A conformity and flexibility of manners is necessary in the course of the world; that is, with regard to all things which are not wrong in themselves. The *versatile ingenium* is the most useful of all. It can turn itself instantly from one object to another, assuming the proper manner for each. It can be serious with the grave, cheerful with the gay, and trifling with the frivolous. Endeavor, by all means, to acquire this talent, for it is a very great one.

Self-Love

Do not let your vanity, and self-love, make you suppose that people become your friends at first sight, or even upon a short acquaintance. Real friendship is a slow grower; and never thrives, unless engrafted upon a stock of known and reciprocal merit. The next thing to the choice of your friends is the choice of your company. Endeavor, as much as you can, to keep company with people above you. There you rise, as much as you sink with people below you; for, as I mentioned before, you are whatever the company you keep is. Do not mistake, when I say company above you, and think that I mean with regard to their birth; that is the least consideration: but I mean with regard to their merit, and the light in which the world considers them.

Good Company

There are two sorts of good company: one consists of those people who have the lead in courts, and in the gay part of life; the other consists of those who are distinguished by some peculiar merit, or who excel in some particular and valuable art or science. For my own part, I used to think myself in company

as much above me, when I was with Mr. Addison and Mr. Pope, as if I had been with all the princes in Europe. What I mean by low company, which should by all means be avoided, is the company of those who, absolutely insignificant and contemptible in themselves, think they are honored by being in your company, and who flatter every vice and every folly you have, in order to engage you to converse with them. The pride of being the first of the company is but too common; but it is very silly, and very prejudicial. Nothing in the world lets down a character more than that wrong turn.

Value of Time

I knew, once, a very covetous, sordid fellow who used frequently to say, "Take care of the pence, for the pounds will take care of themselves." This was a just and sensible reflection in a miser. I recommend to you to take care of minutes; for hours will take care of themselves. I am very sure, that many people lose two or three hours every day by not taking care of the minutes. Never think any portion of time, whatsoever, too short to be employed; something or other may always be done in it.

Knowledge

Knowledge is a comfortable and necessary retreat and shelter for us in an advanced age; and if we do not plant it while young, it will give us no shade when we grow old.

Talent and Breeding

Remember always, what I have told you a thousand times, that all the talents in the world will want all their luster, and some part of their use, too, if they are not adorned with that easy good breeding, that engaging manner, and those graces, which prepossess people in your favor at first sight. A proper care of your person is by no means to be neglected; always extremely clean; upon proper occasions, fine. Your carriage genteel, and your motions graceful. Take particular care of

your manner and address, when you present yourself in company. Let them be respectful without meanness, easy without too much familiarity, genteel without affectation, and insinuating without any seeming art or design.

How "to Wear" Learning

Wear your learning like your watch, in a private pocket; and do not pull it out and strike it, merely to show that you have one. If you are asked what o'clock it is, tell it, but do not proclaim it hourly and unasked, like the watchman.

Method and Manner

The manner of doing things is often more important than the things themselves; and the very same thing may become either pleasing, or offensive, by the manner of saying or doing it.

Advantage of Manners

Manners, though the last, and it may be the least, ingredient of real merit, are, however, very far from being useless in its composition; they adorn, and give an additional force and luster to both virtue and knowledge. They prepare and smooth the way for the progress of both; and are, I fear with the bulk of mankind, more engaging than either. Remember, then, the infinite advantage of manners; cultivate and improve your own to the utmost: good sense will suggest the great rules to you, good company will do the rest.

Proper Carriage

Next to graceful speaking, a genteel carriage, and a graceful manner of presenting yourself, are extremely necessary, for they are extremely engaging; and carelessness in these points is much more unpardonable, in a young fellow, than affectation. It shows an offensive indifference about pleasing. Awkwardness of carriage is very alienating; and a total negligence of dress, and air, is an impertinent insult upon custom and fashion.

No One Contemptible

Be convinced that there are no persons so insignificant and inconsiderable, but may some time or other, and in something or other, have it in their power to be of use to you; which they certainly will not, if you have once shown them contempt.

Little Attentions

The constant practice of what the French call *les attentions* is a most necessary ingredient in the art of pleasing; they flatter the self-love of those to whom they are shown; they engage, they captivate, more than things of much greater importance. The duties of social life every man is obliged to discharge; but these attentions are voluntary acts, the free-will offerings of good breeding and good nature; they are received, remembered, and returned as such. Women, particularly, have a right to them; and any omission, in that respect, is downright ill breeding.

Contempt

Every man is not ambitious, or covetous, or passionate; but every man has pride enough in his composition to feel and resent the least slight and contempt. Remember, therefore, most carefully to conceal your contempt, however just, wherever you would not make an implacable enemy. Men are much more unwilling to have their weaknesses and their imperfections known, than their crimes; and, if you hint to a man, that you think him silly, ignorant, or even ill-bred, or awkward, he will hate you more and longer than if you tell him, plainly, that you think him a rogue. Never yield to that temptation, which, to most young men, is very strong, of exposing other people's weaknesses and infirmities, for the sake either of diverting the company, or of showing your own superiority. You may get the laugh on your side by it, for the present; but you will make enemies by it forever; and even those who laugh with you then will, upon reflection, fear, and consequently

hate you: besides that, it is ill-natured; and a good heart desires rather to conceal, than expose, other people's weaknesses or misfortunes. If you have wit, use it to please, and not to hurt: you may shine, like the sun in the temperate zones, without scorching.

Good Company

To keep good company, especially at your first setting out, is the way to receive good impressions. If you ask me what I mean by good company, I will confess to you, that it is pretty difficult to define; but I will endeavor to make you understand it as well as I can.

Good company is not what respective sets of company are pleased either to call or think themselves; but it is that company which all the people of the place call, and acknowledge to be, good company, notwithstanding some objections which they may form to some of the individuals who compose it. It consists chiefly (but by no means without exception) of people of family, rank, and character: for people of neither birth nor rank are frequently and very justly admitted into it, if distinguished by any peculiar merit, or eminency in any liberal art or science. Nay, so motley a thing is good company, that many people, without birth, rank, or merit, intrude into it by their own forwardness, and others slide into it by the protection of some considerable person; and some even of indifferent characters and morals make part of it. But in the main the good part preponderates, and people of infamous and blasted characters are never admitted. In this fashionable good company the best manners and the best language of the place are most unquestionably to be learnt; for they establish, and give the tone to both, which are therefore called the language and manners of good company; there being no legal tribunal to ascertain either.

A company consisting wholly of people of the first quality cannot, for that reason, be called good company, in the common acceptation of the phrase, unless they are, into the bargain, the fashionable and accredited company of the place; for people of the very first quality can be as silly, as ill bred, and as worth-

less, as people of the meanest degree. On the other hand, a company consisting entirely of people of very low condition, whatever their merit or parts may be, can never be called good company; and consequently should not be much frequented, though by no means despised.

A company wholly composed of men of learning, though greatly to be valued and respected, is not meant by the words *good company:* they cannot have the easy manners and *tournure* of the world, as they do not live in it. If you can bear your part well in such a company, it is extremely right to be in it sometimes, and you will be but more esteemed, in other companies, for having a place in that.

The company of professed wits and poets is extremely inviting to most young men; who if they have wit themselves, are pleased with it, and if they have none, are sillily proud of being one of it; but it should be frequented with moderation and judgment, and you should by no means give yourself up to it. A wit is a very unpopular denomination, as it carries terror along with it; and people in general are as much afraid of a live wit, in company, as a woman is of a gun, which she thinks may go off of itself, and do her a mischief. Their acquaintance is, however, worth seeking, and their company worth frequenting; but not exclusively of others, nor to such a degree as to be considered only as one of that particular set.

But the company which of all others you should most carefully avoid, is that low company which, in every sense of the word, is low indeed; low in rank, low in parts, low in manners, and low in merit.

Behavior

Imitate with discernment and judgment, the real perfections of the good company into which you may get; copy their politeness, their carriage, their address, and the easy and well-bred turn of their conversation; but remember, that, let them shine ever so bright, their vices, if they have any, are so many spots, which you would no more imitate than you would make an artificial wart upon your face, because some very handsome man

had the misfortune to have a natural one upon his; but, on the contrary, think how much handsomer he would have been without it.

TALKING

Talk often, but never long; in that case, if you do not please, at least you are sure not to tire your hearers. Pay your own reckoning, but do not treat the whole company; this being one of the very few cases in which people do not care to be treated, every one being fully convinced that he has wherewithal to pay.

Tell stories very seldom, and absolutely never but where they are very apt, and very short. Omit every circumstance that is not material, and beware of digressions. To have frequent recourse to narrative betrays great want of imagination.

Never hold anybody by the button, or the hand, in order to be heard out; for, if people are not willing to hear you, you had much better hold your tongue than them.

Most long talkers single out some one unfortunate man in company (commonly him whom they observe to be the most silent, or their next neighbor) to whisper, or at least, in a half voice, to convey a continuity of words to. This is excessively ill bred, and, in some degree, a fraud; conversation stock being a joint and common property. But, on the other hand, if one of these unmerciful talkers lays hold of you, hear him with patience (and at least seeming attention), if he is worth obliging; for nothing will oblige him more than a patient hearing, as nothing would hurt him more, than either to leave him in the midst of his discourse, or to discover your impatience under your affliction.

Take rather than give, the tone of the company you are in. If you have parts, you will show them, more or less, upon every subject; and if you have not, you had better talk sillily upon a subject of other people's than of your own choosing.

Avoid as much as you can, in mixed companies, argumentative, polemical conversations, which, though they should not, yet certainly do, indispose, for a time, the contending parties toward each other: and, if the controversy grows warm and

noisy, endeavor to put an end to it by some genteel levity or joke. I quieted such a conversation hubbub once, by representing to them that, though I was persuaded none there present would repeat, out of company, what passed in it, yet I could not answer for the discretion of the passengers in the street, who must necessarily hear all that was said.

Above all things, and upon all occasions, avoid speaking of yourself, if it be possible. Such is the natural pride and vanity of our hearts, that it perpetually breaks out, even in people of the best parts, in all the various modes and figures of the egotism.

Silly Vanity

This principle of vanity and pride is so strong in human nature, that it descends even to the lowest objects; and one often sees people angling for praise, where, admitting all they say to be true (which, by the way, it seldom is), no just praise is to be caught. One man affirms that he has rode post a hundred miles in six hours: probably it is a lie; but supposing it to be true, what then? Why he is a very good postboy, that is all. Another asserts, and probably not without oaths, that he has drunk six or eight bottles of wine at a sitting: out of charity I will believe him a liar; for, if I do not, I must think him a beast.

Keep Silent about Yourself

The only sure way of avoiding these evils is, never to speak of yourself at all. But when, historically, you are obliged to mention yourself, take care not to drop one single word that can directly or indirectly be construed as fishing for applause. Be your character what it will, it will be known; and nobody will take it upon your own word. Never imagine that anything you can say yourself will varnish your defects, or add luster to your perfections; but, on the contrary, it may, and nine times in ten will, make the former more glaring, and the latter obscure. If you are silent upon your own subject, neither envy, indignation, nor ridicule will obstruct or allay the applause which you may really deserve; but if you publish your own panegyric,

upon any occasion, or in any shape whatsoever, and however artfully dressed or disguised, they will all conspire against you, and you will be disappointed of the very end you aim at.

Scandal

Neither retail nor receive scandal, willingly, for though the defamation of others may, for the present, gratify the malignity of the pride of our hearts, cool reflection will draw very disadvantageous conclusions from such a disposition: and in the case of scandal, as in that of robbery, the receiver is always thought as bad as the thief.

Mimicry, which is the common and favorite amusement of little, low minds, is in the utmost contempt with great ones. It is the lowest and most illiberal of all buffoonery. Pray, neither practice it yourself, nor applaud it in others. Besides that, the person mimicked is insulted; and, as I have often observed to you before, an insult is never forgiven.

Lazy People

Many people lose a great deal of their time by laziness; they loll and yawn in a great chair, tell themselves that they have not time to begin anything then, and that it will do as well another time. This is a most unfortunate disposition, and the greatest obstruction to both knowledge and business. At your age, you have no right nor claim to laziness; I have, if I please, being *emeritus*. You are but just listed in the world, and must be active, diligent, indefatigable. If ever you propose commanding with dignity, you must serve up to it with diligence. Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.

System and Dispatch

These are the soul of business; and nothing contributes more to dispatch, than method. Lay down a method for everything, and stick to it inviolably, as far as unexpected incidents may allow. Fix one certain hour and day in the week

for your accounts, and keep them together in their proper order; by which means they will require very little time, and you can never be much cheated. Whatever letters and papers you keep, docket and tie them up in their respective classes, so that you may instantly have recourse to any one.

Method in Reading

Lay down a method for your reading, for which you allot a certain share of your mornings; let it be in a consistent and consecutive course, and not in that desultory and immethodical manner in which many people read scraps of different authors, upon different subjects. Keep a useful and short commonplace book of what you read, to help your memory only, and not for pedantic quotations. Never read history without having maps, and a chronological book, or tables, lying by you, and constantly recurred to; without which history is only a confused heap of facts. One method more I recommend to you, by which I have found great benefit, even in the most dissipated part of my life; that is, to rise early and at the same hour every morning, how late soever you may have sat up the night before. This secures you an hour or two, at least, of reading or reflection, before the common interruptions of the morning begin; and it will save your constitution, by forcing you to go to bed early, at least one night in three.

MANNERS IN THE HOME

General Hints

ALL egotism must be banished from the drawing-room. The person who makes his family, his wealth, his affairs, or his hobby the topic of conversation, is not only a bore, but a violator of charity and good taste. We meet in society, not to make a display of ourselves, but to give and take as much rational entertainment as our own accomplishments and those of others can afford. He who engrosses the conversation is as unpardonably selfish as he who allows his neighbor no elbow room.

The drawing-room is not a monarchy but a republic, where the rights of all are equal. Very young people should never be neglected. If we wish our sons and daughters to possess easy, polished manners, and fair powers of expressing themselves, we should treat them politely and kindly, and lead them to take an interest in whatever conversation may be going on. Neither must we bring our gloomy moods or irritable temper with us when we enter society. To look pleasant is a duty we owe to others. One is bound to listen with the appearance of interest to even the most inveterate proser who fastens upon us in society; to smile at a twice-told tale; and, in short, to make such minor sacrifices of sincerity, as good manners and good feeling demand.

Awkwardness of attitude does one the same ill service as awkwardness of speech. Lolling, gesticulating, fidgeting, and the like, give an air of *gaucherie*, and, so to say, take off a certain percentage from the respect of others. A lady who sits cross-legged, or sideways on her chair, who has a habit of holding her chin, or twirling her watch chain—a man who sets

across his chair, or bites his nails, or nurses his leg—manifests an unmistakable want of good breeding. Both should be quiet, easy, and graceful in their carriage; the man, of course, being allowed somewhat more freedom than the lady.

If an object is to be indicated, you must move the whole hand, or the head, but never point with the finger.

Coughing, sneezing, clearing the throat, etc., if done at all, must be done quietly. Sniffing, snuffling, expectorating, must never be performed in society under any consideration.

The breath should be kept sweet and pure by refraining from onions or anything of equally strong flavor; and no gentleman ought to enter the presence of ladies smelling of tobacco.

Physical education is indispensable to every well-bred man and woman. A gentleman should not only know how to fence, to box, to ride, to shoot, to swim, and to play at billiards; he must also know how to dance, to walk, and to carry himself. A good carriage is only attained by the help of a drilling master, and boxing must also be scientifically taught. The power to deliver a good scientific blow may be of inestimable value under certain extreme circumstances; though of course no gentleman would willingly resort to so strong a measure. A man, however, may be attacked by garroters; or may come upon some ruffian insulting a woman in the streets; and in such cases a blow settles the matter. "To knock a man down," it has been said, "is never good manners, but there is a way of doing it gracefully." Indignation should never be manifested in words. Defend yourself, or the person whose champion you are, without vituperation. But *be* able to defend yourself upon any occasion.

What fencing and drilling are to a man, dancing and calisthenic exercises are to a young woman. Every lady should know how to dance, whether she intends to dance in society or not; and the better her physical training, the more graceful she will be. Swimming, skating, archery, riding, and driving, all help to strengthen the muscles, and are therefore desirable. The subject, indeed, is one that cannot be too much insisted upon by educational reformers. Decorum is a word that has almost fallen into discredit, and yet its primitive meaning is

one we would do well to understand. "Decorum," says a French writer, "is nothing less than the respect of oneself and of others brought to bear upon every circumstance of life." In all our relations with our fellow-men, whether social or domestic, anything approaching to coarseness, undue familiarity, or levity of conduct, is prolific of evil, especially in the married state, where happiness hinges upon mutual respect. As the Vestal virgins of Rome were intrusted with the care of that sacred fire which was never to burn low, and never to be allowed to go out, so are our wives and mothers charged with the no less sacred worship of decorum. No amount of wealth, no amount of generosity, no amount of good management, can make a household respected where the spirit is wanting. The tone of vulgarity infects alike the nursery, the kitchen, and the drawing-room, and is carried with us like a contagion wherever we go. A woman exercises so much influence in her home, that the power of banishing an evil element rests chiefly with the wife, the mother, or the daughters of the family. If they are uniformly refined and modest in word and act; if they reprove every approach to lightness of conduct or indelicacy of speech; if they deprecate all possible inroads upon the mutual respect which it is so essential to maintain between the members of a family; they will assuredly have their reward in the assured peace and happiness of their home.

There are some minor points of etiquette which have found no place in our former chapters, and which must be lightly touched upon in these pages. With regard, for instance, to the giving of presents: the art of giving and receiving gifts is not always an intuition. A generous person may unwittingly wound where he intends to confer nothing but gratification. A grateful person may, through sheer want of tact, seem almost to deprecate the liberality of his friends.

A gift should always be precious for something better than its price. It may have been brought by the giver from some far or famous place; it may be unique in its workmanship; it may be valuable only from association with some great man or strange event. Autographic papers, foreign curiosities, and the like, are elegant gifts. An author may offer his book, or

an artist his sketch, with grace and propriety. Offerings of flowers and game are unexceptionable, and may be made even to those whose position is superior to that of the giver.

"Our tokens of love," says Emerson, "are for the most part barbarous, cold, and lifeless, because they do not represent our life. The only gift is a portion of thyself. Therefore let the farmer give his corn; the miner, a gem; the sailor, coral and shells; the painter, his picture; and the poet, his poem."

If we are rich, we must beware how we give to those who are poor, lest we hurt their pride. If we are poor, we must give something that our time, our affection, or our talents have made precious.

Never give a present with any expectation of a return.

Never allude to a present which you have given. Be careful even to seem not to recognize it when you see it again.

If you present a book to a friend, do not write his or her name in it, unless requested. You have no right to presume that it will be rendered any the more valuable for that addition; and you ought not to conclude beforehand that your gift will be accepted.

Never undervalue the gift which you are yourself offering; you have no business to offer it if it is valueless: neither say that you do not want it yourself, nor that you should throw it away if it were not accepted, etc., etc. Such apologies would be insults if true, and mean nothing if false.

Unmarried ladies should not accept presents from gentlemen who are neither related nor engaged to them. Presents made by a married lady to a gentleman can only be offered in the joint names of her husband and herself.

Married ladies may occasionally accept presents from gentlemen who visit frequently at their houses, and who desire to show their sense of the hospitality which they receive there. The presentation of *étrennes* is now carried to a ruinous and ludicrous height among French; but it should be remembered that, without either ostentation or folly, a gift ought to be worth offering. It is better to give nothing than too little. On the other hand, mere costliness does not constitute the soul

of a present; on the contrary, it has the commercial and unflattering effect of repayment for value received.

Never refuse a present unless under very exceptional circumstances. However humble the giver, and however poor the gift, you should appreciate the good will and intention, and accept it with kindness and thanks. Never say, "I fear I rob you," or "I am really ashamed to take it," etc., etc. Such deprecatory phrases imply that you think the bestower of the gift cannot spare or afford it.

Acknowledge the receipt of a present without delay, but do not quickly follow it up by a return. It is to be taken for granted that a gift is intended to afford pleasure to the recipient, not to be regarded as a mere question of investment or exchange.

A good memory for names and faces, and a self-possessed manner, are necessary to all who wish to create a favorable impression in society. Except in very young people, shyness is not only ungraceful, but a positive injury and disadvantage. If we blush, stammer, or fidget in the presence of strangers, they will assuredly form a low estimate of our breeding, and fail to do justice to our powers of mind, our education, and our solid worth. The only cure for chronic shyness is society. No habit is so likely to grow upon one as the habit of shyness, and none requires to be more strenuously combated.

No compliment that bears insincerity on the face of it is a compliment at all.

To yawn in the presence of others, to lounge, to put your feet on a chair, to stand with your back to the fire, to take the most comfortable seat in the room, to do anything which shows indifference, selfishness, or disrespect, is unequivocally vulgar and inadmissible.

If a person of greater age or higher rank than yourself desires you to step first into a carriage, or through a door, it is more polite to bow and obey than to decline.

Compliance with, and deference to, the wishes of others is the finest breeding.

When you cannot agree with the propositions advanced in general conversation, be silent. If pressed for your opinion,

give it with modesty. Never defend your own views too warmly. When you find others remain unconvinced, drop the subject, or lead to some other topic.

Never boast of your birth, your money, your grand friends, or anything that is yours. If you have traveled, do not introduce that information into your conversation at every opportunity. Any one can travel with money, health, and leisure; the only real distinction is in coming home with enlarged views, improved tastes, and a mind free from former prejudices.

In entering a morning exhibition, or public room, where ladies are present, the gentleman should lift his hat.

In going upstairs, the gentleman should precede the lady; in going down, he should follow her.

If you accompany ladies to a theater or concert room, precede them to clear the way and secure their seats.

If, when you are walking with a lady in any crowded thoroughfare, you are obliged to proceed singly, precede her to clear the way.

Always give the lady the wall: by doing so you interpose your own person between her and the passers-by, and assign her the cleanest part of the pavement.

Do not smoke shortly before entering the presence of ladies.

Always wear your gloves in church or in a theater.

If, while walking up and down a public promenade, you should meet friends or acquaintances whom you do not intend to join, it is only necessary to salute them the first time of passing.

When asked to execute a commission for a friend do it immediately, at any cost of inconvenience. You thus double the obligation, and show your anxiety to oblige.

In matters of precedence, be more careful to give others their rank than to take your own.

It is impossible to be polite without cultivating a good memory. The absent or self-absorbed person who forgets the name of his next-door neighbors, recalls unlucky topics, confuses the personal relationships of his acquaintances, speaks of the dead as if they were still living, talks of people in their hearing, and so forth, without being guilty of the least malevo-

lent intention, is sure to make enemies for himself, and to wound the feelings of others.

We must give as well as take in all our relations with others, and grudge none of those small observances which we ourselves find it so good and pleasant to accept.

Temper has much more to do with good breeding than may generally be supposed.

The French are allowed to be the best-mannered people in the world; but this is only because they are the most amiable. Spend a month with a French family, observe well the tone of the *salon*, the schoolroom, the nursery, the kitchen, etc., and you will better understand how it is that French politeness has become proverbial. A considerate, courteous, kindly spirit pervades the entire household—a spirit which perhaps may pass for politeness, but which is, in substance and in truth, amiability only.

We, unhappily, have not sufficiently cultivated *la politesse du foyer*. With us, small sacrifices are not made with a good grace; small disappointments are not accepted in a patient spirit; small grievances are too often exaggerated. A very little self-control, a very little allowance for the failings of others, would often change the entire tone of a household; whilst, in our intercourse with the world, both must be largely exercised, if we would hope for toleration, to say nothing of popularity.

True politeness has its roots in ethics. We are not to be polite merely because we wish to please, but because we wish to consider the feelings and spare the time of others; because we entertain that charity "that thinketh no evil;" because we are as careful of our neighbor's reputation, property, and personal comfort as we would be of our own; because, in a word, we desire to carry into every act of our daily life the spirit and practice of that religion which commands us to "do unto others as we would they should do unto us."

HOME CULTURE

Social Intercourse

By MRS. JAMES FARLEY COX*

THE extremes of social activity or of dwelling with closed doors in self-absorbed family life, seem to be the two phases of existence most common in the domestic life of this country, especially in cities. It is either the "rush" which means the pauseless go, go, of the social treadmill, or the monotonous departure for business in the morning and the weary return at night for the master of the house, without one element of diversion of thought, or any source of fresh interest coming into his life.

If his resource is reading, the brain, already tired, is again the active part of his body; and though science tells us that changed character of mental labor is a rest to portions of the brain, and that all its faculties are not in use at once, surely it is patent that it were healthier and more sensible to leave critical or thinking work alone, when the day, after our present usage, has been of such a nature as to keep the mind "on the jump" through all the working hours.

Congenial, agreeable guests at one's dinner-table are better than a piquant sauce as an appetizer; the fresh sweetness of a bright young face, the merry ring of a cheerful laugh, does more to make one believe that hope and happiness are ever fresh in human lives, than all the treatises and essays that can be laid before us.

A wife cannot do a husband a greater service than to bring this ingredient into her plans for his refreshment and the conservation of his powers. I knew a merry-hearted wife who,

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during a great financial crisis, used to invite her husband's old sweethearts to dine in turn with him. She jokingly insisted that it "put him on his mettle"; that his vanity would not allow him to be absorbed and distrait when the girls whom he had desired to please in his bachelor days were again at his side. She always declared that "a pair of lovely brown eyes" had materially aided her husband in weathering that storm.

There is an almost irresistible tendency to talk over the present ills of our households when Darby and Joan sit down beside each other after the day's work is done. If either has an ailment, affection leads to the discussion of symptoms, with the self-centering results so fatal to body and mind. All minutiæ of pain or discomfort are tenderly examined into and the reality of infirmity fixed in the thoughts.

If there is a spot of gnawing fear in the mother's heart about a tempted or mistaken child, she is almost inevitably sure to give her husband the evidence of the day as to the impending trouble. The pet daughter evidently is interested in the unworthy lover; the gay-hearted boy is plainly sowing a serious crop of "wild oats."

If the cook has given warning, or the butler has been caught purloining the wine, the result of their good service as evidenced at the meal is of no advantage to the man, who connects both with the impertinence or dishonesty of those who make the food inviting or bring the claret to just the right state of warmth.

If a neighbor or an old friend sits at the board, new ideas, thoughts from without, freshness from beyond the failings and faults of the narrow domestic circle, fan and purify the overcharged atmosphere, and act as a species of mental "punkah," giving life and reviving exhilaration to the atmosphere, growing stagnant with the deposit of the day's annoyances.

"Entertaining" has become a word which we associate with labor; we have grown into a usage of its own delightful significance, which implies effort, subversal of every-day habit, increased expense, "company clothes and company manners." The sunny side of entertainment, "that which amuses or diverts, that which engages the attention agreeably," has been

absorbed in its shadowed and far from restful other sense—"a formal or elegant meal, a luxurious repast, or amusement." The social intercourse which makes for healthful views of life and helpful influences in minds and hearts borne down with personal anxieties is that which draws near to us those whom we love or regard, to share our usual provision and enrich our flagging interests without ceremony or cost.

As "iron sharpeneth iron, so a man sharpeneth the countenance of a friend," says Solomon, the wise man, and often and often have we seen proof of his discernment. The man and woman who enter and receive our welcome bring undoubtedly their burden of earth's weariness over our threshold; but they come to bring us the brighter side of their lives, and we have no intention of shadowing them with our clouds, and so we meet on a sort of neutral ground of pleasant endeavor, upon which care seldom ventures to intrude.

For our children's sake also, the constant use of simple, cordial hospitality is most wholesome. If, unfortunately, they are prone to irritable contradictions, they cease, and grow amiable under the new influences; if they are apt to make of their meal-times a mere hurried taking of enough food to sustain nature, a pleasant guest unveils to them the delight of making the hour of refreshing their bodies a time of expansion and charm, an oasis in the workaday life which is the lot of most of us.

The general intelligent conversation of middle-aged people is always a matter of interest to young, clever men and women. Let those, for instance, who lived and suffered through the "War of the Rebellion" begin a reminiscent talk of personal experience, and the young faces about the board will kindle into eager interest as they rapidly absorb the unspoken lessons of self-denial and quiet heroism which they read between the lines of the story to which they are listening.

If a man or woman be blessed with a "hobby," and a friend or two to dinner means also a sympathetic hour of some amusement in which they take a common interest, one has found an ideal form of rest. How many a man has to give thanks for the beguiling charm of whist, that game which never palls, and

in which, however the cards may aid the winner, he can always allow himself to feel that pride of "science" and memory and judgment is entirely legitimate, and give himself the satisfaction of thoughtfully regarding an extra trick as a serious gain. No good whist-player ever regarded the winning of a game as a trifling matter. And to use as a simile what a countryman graphically described as "the Widow Cruse's oil-jug," whist "never fails" to afford ground of discussion and interesting analysis while two combatants remain together.

To how many a brain-exhausted man of Wall Street experiences has his billiard-table been a source of healthful exercise and bracing interest, of close yet generous rivalry, and keen pleasure in an adversary's graceful "scientific stroke." The writer can recall times when the well-known tap of a challenging friend upon the window pane was hailed with a warm welcome, sure that it meant an hour beguiled from fear of coming sorrow, and a strong tonic to a mind absorbed in personal anxiety. Doors that never open to such visitors, and lives resting wholly on internal resources in trying crises of domestic life, are impoverished to a degree which no man can measure.

Musical intercourse, the banding of friends together to make and enjoy what, to those who love it, is the greatest solace given to mankind, has its "seamy side." Equality of performance or even of enthusiasm is so rare that there is usually one at least who suffers while the duet or the quartette is rehearsed into the hoped-for perfection, and then there is also he to be thought of who peradventure dwells under the roof with a horror of "practicing."

As a means of family unity, if the love of music has been cultivated and one can depend on an *ensemble* in the home circle itself, it is of immense value every way, but, alas! it does hold within itself vast means of torture to sensitive and educated ears. At this moment through a slight partition the inspiring melody of Handel's famous gladdening call comes hour after hour to my much-tried ears: "Rejoice, rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion." Yes, one at first thinks, how easy it is to respond to the hearty, healthful reality of the appeal—how true it is, how firmly musical, how natural and spontaneous.

But the second repetition takes the form of making the pen move in unison to all the long syncopated passages, and strange lines, bewildering to compositors, begin to move spasmodically up and down the page. The third begins to rouse an effort not to hear; the fourth brings a new source of gratitude to the front. One may have longed for a sweet-voiced daughter to sing to her father at the twilight hour; the wish fades slowly away, and one is glad, nay, at the end of a week one "rejoices greatly," that none of the family is making a faithful study of a celebrated oratorio.

Hitherto, my appeal for mental interchange has been on the side of opening one's own door and heart to receive. The outgoing and outgiving which preserve the equilibrium of social exchange are not so easy, though very profitable. The leaving one's accustomed corner, the eating unaccustomed viands, the little extra care of one's dress, the encountering of unpleasant weather, are elements not involved in the home side of the proposition, but to meet and overcome these obstacles which grow less by usage, has its reward.

New "wrinkles" are discoverable in new places, which diversify and beautify the household ways. The appetite flagging under flavors and dishes to which it is accustomed is provoked into active enjoyment by a new dish or an unaccustomed condiment; the eye rests with pleasure on new surroundings and often the heart is warmed by the subtle flattery which is integral in the evident fact that you have given pleasure by your coming.

Neither rest nor any of the more happy influences of being a guest arises from being one of twenty people, asked for any of the "necessary" causes of formal entertainments; all that is here said is in regard to familiar and really friendly meetings, the coming together of those who are glad to be near one another. To be pleased to accept an invitation, because the host and hostess are of the mighty ones of earth and you want to see their splendor, or because you feel it marks your social status, is almost sure to leave the uncomfortable results usually entailed by visiting desert places. The wrong person is allotted to you at dinner; you only catch the dim refraction of what-

ever luminary forms the radiant center of the group; you have neither lost yourself nor gained any one else, and the end of the banquet finds you limp and tired.

But to go where a heartfelt hand-grasp or warm kiss welcomes you, and a general tone of satisfaction at your presence prefaces an unconstrained and sincere conversation around a truly hospitable board, is so good a tonic, so certain a refreshment, that I wish it were a law of every moderate household of hard-working men and women "to have some one in to dinner" once a week.

It is like using a defence against family friction and a stimulant curative to family despondency; it is a way of enlarging one's borders and losing sight of self and its interest. It is better than twenty homilies on cheerfulness, and may even make a much-disappointed man think better of his race.

HOME CULTURE

Moral Culture

By ELIZA CHESTER

THE three essential qualities of a moral character are right feeling, right thinking, and right doing. I am inclined to think that we have more power to do right than to feel aright or even to think aright, and so I shall begin this part of my subject by a chapter on the culture of the will.

Right thinking involves good judgment. This is largely an intellectual quality; but the resolution to take the pains needed to form a good judgment belongs to the moral nature, and it is by constantly using our will in carrying out those plans which our judgment approves that we gain the poise of mind which helps us to think truly on all matters. For this reason, I shall next give a chapter to culture in justice, which I believe involves culture in truthfulness.

It is harder to reach the feelings than either the deeds or the thoughts. I mean it is a harder task to change our own feelings than either to do our duty or to decide correctly what we ought to do. In the broad sense "Love is the fulfilling of the law," so that the little I feel able to say on this branch of my subject I shall say in a chapter on the cultivation of a spirit of love.

I do not feel quite sure that all of us are entirely convinced that goodness is the one thing needful. Alma, the gifted young artist in "A Hazard of New Fortunes," exclaims impatiently in reference to the quotation "Be good, sweet child, and let who will be clever," "Just as if any girl would care about being

good who had the least chance of being clever!" That is rather an extreme statement. Alma was on the whole a very good girl herself. I think it is rarely the case that a clever girl goes far wrong—at least according to the common standards. And yet Alma did speak out the feeling of a great many bright girls who have a vague idea that in some way—just how they would find it hard to tell—their brightness is more than an equivalent for goodness. They have unconsciously the same kind of foolish vanity which makes so many handsome girls intolerable because they assume that their beauty is a sufficient contribution to the world from them, and that they need add to it neither sweetness nor brightness. But if a clever girl is not better than a stupid one, she is necessarily worse through the waste of better powers.

The founders of the first boarding schools for girls which were established in Massachusetts, such as that of Miss Grant and Miss Lyon at Ipswich, the Wheaton Seminary at Norton. Abbot Academy at Andover, Bradford Academy, Mount Holyoke Seminary, and others, recognized the fact that the moral nature is higher than the intellectual, though they were ready to make great sacrifices for a better mental development. Such schools, and those upon the same plan that sprang up all over the country, have always stood firm for that idea, and have scorned any system of training in which character and intellect did not go hand in hand. It must be admitted that they have sometimes held a narrow creed, and have made mistakes of judgment; but no creed is so stultifying as worldliness, and these schools have always been essentially Christian.

In some of these schools it used to be the custom, and perhaps it is so still, to send home reports not only of the scholarship of the pupils, but of their conduct, promptness, care of health, care of wardrobe, care of room, and the cash account. Some of the clever girls were impatient of such oversight. If their reports for scholarship stood high they troubled themselves very little about holes in their stockings or dust in the corners of their rooms. I remember once hearing a group of girls discussing the matter. They were all bright and neat and pretty and well-intentioned girls; but some of them thought

no harm was done if they saved their stockings for their mothers to mend, or if they ate candy without permission, or if they whispered to their room-mates after the bell for the lights to be put out at night. One of them, however, was of a different mind. She was the most beautiful girl of the group. I see her now as she stood among them, stately and fair, with her golden hair and deep blue eyes. She was also one of the most intellectual of the girls, and moreover so full of life and spirit and fun that she was popular even with those of her schoolmates who could not endure "a dig." And this is what she said: "I should hate to fail in a lesson; but I should feel a great deal worse not to have a perfect mark for care of room, or wardrobe, or for any of those things."

"How can you say so, Mary?" cried a lively girl. "When the teachers are so fussy, too!"

"Why, don't you see," returned Mary, very earnestly, "I might try my best, and still fail in a lesson. I might not understand it, or I might forget. When my father and mother see my report, of course they think of that. But I can be prompt, and I can keep all the rules; so if I have low marks in my general report, they will know that I am to blame. I could not bear to send home such a report as that."

I think she was right. Perhaps the rules were too stringent, and their multiplicity may sometimes have made the girls nervous; though for that matter, if all the girls had had Mary's spirit, the rules could soon have been modified. The point, however, is this: we ought to care more for the kind of excellence which depends on our own will than for that which depends on our natural gifts, for it is the will which gives a moral quality to an act.

This is the spirit which I should like to see animating not only every girl, but every man, woman, and child. It is akin to religion. Perhaps it is the strongest element in religion, for it is the "consecration of ourselves to the best." The feeling of dependence on the mighty love which rules the universe, which is the blossom of the religious life, is not always within our power, and so not essential, though so precious; but the determination to hold fast to the highest we know may always

be ours, and with this strong root in the soil, the plant cannot fail at last to blossom.

Universal Love does enfold us even when we are unconscious of it; and so, if we hold ourselves ready to receive it, the blessing always descends upon us at last. The opening of our hearts and minds to the best is essentially prayer, the kind of prayer which should be "without ceasing," and which is possible in the midst even of an anxious crowd. But it is so much easier to recover a high tone of mind when we are quiet and alone, that those of us who are in earnest in our wish for the best life will not lightly suffer the days to go by without—

"Some part
Free for a Sabbath of the heart."

HOME CULTURE

Training the Will

By ELIZA CHESTER

I DO not feel that it is my place to discuss the knotty problem of the freedom of the will. Whether we are free or not, it is always wholesome to act as if we were free. This is the doctrine not only of so great a philosopher as Kant, but the principle of every man or woman who leads a life of moral growth.

> When duty whispers low, "Thou must!"
> The youth replies, "I can."

Many years ago Dr. Andrew Peabody preached a baccalaureate sermon at Harvard College on this subject. I did not hear the sermon, and do not even know his text, but I know his argument in the most practical way, through hearing it quoted again and again by a young girl on whom it made a great impression. He said that we often excused ourselves for wrong deeds and words on the ground that temptation came to us suddenly, and that we acted involuntarily before we had time to rally our forces. He admitted this as a valid excuse for those particular acts and words; but he said that the true responsibility lay further back—that temptations were continually coming to us when we did have time to think; that if we yielded to these, we not only did wrong at once, but that we weakened the moral fiber so that we did wrong in other instances when we had no time to think; and that if we resisted the temptation when we could resist, we were forming a habit of feeling and action which would by and by help us to do right unhesitatingly and spontaneously.

So Emerson says, "The unremitting retention of simple and high sentiments in obscure duties is hardening the character to that temper which will work with honor if need be in the tumult or on the scaffold."

We do not wish to be willful; we wish to have a will so firm that it can never yield to wrong, but so firm that it yields instantly to right—a perfectly disciplined will. It is the untrained horse that balks or that shies; but the thoroughbred horse stands still the moment his master speaks, and he turns to the right or left at the lightest touch of the bridle.

Obstinacy is the determination to have our own way; firmness is the determination to take the right way. One who has a firm will purposely gives up non-essentials in order to have more power in essentials.

In "Framley Parsonage" Trollope describes an English clergyman as making a stand against the great lady of the parish in a trifling matter. His wife begs him to yield, for she says if he gains his own way in this, he will hardly have the courage to make another stand at once, and yet that he is sure to have occasion to do so soon, and very likely in the next case a principle will be involved. But the clergyman persists, and the result is just what his wife predicted. Indeed, he is almost forced to give up a principle in the end because he would not give up a fancy in the beginning. His will was weak all through, as weak when he was headstrong and insisted on having his own way as when he was forced to give it up.

One of my friends was once very ill for many weeks. At last she began to improve, and one day the doctors said she ought to get up. She was a woman of great energy and courage, but she thought it would be impossible to obey them. She was so weak and sore and racked with pain that she could only turn her face away to hide the tears. But the doctors urged the point; they told her that the disease had been checked, though she could not realize it, and that the weakness and suffering she now felt were due to the nervous strain. She understood them and believed them, but she still felt that she could not move. She asked them to lift her up and make her walk. They told her that would do no good, for the time

had come when she must use her will or she would be bedridden for life. And then she summoned all her powers, and succeeded in moving. She told me that she had never suffered such agony in her life. Yet she gradually won the victory over her nerves, and was saved from the fate which had almost overwhelmed her. I have related this anecdote to show what the will can do to control the body; but it has a moral significance. Some nervous invalids could not have done what she did, not because they were really more diseased, but because they had not previously trained their will to perfect obedience to duty. My friend had disciplined her will all her life. It was because she had accustomed her body in health to obey the light tasks set it by reason, that she was able to command its obedience when a feather would have turned the scale against her.

Her act was the physical counterpart of what Matthew Arnold means when he says:

> "We cannot kindle when we will
> The fire that in the heart resides,
> But tasks in hours of insight willed
> Can be in hours of gloom fulfilled."

We all need outside help. A part of the training of our will is to put ourselves under the control of those we know will insist on our doing right when we have not the strength to do it ourselves. We ought to seek out the people who rouse our best aspirations, and to surround ourselves with those objects which nourish our highest moods. By and by we shall learn to do without them if we must.

And there is, I believe, infinite help for all of us. If our whole soul is set on the right, we shall be so in harmony with the universe that everything—sorrow as well as joy—will help us to do right.

Let us begin, if we have not already begun, to cultivate our will so that we shall be serene in the midst either of happy excitement or of annoyance, courageous when we see a hard duty before us, and active in doing our duty.

HOME CULTURE

Justice and Truth

By ELIZA CHESTER

THE best women are prone to be unjust. Women whose aspirations are the highest, whose wills are so disciplined that they do not hesitate a moment before any hard duty, who are full of love to God and man, fail here. This is partly because their feelings are strong, and mislead them; but partly I believe because they have not learned to think.

A girl may wonder what good it can do her to detect a fallacy in geometry or to weigh the evidence for and against a scientific theory or a historical fact; but every exercise of this kind helps to form such a habit of just thought that it will probably become harder and harder for her to join in careless gossip about an acquaintance. She will not be likely to condemn anybody easily on hearsay, but will always wish first to hear the other side.

Fortunately for the dull girls, who find geometry and Latin and science beyond them, these are not the only subjects that train us to think justly. The most stupid girl can make a moral stand when she hears a bit of scandal. She may insist on suspending her judgment till she knows the truth.

Justice and truth are two sides of the same virtue. I do not believe that any of my readers ever intentionally tell a lie. I know that some women do so, but they are not the women who are interested in self-culture. Still, most of us are not perfectly truthful. Let us not deceive ourselves by thinking that we are, for then we shall never give ourselves the chance to improve.

We have different temptations, and they do not assail us in the form we have prepared for; accordingly, we yield before we quite know what we are doing.

I once knew a high-minded girl of good intellect who was too ambitious. Her geometry teacher put a great strain upon her pupils by giving them a book to study which contained full proofs of the propositions, but forbidding them to read a word beyond the statements. It required special care to look at the figure and not see something more. "Oh, dear," sighed one of the class, "when we say the Lord's Prayer in concert in the morning, and come to the passage 'Lead us not into temptation,' I always think of the geometry lesson." Well, this temptation was too much for our heroine. She could not always prove the propositions for herself, and she could not bear to admit that she could not. She was a truthful girl, but after working herself nervous over a difficult theorem, she did sometimes let her eye wander down the page till she saw some enlightening reference. She tried to still her conscience by saying to herself that she did not really read the proof. So she won honors in her examination and went triumphantly on her course. But her heart was sore. Time passed on. She was about to graduate, and she could look back on four years of as fine work as had been done by any girl in school. At last, however, she could bear her trouble no longer. She went to her teacher and told the whole truth, feeling that if she were publicly expelled from the class, it would be better than to live with her fault unacknowledged. The punishment given her was that in the stress and hurry of commencement preparations she was obliged to take a wholly new geometry and work through every proposition in it for herself. To get the time for this, she had to relinquish her part in the commencement programme.

I think such a confession showed strong moral power. I tell this story for two reasons—to suggest that he "who thinketh he standeth" still has need to "take heed lest he fall," and that when we clearly admit that we have done wrong, we may—

> "rise on stepping stones
> Of [our] dead selves to higher things."

I think all ambitious girls have a kindred temptation, though I do not mean that it often presents itself in just this form. But some of you are silently aware, if you are honest with yourselves, that you like to appear a little wiser, a little more learned, than you really are.

We all conceal our defects of all kinds as much as we can, and we have a right to do this. It would be an injury to others as well as ourselves if we went about proclaiming our shortcomings. It is not a very good plan to talk much about ourselves even to our dearest friends. But there is a faint line dividing the reserve of self-control which leads us to try quietly to correct our faults instead of talking about them, and the reserve we practice for the sake of making others believe we are better than we are. No one but ourselves can decide where this line lies; but if we aspire to be truthful, we must take heed that we never go beyond it.

Another temptation to untruthfulness which besets many women comes from the desire to attract others. This is strongest in some of the loveliest characters, for a gracious woman who has tact can so easily say something very sweet, yet not altogether untrue, which flatters her hearer, and reacts in making the speaker beloved and admired. Tact is a dangerous gift. Here, too, the dividing line between right and wrong is very faint. Bluntness is not necessarily truthful any more than flattery is. Every large-hearted, loving woman does really see a thousand good and delightful qualities in those about her which the careless pass by unheeded. Her deep sympathy, too, often shows her that the need for recognition is very real to many, indeed to most of us, however firmly we may seem to stand alone, and she longs to give it.

> "Hast thou . . .
> . . . loved so well a high behavior
> In man or maid that thou from speech refrained?"

Those who live in this spirit are noble men and women. I often think of the words of a friend, "The best people are those we shouldn't be willing to let hear us praise them." And yet most of us cannot be our best without the warm nour-

ishment of some genuine praise. Now, when the time comes for a woman—or a girl—to speak an appreciative word to one in need, how shall she be sure to say just enough and not too much. For one thing, she must be careful to tell the truth; and for another thing, she must keep her own longing for an appreciative word in return sternly in the background. Love begets love, and appreciation appreciation; but anything like a mutual admiration society is nauseating, and any interview which seems likely to end in that way must come to a peremptory close.

Sometimes our heart so overflows with love and admiration of another that we cannot help speaking. It is not that the one to whom we speak needs our words, but that our gratitude for the blessing which comes to us out of the fullness of the life of our friend must have relief in expression. It is right for us to speak. But how doubly wrong it would be for us ever to simulate such a feeling!

In questions of truth, there is danger of losing sight of moral perspective, to use a phrase of Dr. James Freeman Clarke. I remember a young lady who was so morbidly conscientious in the matter of speaking the truth that one night when a sick friend with whom she was watching asked her what time it was, she could not be contented till she had consulted several clocks, as well as her own watch, which she feared was not quite right, and then she said hesitatingly, "It is about five—no, six—minutes past twelve!" Of course she wearied and annoyed the invalid, and though she was a truthful young lady, I do not think she was necessarily thoroughly truthful in feeling and action. I believe the chances are against her. No one can distort the conscience like that and still keep the balance which perfect justice requires.

It is not the girls who exaggerate absurdly in their picturesque conversation who really misrepresent the truth, but those who lay on just enough of the false coloring to make us suppose that the colors are true. When Sam Weller talks about "double million magnifying glasses of hextra power," we do not feel any need of correcting his language in the interests of truth, even though we may hold the opinion that hyperbole

is a figure of speech which must enter sparingly into elegant diction.

I will make one or two suggestions as to ways of cultivating truthfulness. First, let us avoid temptation as far as we can. If a girl is tempted to look into her book while reciting a lesson, she must leave it in her desk. If she knows that her kind words to her friends are usually overkind it would be a good plan to avoid all personal conversation for a while.

Second, we can often help others in a negative way by avoiding embarrassing questions. All of us have affairs and even opinions which we have a perfect right to conceal; but if anybody asks us a direct question about them, we are often in a cruel dilemma. If we show any hesitation or say boldly that we do not wish to answer, that is often in itself a complete answer. A truthful woman loves truth in others as well as in herself, and she can often give efficient aid to her friends by abstaining from a question she wishes to ask. If it is about some delicate matter which she thinks her friend wishes encouragement to confide to her she can easily make it clear that she would be glad of the confidence without putting a direct question.

HOME CULTURE

A Spirit of Love

By ELIZA CHESTER

NOTHING is so great as love. But how can we make ourselves love anybody; and who cares for forced love?

"Mamma says I must be sincere," said a fine young girl, "and when I ask her whether I shall say to certain people, 'Good morning, I am not very glad to see you,' she says, 'My dear, you must be glad to see them, and then there will be no trouble.'"

One thing is sure. We must realize that the spirit of love is essential to us, or we shall spend our strength on things not essential. I once knew a child who had no mark for absence or tardiness during a whole year at school. The energy and perseverance she showed in earning such a record are praiseworthy. But there was one day in the year when her brother was to set out on a long and dangerous journ y. There was reason to think he might never come back. The child was full of grief at the parting, and yet she believed she ought to give up the last precious hours with him and go to school. It was heroic, but did she not put a false emphasis on punctuality? She did not understand that love is greater than punctuality. Every other day in the year she had been right, but this day I believe she was wrong. When we once realize the need of a loving heart, what can we do to nourish it? At least we must learn to be unselfish. I remember a young lady who died long ago whose heart seemed to overflow with love to everybody in the world. Yet she had two or three strong antipathies. She was a teacher, and among her scholars was a young girl so

wanting in tact that she made herself disagreeable to everybody. The teacher owned that she could hardly bear to speak to her even in the class; but when she had owned it, she became aware that she was wrong, and she determined to change her feeling. She began by making a distinct effort every day to do some kindness to her pupil. She would not shrink from her any longer, but took special pains to meet her and talk with her. Much sooner than she had expected she found herself really caring for her *protégée*. The girl had many good traits, though they did not appear on the surface; but as soon as the teacher began to know her, they were evident. Of course, the pupil became more passionately attached to her teacher than to any one else in the world, so that as a reward of her kindness the teacher was forced to be more kind, for the pupil followed her footsteps everywhere. Yet the teacher did not flinch. She even took the girl's cold, clammy hand—which she had once said, with a shudder, made her feel as if she had grasped a fish—in her own warm one, and seemed glad to give something of her own vitality to the forlorn young creature.

I do not know whether such a victory would be possible to all of us even if we had the courage and patience to fight with our prejudices so bravely. This teacher was deeply religious. She had a positive belief in the power of God to lift us above ourselves, and she definitely prayed for help in her struggle. She did really win, for she truly loved the girl who had so repelled her.

This is the strongest case of the kind that ever came to my personal knowledge. But there is—

> "The possible angel that underlies
> The passing phase of the meanest thing."

It is the "possible angel" we must look for, and there is probably no way of finding it so quickly as by active kindness.

But who cares to be loved from a sense of duty? It is very well to try to love other people, but do we want them to try to love us? If we resent that, it is all the more necessary for us to be so lovable that nobody can help loving us.

What is it to be lovable?

I know a lovable young girl who is very poor. She is upright and industrious and sensitive; but she is also so loving and grateful that everybody likes to help her. The most commonplace kindness makes her beam with delight. She loves everybody and thinks everybody is actuated by the noblest motives. She wishes she could help others. As a matter of fact, she always gives more than she receives, though her gifts are intangible, and neither she nor her friends recognize them as gifts. But she clears the atmosphere wherever she goes. Haughty young women who snub half their associates unbend to her. It is so impossible for her to conceive that any one can be capable of snubbing her, that she gives a warm greeting to these stately belles, and they thaw before they have time to remember their dignity. I do not mean that she ever forces herself upon anybody. She is peculiarly thoughtful in such ways; but when she does meet any one, her instincts are so generous and noble that she does not stop for the moment of suspicion which wrecks so many good but self-conscious girls, before her glorious smile shines out and her eager voice speaks a welcome. If she had a million dollars she would greet a poor girl in that way, and she simply cannot conceive that all the girls who have a million do not feel as she does.

The vitality of her temperament no doubt adds to her charm. If her blood were more sluggish, she might pause for the one fatal moment, and after she had seen the cool face before her clearly it would be too late to smile. And yet these proud young girls who are contributing to her education (and feel themselves much puffed up by their charitable deeds) love the sweetness of that smile, and go away glowing with the sense of their own graciousness. They are glad that she makes them so gracious, and they love her.

Do we love even those we love best with full measure? We depend on them, and enjoy them, and cannot endure their loss; but all that may fall short of love. It is possible to cling very closely to our friend in a weak and selfish way. It is an overflowing heart which gives as freely as it takes.

Can we not enter more completely into the lives of those

dear to us? Can we not prune our own selfish fancies so that instead of demanding everything from our friends, we may give without stint to them?

There is a peril in an intellectual life. It is easy to be so absorbed in study that we forget to live. It takes time to love. It is true that love is not bounded by time. Our hearts may be swelling with love while we are doing the most trivial things. The little girl, to whom time seems unlimited, who begs to make a pudding to surprise papa at dinner, is alive with love to her very finger-tips even while she is beating the eggs and mixing the butter and sugar; and the young lady who is taking lessons at the cooking-school, to fit herself to add comfort to the life of the young man she has just become engaged to, will work over her recipes with an ardor which transfigures them to poems. No doubt there is many an overburdened mother who has not a minute to herself from sunrise to sunset, whose drudgery is happiness, because it is a means of expression of the love within her for those who are to wear the clothes she makes and to live in the rooms she sweeps. Whenever we are doing mechanical work, even when it is not done for those we love, our thoughts are free, and we may give them to our friends, though it is not true that all hand-workers do thus employ themselves. But with intellectual work it is different. To study, we must not only be alone and silent, but we must be absorbed in what we are doing. Even if the aim of our work is the good of others, we cannot think of them while we are doing it; and if we work hard, we become more and more involved in our studies and perhaps less and less able to shake off their yoke.

When we are absorbed in thought, petty interruptions are almost unendurable, and none of us can be too careful not to disturb others in this way; but every time we suffer ourselves to give way to irritation when we are interrupted, it is an admission that thought is more to us than life, and that intellect is more than love. I do not mean, of course, that we should allow many interruptions from children and others whom it is our duty to train in habits of thoughtfulness; but that where we have no such duty or right, there can hardly be better dis-

cipline for us than the constant remembrance that nothing we are trying to learn can be worth quite so much as the power to enter sweetly into the little needs and wishes of others.

We must be generous in giving our time to others if we ever hope that love in us may grow to be a vigorous plant, but I do not mean that we should give time to gossip. I know sisters and friends who spend most of their time together in reading aloud to save themselves from talking over other people *ad nauseam*. It is as bad to give too much time to our friends as too little. Interchange of thought and experience and life is good, but when the conversation begins to grow weak, it is time for silence, and perhaps it is time to be alone.

Sympathy is an essential part of love. I have long thought that true sympathy has an intellectual quality. The very best of sympathy is perhaps independent of the intellect, for a child or even an animal may show that it suffers with you, simply because it loves you. But while we welcome the sympathy of a child who cannot understand our trouble, most of us are irritated by the incompetent pity of older people who ought to comprehend our position, but who get no further than to be sorry for our suffering whether we are right or wrong. I know that some of the most sympathetic people are far from being learned, indeed there is always danger that learning will choke the growth of sympathy; but it is by using the powers of thought, memory, and imagination in entering into the trials and problems of other people that we are finally able to put ourselves in their places and feel intelligently for them. Then, as we are not blinded by personal feeling, we may often see the right course more clearly than our suffering friend, and be able to give the wise and firm support needed at this crisis.

Intellectual sympathy with all about her, it seems to me, is one of the highest aims one who desires self-culture can set before herself. Sympathy with all about her, I have said. Can we love everybody? Do we not weaken ourselves in the attempt to love everybody? Can there be any enthusiasm in love that is divided among so many people? Can we love anybody very rapturously when we love so many? In answer, I will say that among the people I know those who have shown

the most intense love for a few friends are also those who have given the largest measure of generous affection to everybody they have come in contact with, from the servant in the kitchen to the fellow-traveler of a day whom they are never to see again.

Dante tells us again and again that love is the one thing that is inexhaustible. The more we love the more we can love. The more that we are loved, the more we can love in return, for "he that loveth is born of God," and has a part in what is infinite.

HOME CULTURE

The Choice of Companions

By ELIZA CHESTER

IT is fatal to growth to confine ourselves to one set of companions, even if they are good and intellectual and refined. The world is large, and no one circle absorbs all the goodness and intellect and refinement within the reach of its members. The exclusive spirit does not belong to aristocrats alone. I wonder if there is one among us so free from it as to be qualified to cast the first stone. The Boston servants who cannot think of taking a situation except on the Back Bay usually require more credentials from a new acquaintance than their mistresses do. We all know religious people who will have nothing to do with the worldly, intellectual people who take pride in avoiding society, and farmers who look down upon the city boarders quite as much as the city boarders look down upon them.

With little children, it is right to take great care that they should have only the best companions. Until they have judgment enough to decide what is good and what is bad in those about them, it is dangerous for them to come in contact with the bad at all.

But when we are old enough to choose our own friends, how shall we choose? We are generally guided by our likes and dislikes. We say with the girl in the ballad—

> "The reason why I cannot tell;
> I only know and know full well,
> I do not like you, Dr. Fell."

I have never been able to find fault with this principle, though I hope most of us are not drawn together, as some are, simply because our sleeves are cut alike. Even if we all looked about and selected the most suitable person we know for a companion, and decided to love that one best, do you think we should succeed? The fact that we are attracted by one rather than another does usually mean that that one in some way belongs to us.

The better we are ourselves, the more likely we are to love the good. But then, suppose we are not very good, and we are conscious that some of our friends hinder instead of help us? What are we to do if we are aware that we are very easily led by those about us?

Isn't it rather selfish, just for the sake of our own improvement, to cast off those who love us? That is the way many generous young people feel, though they may not like to say so to their parents or their teachers, who beg them to be more careful of their associates.

It would be a fine thing if we could determine not to be hindered; if instead of that, we could help the friend who is now hindering us. Sometimes that is possible. We are in no dilemma about books. We can give up the trash we have been reading without hurting anybody. We can fortify ourselves with the best of companions in books. As we improve, if there is anything genuine in our friendship, our friend will perhaps improve with us. If not, the bond between us will grow weaker and gradually disappear of itself.

But for those who are too weak to try such a remedy. They would be good girls if they had good friends; but with silly companions they are very silly girls. I fear there is no help except in obeying their wiser guardians. Suppose we hurt our friend's feelings. It may rouse the one who is hurt as nothing else could do.

We do not by any means have complete choice in the matter of companions. We cannot escape association with a great many people whom we do not even fancy. For this reason I feel like insisting all the more on what I have said before—that we must use all our strength to rise above ourselves with-

out the help of others. We must do our best whether those about us are their best or not. But the more difficult it is to escape from most of our associates, the more important it is to choose well where we have any choice.

The one law is to choose the best. But who are the best—those who minister to us or those to whom we can minister?

I know a woman who has always chosen well. She has friends in all parts of the world and in all grades of society. If I tell you something about them perhaps it will make the whole subject clearer.

When she was a schoolgirl she was naturally attracted to two or three of the best girls in her class—one was the best scholar, another the most high-minded, and another, though dull enough, was the neatest and sweetest of them all. She cared also for two of the teachers—one of the oldest and wisest, the other the youngest and freshest of the corps. She had two or three friends also among the little girls whom she was able to help. When she left school she was at once surrounded by a large class of cultivated people. She liked society, and went to parties when she had time; but the special friends she chose for herself were not those who shone most in such assemblies. One of her friends was a brilliant society woman, the most accomplished and most beautifully dressed woman of the circle, who could dance all night and be as fresh as a rose in the morning, and whose wit and grace never failed. Our heroine admired this woman as she admired all things perfect of their kind; but she never would have made a friend of her if she had not seen in her a large, full, unselfish nature, lifted above trivialities, even when she was doing the most trivial things.

Another friend was a woman physician with a world-wide reputation; another was a young society fellow whose dominant interest in life was music.

She had a few lessons in German from a shy old professor very much out at the elbows, who had such a power of inspiring her with high thoughts that he became her life-long friend. She found that her milliner was a cultivated woman who, when she went to Paris, studied the pictures of the Louvre as much as she did the fashions, and she made a friend of her. The

newsboy who delivered papers at the door proved to have a real taste for the drama. She gave him substantial help in his education; but more than that, she was his sympathetic friend, and in reading Shakespeare with him she received as much help as she gave.

She boarded one summer in a fisherman's home on one of those lonely islands along the coast of Maine, and she found the fisherman's wife a true companion, a woman not only of sweetness and integrity, but a thinker without books, and one who saw and felt the glory of the world without requiring an artist to point it out to her.

At the South she came in contact with a negro woman who had been a slave, and whose life had been full of those terrible tragedies of which the simplest account makes the blood run cold. This woman by force of character had won peace out of suffering, and had something to give to others well worth giving.

Now why did this one woman discover these remarkable people everywhere? The rest of us go through the world and think our companions very commonplace. It was because she had those qualities in herself that called out a response from the best in others.

> "The pedigree of honey
> Does not concern the bee.
> A clover any time to him
> Is aristocracy."

She was a quiet, rather reserved woman, though she had an easy grace in conversation which always pleased. She cared deeply for beauty and delicacy, but she was absolutely unworldly. Nothing attracted her which was not genuine, and she had a nature large enough to perceive what was genuine even when it wore an uncouth disguise.

HOME CULTURE

Children's Questioning

By HENRY L. CLAPP

ASKING questions is the habit of all children. Very early, even before they begin to talk, they manifest a desire to know the causes of things; and they continue to show natural curiosity until they go to school, which they seem to recognize as a place where curiosity is very much out of place, since so little opportunity is given for its exercise. In that case curiosity is apt to be replaced by laziness and apparent dullness.

Out of school they are, with rare exceptions, very thoughtful and exceedingly busy about something. They question much for the satisfaction which they experience in finding reasons or explanations of various acts. Each questions from his own point of view, and thereby increases his understanding and develops his own mind. These voluntary questions engage his whole attention; they are for the time of the highest interest to him, and, on that account, of the greatest importance to his proper mental development. As he leaps about for the mere pleasure of physical movement, his thoughts also dart about among scenes past and present, and imagination carries him on to the future and back again like a flash. What pleasure he takes in these mental and physical movements when he is at full liberty to do as he pleases! He is happy because he is fulfilling the laws of his being, developing his mind and body by his own self-activities. He cannot help questioning any more than he can help jumping or thinking.

In a proper home there is only moderate restriction on any of these means of development, and accordingly he develops there very fast. In the fields and woods also there are no re-

strictions on natural development. Running in the fields, climbing trees, and playing games of all sorts are powerful developing processes. Queries are rapidly formed and as rapidly answered, probabilities are balanced, decisions are made, and bodily movements follow in exact conformity to the judgment and will.

The moment children step into the ordinary schoolroom, opportunities for questioning and spontaneous judging and willing are cut off. They are now going to be trained and developed by a logical, systematic, step-by-step method, frequently called normal. All physical movements with any vigor in them must be regulated by a minutely detailed system of gymnastics, which frequently comes to be so dominant that all natural play at recess must give way to marching and countermarching. In the schoolroom, questioning, judging, willing, and spontaneity in general seem to be vested in the teacher alone, to be incompatible with his idea of pupils' right thinking. The educational code there is, "Sit still, ask no questions, learn and recite your lessons, and do what I tell you." This ancient code makes the conditions favorable for the application of questions assumed to be asked after the Socratic method, in which as practiced the pupils' self-activities appear to be very much overlooked.

The universal method of teaching is catechetical, the teacher asking all the questions and the pupils attempting to answer them. The teacher sets the conditions and makes all the attacks on ignorance, negligence, and incompetence, and may be said truly to be on the offensive always; while the pupils constantly attempt to comply with conditions, repel attacks, and conceal their shortcomings, and may be said as truly to be always on the defensive. The mutual relations of teacher and pupils may be quite accurately determined by averaging the conditions which the graduates of various schools remember to have existed when they went to school. How they outwitted the teacher forms a bright spot in the memory. It is long remembered and easily recalled. Like a good joke, it is delightfully piquant and suggestive of similar jokes.

The customary one-sidedness of teaching makes school-work more or less disagreeable and progress comparatively slow. It

is difficult to excite and sustain interest. Repression, coercion, and machinery become necessary to make the government respected and respectable. Strong disciplinarians rather than good teachers are required when children's activities, either of body or mind, are directed into hard, unnatural channels or are kept down by forcible means. The teacher questions, struggles against the constitution of her pupils' minds, and really dominates them at last. Herbart says, "Tediousness is the greatest sin of instruction." The pupils often feel that their work is uninteresting and difficult without knowing why or how to help themselves; and they learn, often by bitter experience, that it is discreet to obey and learn and recite their lessons, however distasteful they may be. That is the traditional way—the way passed over by their parents, in which they are expected to go, and by which the torrent of their impulsive questions must needs be dammed up for many a long year in the future as it has been for centuries in the past. *Repression* is the word naturally and correctly applied to such a system.

Children's natural, constant, and almost irrepressible desire to question freely about everything that comes within the range of their experience has not been considered of any special value in educating them. Even Froebel seems to have overlooked its great value as a means of developing reason, judgment, the relation of things, and everything that makes for real knowledge. Out of school it has room. A man may question everything, past, present, and future, but a child's inalienable right to say "Why?" out loud in a schoolroom is hardly recognized. He is to take instruction without question. Traditions in education are almost unchangeable.

A careful distinction should be made between children's activities and self-activities, the one often being confounded with the other by teachers. Generally their activities in school result from a compelling force of will, of laws, of penalties, all of which are kept well out of sight in some schools, but in the immediate foreground in most schools. This compelling force is often necessary under present conditions, but not so often as practice would make it appear.

Generally teachers' traditions and scholastic training are no

safe guides in dealing with self-activities educationally. Self-activity is spontaneous, the result of an inside motive. How to teach children to desire to undertake and stick to school-work, whether the teacher be present or absent, tradition does not state. To be sure, children's questioning in school as a real educative force and a rule of practice is, it may be, startlingly new; but any means, precedented or unprecedented, that will certainly result in spontaneous activity, should be earnestly sought for and fairly used.

The idea of educating children through their activities has of late years found expression in giving them something to do with their hands, as seen in the various forms of manual training. The advocates and teachers of this world indulge the thought and give the impression that it brings out children's self-activities remarkably well. Many fondly believe that by means of it the "whole boy" is sent to school. Nevertheless, his self-activities seem to have but little more opportunity for development than before the doing era, advantageous as that really is. Children in all departments of manual training are taught, instructed, crammed, compelled, it may be, as of old, and then they work out the instruction with head and hand, whereas formerly the head only attempted to follow instructions, more often unsuccessfully. Certainly a great advance was made by the introduction of manual training; but spontaneous self-activity is not a leading motive in the work, if any at all. The work is prescribed.

The child's curiosity or investigating spirit does not receive its satisfaction in any form of manual training now in use. Individual experimentation and investigation have small place in it, so that the need of other educational forces is felt. The spirit of inquiry is much less apparent in school than out. Whose fault is it? Surely not the children's. Nature studies are doing the most to foster the spirit of inquiry; manual training hardly anything. Constructiveness is important, but no more important in education than investigation. Investigation and voluntary work are the expressions of self-activities, while prescribed work is the expression of activities governed by a temporary, outside, dominating influence.

HOME CULTURE

A Taste for Reading

By OLIVE THORNE MILLER

MANY years ago an enthusiastic girl, whose name you never heard, deliberately set out to "improve her mind." Blindly and secretly groping about for the best way, she stumbled upon various maxims for the guidance of earnest young souls, and putting them all together, she adopted for herself a set of rules intended to correct all her faults and complete her education, and of which I will tell you only those which were to direct her reading. The first required her to rise at five o'clock, retire to a cold room in the third story, and read for two hours in some "solid" work; and the second, never to read a second sentence until she understood the first.

Dear me! I see her now, poor struggling soul! wrapped in a shawl, eyes half open, poring over "Finney's Theology," the most solid book in her father's library. No one can ever know the tough wrestles she had with the "Theory of Divine Government," and "Moral Obligation," nor the faithfulness with which she adhered to the second rule, of understanding each sentence—which often resulted, by the way, in limiting her reading to a single half-page in a morning.

Have you found out that you know very little?—that books are full of allusions totally dark to you? Have you learned that graduating, even at a college, will not complete your education? Do you long for cultivation? Then to you I hold out my hands. Let us see if we cannot avoid the rocks that have wrecked so many honest endeavorers besides the girl of that far-off day with her Theology.

For the first and greatest of these rocks—you will attempt too much. You will wake up to your needy condition suddenly, perhaps, and looking over the biography of Franklin, or some one else who lived by rule—or at least made rules to live by—you will, if you're an earnest soul, lay out for yourself such a code of laws, mental, moral, and physical, as an aged philosopher would find hard to live by. Eagerly you will begin, and faithfully carry them out for a while; but human nature is weak, enthusiasm will die out, your lapses from rules will become more frequent, and you will fall back into the old careless life, discouraged; perhaps resume your novel-reading, and never advance beyond the shallow life you see about you and find so easy.

My dear girl, don't be so hard with yourself. Don't expect to jump from light novels to Carlyle, and to relish his bracing atmosphere. Do not begin with a book that requires the close attention of a student, and force yourself to read, yawning, with wandering mind and closing eyes. Do not open a dry history, beginning at the first chapter, resolved to read it through anyway. Never stint your sleep, nor freeze, nor starve yourself. All these are worse than useless; they discourage you. A taste for solid reading must be cultivated, and books that are tedious at thirteen may be lamps to your feet in later years.

There is an easier and better way. You need not despair of acquiring an interest in instructive reading, even if you have always read novels, have little time at your disposal, or have reached the age of gray hairs. It is never too late to begin to cultivate yourself.

When you become interested in a subject, *then* is the time to follow it up, and read everything you can get hold of about it. What you read when thus keenly interested you will remember and make your own, and that is the secret of acquiring knowledge: to study a thing when your mind is awake and eager to know more. No matter if it leads you away from the book which you set out; and if it sends you to another subject, so that you never again open the original book, so much the better; you are eager, you are learning, and the object of read-

ing is to learn, not to get through a certain number of books.

"What we read with inclination," said wise old Dr. Johnson, "makes a strong impression. What we read as a task is of little use."

When you read a book that interests you, you naturally wish to know more of its author. That is the time to make his acquaintance. Read his life, or an account of him in an encyclopedia; look over his other writings, and become familiar with him. Then you have really added something to your knowledge. If you fettered yourself with a "course," you could not do this, and before you finished a book you would have forgotten the special points which interested you as you went through.

You think that history is dull reading, perhaps. I'm afraid that is because you have a dull way of reading it, not realizing that it is a series of true and wonderful stories of men's lives, beyond comparison more marvelous and interesting than the fictitious lives we read in novels. The first pages are usually dry, I admit, and I advise you not to look at them till you feel a desire to do so; but select some person, and follow out the story of his life, or some event, and read about that, and, I assure you, you will find a new life in the old books.

After getting, in this way, a fragmentary acquaintance with a nation, its prominent men and striking events, you will doubtless feel anxious to know its whole story, and then, reading it with interest, you will remember what you read.

But there are other subjects in which you may be interested. You wish first to know about the few great books and authors generally regarded and referred to as the fountain heads of the world's literature.

There are many well-known and often-quoted authors, concerning whom you will wish to be informed, even if you never read their works. You want to know when they lived and what they wrote. The world of books is too large for any one to know thoroughly; you must select from the wide range what suits your taste, and be content to have an outside, or title-page, knowledge of the rest.

OLIVE THORNE MILLER.

Above all, in your reading you want to avoid becoming narrow and one-sided. Read both sides of a question. If you read a eulogistic biography of a person, read also, if possible, one written from an opposite standpoint. You will find that no one is wholly bad, nor wholly good, and you will grow broad in your views.

But perhaps you don't know how to read by subjects. Let me tell you. Suppose you see an allusion to something that interests you—say Sir Walter Raleigh; look for his name in an encyclopedia or biographical dictionary (which you will find in every tolerable village library). Reading of him, you will become interested in Queen Elizabeth; look her up, in the same books, and in English history; observe the noted men of her reign, look them up, read their lives; read historical novels and poems of her times; look at the table of contents of magazines and reviews, and read essays on the subject. You see the way open before you. Once make a start, and there is scarcely an end to the paths you will wish to follow.

If you have no special subject of interest, take up an encyclopedia, slowly turn the leaves, and read any item that attracts you, not forcing yourself to read anything. If you have any life in you, you will find something to interest you; then you have your subject. If it is some historical person or event, proceed as I have already indicated; if scientific, overhaul the dictionaries of science, lives of scientific men, discussions of disputed points, etc.; if geographical, turn to a gazetteer, books of travels, etc. One book will lead to another.

Right here let me say, I hope you have access to these works of reference, either in your own house, or that of a friend, or at a public library. But if your case is the very worst—if you have none, cannot buy them, and have no public library in your neighborhood, let me advise you to drop everything else, and make it your sole and special mission to start one, either by influencing your parents and older friends or by getting up a club of your mates. A strong will and earnest effort will accomplish wonders, and all older people are willing to help younger ones to useful tools.

To return to your reading. Your memory is bad, perhaps

—every one complains of that; but I can tell you two secrets that will cure the worst memory. One I mentioned above: to read a subject when strongly interested. The other is, to not only read, but think. When you have read a paragraph or a page, stop, close the book, and try to remember the ideas on that page, and not only recall them vaguely in your mind, but put them into words and speak them out. Faithfully follow these two rules, and you have the golden keys of knowledge. Besides inattentive reading, there are other things injurious to memory. One is the habit of skimming over newspapers, items of news, smart remarks, bits of information, political reflections, fashion notes, all in a confused jumble, never to be thought of again, thus diligently cultivating a habit of careless reading, hard to break. Another is the reading of trashy novels. Nothing is so fatal to reading with profit as the habit of running through story after story, and forgetting them as soon as read. I know a gray-haired woman, a lifelong lover of books, who sadly declares that her mind has been ruined by such reading.

A help to memory is repetition. Nothing is so certain to keep your French fresh, and ready for use, as to have always on hand an interesting story in that language, to take up for ten minutes every day. In that case, you will not "forget your French" with the majority of your schoolmates.

A love of books, dear girls, is one of the greatest comforts in life. No one can be wholly unhappy or solitary who possesses it. From thoughtless youth to hoary age, books are a refreshment for the weary, society for the lonely, helpers for the weak. A taste for good reading is one of the best gifts in the world—better than beauty, almost better than health, and incalculably better than wealth. The pleasures of a comfortably filled mind can never be estimated.

In conclusion, let me beg that whatever you learn in books you will learn thoroughly. Content yourself with no smattering surface acquaintance, but endeavor to thoroughly know and understand your subject, step by step, as you go on. Master one subject, and you have taken a long step toward a broad and cultivated womanhood.

HOME GRACES

The Art of Conversation

THE art of expressing one's thoughts in clear, simple, elegant English, is one of the first to be attained by those who would mix in good society. No matter what claims you may have upon the world's attention or respect—whether you be a millionaire, a genius, a discoverer, a philanthropist—you must talk, and talk fairly well, if you would not altogether fail of producing some kind of impression upon society. To have something good to say, and to say it in the best possible manner, is to insure success and admiration.

The first thing necessary for the attainment of this valuable accomplishment is a good education. Every well-bred person, as we have already remarked, should be well acquainted with the French language, with the history of his own country, and with the current events and literature of the day. Above all things, a perfect knowledge of English is indispensable. To talk of the *nuances* and elegancies of accent and language to persons who are wanting in rudimentary knowledge, is like discussing the charms of literary style with one who has not yet learned to spell. Yet let no one despair of being able to speak well, however laboriously he may have to contend with the disadvantages of neglected education. The safest and speediest plan is at once to procure a good teacher. Beware of trusting too readily to the guidance of a pronouncing dictionary. A work of this kind is, for the most part, a delusion and a snare. With its phonetic attempt at illustration, it can do no more than show you a skeleton, and call it a man. Those who have had no educational advantages in youth should set themselves

to learn their own language as a foreigner would learn it; i.e., by assiduously working with a first-rate teacher of elocution, and by omitting no opportunity of hearing good English spoken. They should attend public readings, theaters, lectures, law courts and the like, and be careful to associate as little as possible with persons who are in the habit of expressing themselves incorrectly and vulgarly. Nothing is so infectious as a vicious accent or a vulgar manner.

All provincialisms, affectations of foreign accent, mannerisms, exaggerations, and slang, are detestable. Equally to be avoided are inaccuracies of expression, hesitation, and undue use of French or other foreign words, and anything approaching to flippancy, coarseness, triviality, or prevarication. The voice should never be loud, the speech should not be accompanied with gesticulation, and the features should ever be under strict control. A half-opened mouth, a smile ready at any moment to overflow into a laugh, a vacant stare, a wandering eye, are all evidences of ill-breeding. One may be as awkward with the mouth as with the arms or legs. Suppression of visible emotion, whether of laughter, or anger, or mortification, or disappointment, is a sure mark of breeding.

Next to unexceptionable grammar, correct elocution, and a frank, self-controlled bearing, it is necessary to be genial. Do not go into society unless you can make up your mind to be cheerful, sympathetic, animating, as well as animated. Dullness is one of the unforgivable offenses. Society does not require you to be as hilarious as if you had just come into a fortune, but you have no right to look as though you had just lost one.

In the present day an acquaintance with art is indispensable. Music and painting are constantly discussed in good society, and you should know something about the best works of the great painters, sculptors, and musicians. Be careful not to *display* this knowledge too much—it may become tiresome, or you may be tripped up by some one who knows more.

The matter of conversation is as important as the manner. There are a thousand conversational shoals and quicksands to be avoided in society; and though tact and good feeling will

for the most part point them out, it may be as well to enumerate a few of them.

Compliments are inadmissible in society, unless, indeed, they are so delicately put as to be hardly discernible. All flattery is vulgar, and born of snobbism, while the habit of heaping attentions or civil speeches upon those who are richer, better born, or wiser than ourselves, induces insincerity on the one hand and disgust on the other. Even the best-meant flattery does harm, since it is sure to be ascribed to interested motives. Testify your respect, your admiration, your gratitude, by deeds, not words. Words are easy, deeds difficult. Few will believe the first, but the last carry confirmation with them.

In conversation the face should wear something which is akin to a smile; a smile, as it were, below the surface.

We should always look at the person who addresses us, and listen deferentially to whatever he says. When we make answer, we should endeavor to express our best thoughts in our best manner. A loose manner of expression injures ourselves more than our interlocutor; since, if we talk carelessly to those whom we will not take the trouble to please, we shall feel at a loss for apt words and correct elocution when we need them.

Always think before you speak; as thus only can you acquire a habit of speaking to the purpose.

A clear intonation, a well-chosen phraseology, a logical habit of thought, and a correct accent, will prove of inestimable advantage to the young of both sexes on beginning life.

Polite vulgarisms must be scrupulously guarded against. A well-educated person proclaims himself by the simplicity and terseness of his language. It is only the half-educated who indulge in fine language, and think that long words and high-sounding phrases are *distingué*. Good, clear Saxon English is nowhere better studied than in the works of Macaulay, Sydney Smith, Southey, Jeremy Taylor, Defoe, George Eliot, and Anthony Trollope. Such works should be read again and again.

Anything approaching to extravagance in conversation is objectionable. We should endeavor to ascertain the precise

meaning of the words we employ, and only employ them at the right time. Such phrases as "awfully hot," "immensely jolly," "abominably dull," "disgustingly mean," etc., etc., are constantly used in the most reckless manner, and end by conveying no meaning whatever. This hyperbolical way of speaking is mere flippancy without wit or novelty to recommend it.

All "slang" is vulgar. It has become of late unfortunately prevalent, and we have known even ladies pride themselves on the saucy chic with which they adopt certain cant phrases of the day. Such habits cannot be too severely reprehended. They lower the tone of society and the standard of thought. It is a great mistake to suppose that slang is in any way a substitute for wit.

Scandal is the least excusable of all conversational vulgarities.

The use of proverbs is very objectionable in society; and puns, unless they rise to the rank of witticisms, are to be scrupulously avoided. There is no greater nuisance in society than a dull and persevering punster.

Long arguments in general company, however entertaining to the disputants, are, to the last degree, tiresome to the hearers. You should always prevent the conversation from dwelling too long on one topic.

Religion and politics are subjects which should never be introduced in general society at the dinner-table, or in the society of ladies. They are subjects on which persons are most likely to differ, and least likely to preserve their temper.

If you are led into such discussions, be careful not to use language and actions unbecoming a gentleman. A man in a passion ceases to be a gentleman. Even if convinced your opponent is wrong, yield gracefully, decline further discussion, or dexterously turn the conversation.

Interruption of the speech of others is a great sin against good breeding. It has been aptly said, that "if you interrupt a speaker in the middle of his sentence, you act almost as rudely as if, when walking with a companion, you were to thrust yourself before him, and stop his progress."

To listen well is almost as great an art as to talk well. It

is not enough *only* to listen. You must endeavor to seem interested in the conversation of others. Never anticipate the point of a story which another is reciting, or take it from his lips to finish it in your own language.

Gentlemen should not make use of classical quotations in the presence of ladies, without apologizing for or translating them. Even then, it should only be done when no other phrase can so aptly express their meaning. Much display of learning is pedantic and out of place in a drawing-room. All topics especially interesting to gentlemen, such as the turf, the exchange, or the farm, should be excluded from general conversation. Men should also remember that all ladies are not interested in politics, and dwell, of preference, upon such subjects as they are sure to be acquainted with. Never talk upon subjects of which you know nothing, unless it be for the purpose of acquiring information. Many young ladies and gentlemen imagine that, because they play a little, sing a little, draw a little, frequent exhibitions and operas, and so forth, they are qualified judges of art. No mistake is more egregious or universal. The young should never be critical. A young person of either sex can but appear ridiculous when satirizing books, people, or things: opinion, to be worth the consideration of others, should have the advantage of maturity.

Anecdotes should be very sparsely introduced into conversation, and should be invariably "short, witty, eloquent, new, not far-fetched."

Repartee must be indulged in with equal moderation. Utterly objectionable to all persons of taste is the fast and flippant style of speech adopted by some fashionable young ladies of the present day. In conversing with men or women of rank, do not too frequently give them their titles; such as general, doctor, etc.; they must always have the surname appended by strangers: as, "What is your opinion, General Macdonald?" not, "What is your opinion, General?" "I hope you are well, Doctor Brown," not, "I hope you are well, Doctor." The surname can only be omitted by old friends. As a rule, names should be used but seldom, and never familiarly. Few solecisms give deeper offence than any liberty taken with one's

name, which should invariably be spelt and pronounced according to the example of the possessor.

In the society of foreigners it must be remembered that the custom is wholly different from ours. A Frenchman is always addressed—no matter whether he bear a professional, official, or military title—as "Monsieur"; and you never omit the word "Madame," whether addressing a duchess or a dressmaker. However much we may object to the custom, we should adopt it when in the society of foreigners, remembering that to forget the appellatives, "Monsieur, Madame, and Mademoiselle," equally with the German "Mein Herr," and the Italian "Signore," would savor as much of ill-breeding as if we were to address our own countrypeople as "Sir," "Ma'am," and "Miss."

The great secret of talking well is to adapt your conversation as skillfully as may be to your company. Some men make a point of talking commonplaces to all ladies alike, as if a woman could only be a trifler. Others, on the contrary, seem to forget in what respects the education of a lady differs from that of a gentleman, and commit the opposite error of conversing on topics with which ladies are seldom acquainted. A woman of sense has as much right to be annoyed by the one, as a lady of ordinary education by the other. You cannot pay a finer compliment to a woman of refinement and *esprit* than by leading the conversation into such a channel as may mark your appreciation of her superior attainments.

It should be remembered that people take more interest in their own affairs than in anything else which you can name. In *tête-à-tête* conversations, therefore, lead a mother to talk of her children, a young lady of her last ball, an author of his forthcoming book, or an artist of his exhibition picture. Having furnished the topic, you need only listen; and you are thought not only agreeable, but thoroughly sensible, amiable, and well informed.

Be careful, on the other hand, not always to make a point of talking to persons upon general matters relating to their professions. To show an interest in their immediate concerns is flattering, but to converse with them too much about their

own art or profession looks as if you thought them ignorant of other topics.

Do not be *always* witty, even though you should be so happily gifted as to need the caution. To outshine others on every occasion is the surest road to unpopularity.

In a *tête-à-tête* conversation, however interesting, it is extremely ill bred to drop the voice to a whisper, or to converse on private matters. Members of a family should not converse together in society.

If a foreigner be one of the guests at a small party, and does not understand English sufficiently well to follow what is said, good breeding demands that the conversation should be carried on in his own language, or that he should be introduced to some person conversant with it.

If upon the entrance of a visitor you carry on the thread of a previous conversation, you should briefly recapitulate to him what has been said before he arrived.

Always look, but never stare, at those with whom you converse.

Do not frequently repeat the name of the person with whom you are conversing; it implies either the extreme of hauteur or familiarity. We have already cautioned you against the repetition of titles. Deference can always be better expressed in the voice, manner, and countenance than in any forms of words.

Never speak of absent persons by only their Christian names or surnames, but always as Mr. —— or Mrs. ——. Above all, never name anybody by the first letter of his name. Married people are sometimes guilty of this flagrant offence against taste.

Even slight inaccuracy in statement of facts or opinions should rarely be remarked on in conversation. No one likes to be corrected, especially in the presence of others.

Be careful in company how you defend your friends, unless the conversation be addressed to yourself. Remember that nobody is perfect, and people may sometimes speak the truth; and that, if contradicted, they may be desirous of justifying themselves, and will *prove* what might otherwise have been a matter of doubt.

Never speak of your own children, except to your servants, as "Master" Tom or "Miss" Mary. Give them their Christian names only.

Remember in conversation that a voice "gentle and low" is, above all other extraneous accomplishments, "an excellent thing in woman." There is a certain distinct but subdued tone of voice which is peculiar only to persons of the best breeding. It is better to err by the use of too low than too loud a tone. Loud laughter is extremely objectionable in society.

Conversation is a reflex of character. The pretentious, the illiterate, the impatient, the envious, will as inevitably betray their idiosyncrasies as the modest, the even-tempered, and the generous. Strive as we may, we cannot be always acting. Let us, therefore, cultivate a tone of mind and a habit of life, the betrayal of which need not put us to shame in the company of the pure and the wise; and the rest will be easy. If we make ourselves worthy of refined and intelligent society, we shall not be rejected from it; and in such society we shall acquire by example all that we have failed to learn from precept.

A knowledge of English and foreign literature, of home and foreign politics, of current history and subjects of passing interest, is absolutely necessary, to be derived from the best daily newspapers, the reviews and magazines.

"You cannot have one well-bred man," says Emerson, "without a whole society of such." Elsewhere he says: "It makes no difference, in looking back five years, how you have dieted or dressed; whether you have been lodged on the first floor or in the attic; whether you have had gardens and baths, good cattle and horses, have been carried in a neat equipage, or in a ridiculous truck—these things are forgotten so quickly, and leave no effect. But it counts much whether we have had good companions in that time—almost as much as what we have been doing."

HOME GRACES

Qualities of Good Conversation

By WASHINGTON GLADDEN

CARLYLE insists that we talk too much. Doubtless that is true of most people. Words are something more than wind, however, and conversation as a social force must not be lightly esteemed. In one of Cooper's Revolutionary stories, he introduces two characters who fall into an earnest debate upon the right of the American Colonies to rebel. The parties are an officer in the King's army, who stoutly denies that right, and an American clergyman, who as stoutly affirms it. The discussion is kept up until a late hour, and the combatants, unwilling to give up the battle, agree to sleep upon their arms. The next morning, after the smoke of the last night's controversy has cleared away, each finds that he has been converted to the faith of the other; the British officer avows his intention of throwing up his commission and joining the rebels, and the American clergyman is convinced that it is his duty to apply for a chaplaincy in his Majesty's service; and in these convictions they both continue through the remainder of their lives. This is hardly an exaggeration of the effect which is daily produced in the modification of men's opinions through the agency of conversation. In politics, in religion, in the arts of life, opinions are oftener changed by familiar talk than by formal speeches. He who can talk wisely and well is qualified to exert great influence. But conversation is not merely a useful art, it is a fine art. No other accomplishment is to be compared with it. No entertainment is so rich and satisfying as that which is furnished in a circle of good talkers. You know

persons to whom it is a delight to listen, their conversation is so full of wisdom and grace. They are sought in society; at the dinner-table where they sit there is ambrosial food; and the fireside circles into which they are drawn never find it hard to make the time pass pleasantly. If, now, conversation is one of the most potent and pervasive of the social forces, and one of the finest of the arts, there is reason why we should study it. We may be admonished by Carlyle to talk less; but let us qualify ourselves to talk well when we do talk.

There are just two indispensable qualifications of a good conversationist. They are very comprehensive qualifications, however. The first is a good mind.

This implies a vast amount. It implies, of course, some natural ability; though the meanest capacities, with proper culture, may reflect honor upon their possessor. The toughest and hardest wood takes the finest polish, and it sometimes seems to be so with mind. Graces and accomplishments which have been wrought out by patience and painstaking are beautiful and precious; while those which cost little labor are often lightly esteemed.

Next to natural ability we find in a good mind intelligence. A good mind is a well-stored mind. Only out of the abundance of the mind the mouth speaketh eloquently. One of the chief reasons why good talkers are so few is found in the fact that they are few who have anything to talk about. This is the reason social gatherings are often so dreary and unsociable. People have nothing to say. This is the reason why talk often degenerates into twaddle or is perverted to the bad purposes of gossip. It is the lack of information, not the lack of natural ability, which occasions the barrenness of conversation in many circles. It is painful in the extreme to listen to the attempts of some excellent people to "make talk," as they say. The task of making bricks without straw is recreation compared with the drudgery of trying to talk when you have nothing to say. But let two persons of large reading and observation meet, and although they are entire strangers, they will soon find something to talk about. There are a thousand subjects, outside of themselves, and apart from their belongings, of

which they have knowledge; the hours pass quickly as they converse, and when they meet again they will not be strangers. I do not wish to be understood as asserting that none but the school learnt can talk interestingly, for I know many persons whose opportunities of acquiring education have been very limited, who are never at a loss for subjects of profitable conversation. They are diligent readers, busy thinkers, constant students of nature and of men; I never talk with them without finding all my thinking faculties aroused and stimulated; I always learn something from them, and am always conscious that they are trying hard to learn something from me.

A good mind is also a well-disciplined mind—a mind accustomed to reflect, to judge, and to choose for itself. This insures an independence and a vigor of expression, without which conversation is always tame and profitless. It is not enough that your memory is stored with facts; you must know what to do with your facts; you must know what your facts mean. What you want, in order to talk well, is a well-furnished mind. Now a room is not well furnished when the furniture, be it ever so abundant and costly, is pitched into a heap in the middle of it; neither is a mind well furnished when the knowledge which it holds is loosely thrown into it, without order or system.

Of course a well-disciplined mind will serve you in other ways besides enabling you to talk well. It is what you need in all the labors and studies of life. It is a possession that can never lie fallow. Get wisdom, then, and with all your gettings get understanding. If you would be good talkers you must not only know something, you must also know what that something means, and know how you know it.

The second general qualification of a good talker is a good heart. This is even more comprehensive than the other. It implies, first, good-humor. This is a prime condition of good conversation. Indeed, when good-humor takes leave, conversation immediately ceases to be conversation and becomes dispute in a more or less aggravated form. Write this little precept in capital letters in your memory: "When you begin to lose your temper, stop talking." But something more is de-

manded than good temper—the absence of variance. There must be a vein of cheerfulness always. Good-humor is to conversation what motion is to a brook—it gives sparkle and vivacity; without it we soon have stagnation. I have noticed in society that moody and sour-minded persons are always avoided, no matter how splendid may be their abilities, while those who are always bubbling over with mirth never fail of delighted listeners.

Charitableness is another quality of the good heart. The good conversationist is one who listens with respect and tolerance to all that others have to say, and who never judges them harshly because they happen to differ from him. And not only does he treat the opinions of others with charity—he judges their lives in the same way. He thinks no evil of his neighbor, and therefore, of course, he speaks no evil concerning him. That is to say, he avoids all gossip and everything that resembles gossip. He never descends to that dirty level, and if he can help it, he never associates with people who do.

A virtue closely akin to charitableness is candor. All conversation is worse than vain, if those who converse are not willing to know the truth, even though the truth may conflict with opinions which they hold. When two persons talk simply to vanquish each other in argument—not caring so much to know the truth of the matter about which they are talking as to gain the victory in debate, or to defend opinions which they have expressed—their conversation will result in no good whatever. When you find yourselves in company with persons whose talk all seems to be stimulated by the feeling, "I've said it, and I'll stick to it, right or wrong," you had better draw the interview to a close as soon as possible. In your conversation, let every one see that you have no opinions so dear that you will not surrender them at the demand of truth.

Sympathy is another of the moral requisites of good conversation. This is one of the good talker's choicest gifts. He is able to put himself immediately on an equal footing with those to whom he is talking; he enters into their thought and feeling as completely as he can; he studies their mental habits and acquirements, if he does not know them by intuition, that

he may know what subjects would most interest them, and he is careful to introduce no themes that would be tedious or disagreeable to them. I know of no grace which is more to be coveted in society than this sympathetic friendliness by which one can immediately throw himself into the feeling of those to whom he speaks, establishing between himself and them relations of equality and fraternity.

Earnestness is another of the qualities of the good heart. The opposite of this is that trifling spirit so prevalent at the present day. I suppose that Paul the Apostle meant this when he wrote of "foolish talking and jesting, which are not convenient." Many of us, I dare say, have found them quite inconvenient, when, in the exercise of what wits we possessed, we have been utterly unable to determine whether individuals meant exactly what they said or exactly the opposite. I do not stickle for mathematical accuracy of expression, at all times; I only object to the constant habit of trifling into which some young persons fall. An occasional ripple may not be objectionable, but when there are nothing but rapids, we know that the stream is shallow. We demand some depth and tranquillity in conversation. Our best entertainment and our clearest profit are always found in conversing with those whom we know to be thoroughly in earnest, whose words we can receive without being constantly on our guard against irony or *double-entendre*.

Sincerity is a distinguishing quality of the good talker. The opposite of this is a worse fault than the last. It is the sin of deceit or dishonesty, unconscious or deliberate. The other fault arises from an undue playfulness; this arises from an undue love of applause. You meet not a few in society who habitually deceive you by assenting to all you say, whether they believe it or not; by taking pains to talk in unison with you, though they go directly athwart their own convictions. You are not long in finding out such people, and when you have once discovered what manner of spirit they are of, you derive no more satisfaction from conversation with them. Be not like unto them. Be perfectly sincere in all your talk. Profess nothing which you do not feel. Assent to nothing

which you do not believe. If dissent would violate hospitality or cause you unavailing trouble, you may sometimes be silent; but never think to gain the regard of others by hiding or falsifying your own convictions.

Modesty is another of the traits which adorn the good talker. Egotism is insufferable in conversation. And yet how many are the ways in which it comes out in common talk. Men who in public places conduct themselves with dignity and modesty are sometimes unbearably egotistic in private conversation. There are many distinguished personages whom you have never met, whose personal acquaintance you had better not form, if you wish to preserve your exalted opinion of them. If you should hear them talk, you would soon be disenchanted. Their self-conceit would be so disgusting to you, that you would never care to see or hear them again. But though self-conceit is a common vice of great men, it does not appear necessary that a man should be great in order that he may think highly of himself. Some very small men whom I have known have been great egotists. Egotism crops out everywhere in conversation. There is the individual whose talk is all about himself—*his* wonderful experiences—*his* matchless gifts and possessions—*his* peculiar tastes and notions—*his* distinguished friends. Change the topic of conversation as often as you will, he will always return, after a brief digression, to the original mutton. You can neither coax him off nor choke him off. So long as he talks, he will talk about himself, and when he ceases to talk about himself, his tongue will cleave to the roof of his mouth. You know this individual. Do you like to talk with him? He has a neighbor who resembles him, in the manner of his conversation. This one is always ready to match every fact you state, no matter how interesting or remarkable, with another fact considerably more interesting and remarkable, connected with his life and history. Is he an agreeable companion? There is another, who entertains you with a minute account of his ailments. Of all the egotists the valetudinarian is the worst. Persons who "enjoy poor health," and find all their comfort in talking about it, are to be treated kindly of course, poor creatures! but they are not exactly the kind of

people one likes to spend a social evening with. Then there is another troublesome kind of egotist—the individual who talks all the time—turning the conversation into a harangue, which he delivers to a circle of uneasy listeners. You remember the story of Madame de Staël, who, upon being introduced to a deaf and dumb man, talked to him for an hour or more with her accustomed fluency, not even noticing that he did not reply; and afterward said to the friend who introduced him, "Who was that gentleman? I thought him a remarkably agreeable person." Such monologues may be pardoned to Madame de Staël, in consideration of her wonderful gifts of extemporaneous speech; but it will hardly be safe for any of us to esteem ourselves so much wiser than our associates that we can claim the right of talking all the while, leaving them only the responsibility of listening.

Conversation implies, on the part of all who engage in it, both talking and listening. In all good conversation each individual has as much listening as talking to do; and the good conversationist is one who cannot only talk well, but also listen well. I know some eloquent listeners, who show by all their conduct that they are paying the strictest and most respectful attention to every word that is spoken to them; and I know others who never hear anything that is said to them—who deliver their own remarks, and then, if they give way for reply, the vacant expression of their eyes, and their absent, abstracted manner, give evidence that instead of listening to you they are thinking what they shall say next. Now all this arises from excessive self-conceit. It grows out of the supposition on their part that it is all important that you should hear what they have to say, but that what you have to say is not of the slightest consequence to them nor to anybody else.

Charron has truly said: "In company it is a great fault to be more forward in setting one's self off than to learn the worth and be truly acquainted with the abilities of other men. Especially must those who are really gifted in conversation remember this truth; for he who eclipses others owes them great civilities, and, whatever a mistaken vanity may tell us, it is better to please in conversation than to shine in it."

To be a good talker, we have seen, one must have a good mind and a good heart. The good heart, while it is by far the more important of the two qualifications, is the one more likely to be disregarded. The conversational gifts which men most covet are the gifts of fluency and brilliancy and wit. Such qualities as sincerity and charity and candor and earnestness and modesty they forget to cultivate. And yet, without these fluency is a curse and brilliancy an *ignis fatuus*, and the arrows of wit are poisoned arrows.

I remember now the words of One whose conversations (for he never made speeches) have been the most precious legacy of the world for many centuries: "How can ye, being evil, speak good things; for out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. A good man out of the good treasure of his heart bringeth forth good things, and an evil man out of the evil treasure bringeth forth evil things." Here we come to the root of the matter. If you would talk well you must live well.

HOME GRACES

The Secret of Pleasing Talk

By JOHN TODD

"WHAT a delightful evening we have spent!" said a student to his companion, as they were returning home from a visit during vacation.

"Yes, I do not know that I ever spent one more agreeably; and yet I cannot tell exactly what it was that rendered it so agreeable. The circle all seemed to be happy, and parted so; but, for myself, I was so taken up with the conversation of that stranger, that I took little notice of what the rest were doing."

"That was precisely my own case. Without seeming to know it, he possesses uncommon powers of conversation."

And this was the whole secret of the pleasures of the evening—that there was one in the circle who, by nature and education, was fitted to instruct and please by his conversation.

There are few things more neglected than the cultivation of what we denominate conversational powers; and yet few which can be more subservient to bestowing pleasure and advantage. The man who knows precisely how to converse, has an instrument in his possession with which he can do great good, and which will make him welcome in all circles.

Take notice as you are introduced to a stranger. In a short time, you find he is interesting. You are in the stage; you hear him, and forget the time, and are surprised at the rapidity with which you approach the place at which you must part. What makes him so interesting? It is his powers of conversation.

The advantages of this mode of communicating ideas need not be dwelt upon here. It is the method devised by the infinite Creator for the happiness of man, in all circumstances. It is the most perfect way of giving and receiving instruction. It is simple, as are all His works. We may produce strong, dazzling lights by chemical combinations; but the pure light of heaven is the most perfect.

There is scarcely any way by which you can gain a stronger hold upon the circles in which you may move, or in which you may do more good. In conversation all are freebooters, and may carry away and appropriate to themselves as much as they can; and there is a vast quantity of thought and information afloat upon the great mass of intelligent mind, which never has been, and never will be, committed to paper. He who is permitted to draw from this great fountain, can hardly fail of having thought poured upon him sufficient to render him intelligent, even though he should never open a book. You will see this every day in our cities. There the mass of men are too busy and hurried to read. They do not read; and yet, when you meet a man from the city, you expect to find him an interesting and intelligent man. If he has long resided there, you will hardly be disappointed. The reason is obvious: he is thrown where all this thought is floating from mind to mind; where mind is constantly coming in contact with mind; and he feels the influence. A light that is hardly seen when standing alone, will, when placed among others, not only give but receive light.

The student has an immense advantage over all other classes of the community; for he can unite the two most perfect and desirable methods of gaining information—the accuracy and profound thoughts which can be found only in books, and the general information concerning men and things, which conversation and society will bestow. Consequently, under certain restrictions, it becomes as really his duty to improve by conversation as by books. But as conversation is a kind of commerce, towards which every person ought to pay his share, you act against all honorable rules of commerce, if you are not so prepared as to furnish your quota. If you would draw out

facts and information, and elicit from others mental effort which may be useful to you, it is certainly your duty to cultivate your talents and powers, so that they may, in turn, derive the same benefit from your society. You act an ungenerous part, if this be not the case.

I am specific in my hints, as it is always true that, when judicious advice is given, the more specific it is, the more valuable.

Do not waste your time, and that of the company, in talking upon trifles. The amount of attention bestowed upon trifles and follies, frequently renders conversation so nauseous to an intelligent mind that it is disgusted. The consequence is, that such a man withdraws from company, and loses all the advantages of society. He cannot bear to spend hours of precious time in hearing the narrow-minded dwell upon the merest trifles in the world. He has no taste for entering into them, and he sits silent till he takes a final leave. While I would not applaud a taste that is delicate and fastidious to a fault, and which could endure nothing short of the exquisite, I would, at the same time, earnestly request every trifler, in society, to inquire if he is aware that, by his flat and trivial conversation, he is driving every sensible man from the circle in which he moves. But the man of sense ought not to withdraw. He must have courage to turn the tide. You need not sit silent because the rest are talking trifles. In every circle, you will find at least one who is able and willing to communicate instruction. Seek him out; ply him with interrogations, and be in earnest to obtain information which you need. In this way, every one will be able to learn, if he chooses. If there are not two, at least, in the circle, who are engaged in profitable conversation, it is your fault, and you ought not to complain that the company was dull or trifling. It is to be lamented that even gifted minds and exalted talents are frequently of no other use, in company, than to give countenance to trifling, when they might and ought to be used to give a right direction to the conversation, and rightly influence the excited, interested minds present. There should be a bearing toward usefulness which is systematic. The want of this is a great deficiency.

A man given to severe study and thought is in peculiar danger here; for, when he goes into society, he drops all study, forgets the train of thought in which he had been engaged, and at once has his spirits, not elastic merely, but even at times highly excited. Then the temptation is to forget that he ought to use his knowledge and talents to instruct and enlighten that circle of friends; and that, if he does not improve the opportunity, he throws all the weight of his character into the vote to drive all valuable thoughts and conversation from the room. I do not mean that you are to strive to monopolize the conversation, to shine and show yourself, and your attainments. Far otherwise. But I mean that you should not waste your time, and the time of those who are kind enough to hear what you have to say, in saying things which might be said and repeated to the end of time, and no human being would be either the wiser or the better. Do nothing which has the appearance of superiority; but he who lives upon his "small talk" to render him long useful or agreeable in society, has much mistaken human nature. It may be pleasant and pretty; but who would thank you to invite him to dine frequently upon custards and ice-creams? If you leave a company without being able to reflect that you are wiser, or have made somebody else wiser, than when you entered it, there is something wrong in the case.

Beware of severe speaking in company. No matter whether the company be large or small, you may be sure that all you say against an absent person will reach him. You have done wrong, and an avenger will be found.

There is an almost universal propensity in mankind to slander each other, or, at least, to throw out hints which detract from the good opinion which they suppose may be entertained of their fellows. The detractor cheats himself most egregiously, but never others. He tacitly believes that he is pushing this one, and thrusting that one, with the charitable purpose of keeping the unworthy out of the seat of those who merit the esteem of all.

What you say in detraction will not merely reach the ear of the individual against whom it is said, but it will prejudice the circle against him. We love to be prejudiced against

people; and while you may say ten clever things of him which are forgotten, the two or three which you say against him will be remembered. Nor is this all. Such remarks leave a sting in your own conscience. You cannot thus speak disparagingly of the absent, without giving conscience the right to call you to an account, and tell you, in language which cannot be misconstrued, you have done wrong, and not as you would be done by.

An honest fellow was introduced into the most fashionable circle of a country village; and though he was neither learned nor brilliant, yet he passed off very well. But he had one incorrigible fault: he always stayed so as to be the last person who left the room. At length he was asked, categorically, why he always stayed so long. He replied, with great good nature and simplicity, that "as soon as a man was gone, they all began to talk against him; and, consequently, he thought it always judicious to stay till none were left to slander him."

The habit of flattering your friends and acquaintances is pernicious to your own character. It will injure yourself more than others. It is well understood among men, that he who is in the habit of flattering expects to be repaid in the same coin, and that, too, with compound interest. This is a very different thing from bestowing that encouragement upon your friend in private which he needs for the purpose of calling forth praiseworthy efforts. Flattery is usually bestowed in public—probably for the purpose of having witnesses, before whom your friend now stands committed to return what you are now advancing to him. But judicious encouragement will always be given in private. If you flatter others, they will feel bound to do so to you; and they certainly will do it. They well know that there is no other way in which they can cancel the obligations which you have imposed upon them; because no compensation but this will be satisfactory. Thus you hire others to aid you to become your own dupe, and over-estimate your excellences, whatever they may be. For a very obvious reason, then, you will deny yourself the luxury of being flattered. And especially do not fish for such pearls. You cannot do it, in a single instance, without having the motive seen through. You may have been astonished at seeing young men greedily

swallow praise when they could not but know that he who was daubing was insincere. It used to be a matter of surprise to me, how it is that we love praise, even when we know that we do not deserve it. Johnson, at a single plunge, has found the philosophy of the fact. "To be flattered," says he, "is grateful even when we know that our praises are not believed by those who pronounce them; for they prove at least our power and show that our favor is valued, since it is purchased by the meanness of falsehood."

Never indulge in levity upon what is sacred. It is nearly impossible to treat any sacred subject with levity, in a mixed company, without greatly wounding the sensibilities of some one. It is no mark of strength of intellect, or of freedom from prejudice, or of any good quality, to do it. It shows nothing but a heart that sins without excitement and without temptation. He who can speak lightly of God, his Maker, and his best Friend, or of anything that pertains to Him, will always be known to carry a heart that will easily yield to a temptation to treat an earthly friend in the same way. You may set it down as a rule to which there are no exceptions, that he who treats religion, or any of the ordinances of his God, with lightness and irreverence, carries a selfish heart, and is not fit to be your bosom friend. Levity of manner, or matter, in regard to sacred things, will ruin your character, or that of any other man.

I need hardly allude to the practice of profane language; for I have no expectation that any one who has so far forgotten what self-respect demands—to say nothing about higher claims—as to use such language, will read a book like this. Such are seldom seen in company as reputable as a book designed to do them good. But still, some may be exposed to the temptation, who never yet yielded to it. Lord Chesterfield, who is universally quoted as a master in the school of politeness, declares that such language is never that of a gentleman. When you hear any one use profane language, you will not wrong him if you conclude, that this is only one of a nest of vipers which he carries in his heart; and although this is the only one which now hisses, yet each, in his turn, is master of the poor wretch who is giving his life-blood to feed them.

In France, men frequently hold both civil and ecclesiastical offices. An elector, who was also an archbishop, was one day very profane before a peasant. Seeing the man stare, he asked him at what he was so much amazed.

"To hear an archbishop swear," was the reply.

"I swear," said the elector, "not as an archbishop, but as a prince."

"But, my lord," said the peasant, "when the devil gets the prince, what will become of the archbishop?"

Be careful in introducing topics of conversation. There are some people who move in a sphere so contracted, and the range of their thoughts is in so narrow a circle, that you can anticipate what are to be the topics of conversation, what stories you must hear repeated, and where the circle will return into itself. If you allow yourself to have favorite topics, you will insensibly and surely run into this habit. Nothing can be more tiresome and unwelcome than such a talker. The same round is to be passed over, the same compliments repeated, the same jests broached. To avoid the possibility of this, some writers will advise you to make use of your last reading in conversation; and thus you will have topics and a store of information to communicate. The objections to making this a rule, in my mind, are great. It does not seem to me to be honest. Your hearer is led to suppose that you are now using information which you have some time or other acquired—that it is a part of your capital, and not that which you have just borrrowed. Is it fair for a scholar who has just laid down the writings of Aristophanes to come into company and talk about "the Clouds"; how keen it was; how Socrates winced under it; and how much ground there was for the satire? Perhaps I have never heard of "the Clouds" before, nor have any of the company. Perhaps he had not, two days since. He may inform us of his discovery, and amuse and instruct us with the information; but if he talks about it as if it were one among the thousand things which he knows, and thus palms it off upon us as if it were a part of his capital, he deceives us, and it is dishonorable to do so.

Some will go out of their way to harp upon topics which

they suppose particularly agreeable to you, and thus flatter you by talking upon what they suppose you are particularly pleased with; just as if they were to invite you to dine, and then load your plate with some odd food, of which they supposed you were peculiarly fond, though they and the rest of the company loathed it. It is worse than insulting you, because you have all the mortification of the insult, without the power of resenting it.

Conversation is an intellectual feast; and it cannot be enjoyed if each one must have a particular dish by himself; and to suppose that you cannot eat the same dish that the rest do is treating you unhandsomely. You do not wish to have a little table spread in the corner for yourself alone, but to enjoy the feast in common. Remember, then, that the treatment which would be disagreeable to you, will be equally unpleasant to others; and be careful to avoid a practice very common, but which always gives pain.

As a topic of conversation, you cannot do better than to introduce *yourself* as little as possible. We are all in danger of this; but, probably, the danger decreases from youth to old age.

If you are tempted to indulge in humor and wit, you are beset in a weak and dangerous spot. Wit, and the faculty of producing smart sayings, may be cultivated. They are so; and I have known a company thrown into shouts of laughter by sallies and strokes which were taken to be impromptu, but which would have been welcomed with coolness, had it been known that they were studied and arranged in private. This must always, more or less, be the case with smart sayings; and the great talent displayed is in passing them off as if they were the creations of the moment. There are two special dangers in the indulgence of wit: the one is, that it is impossible to flourish a tool so sharp without wounding others. Strive against it as much as you please, your best jokes, and keenest arrows, will be spent upon men and upon living characters. This will cause enmities and heart-burnings. Enemies, and bitter enemies, he must have, who tries to be a wit. And when you hear of a man who "had rather lose a friend than a joke," you may

be sure that he will soon cease to be troubled by the officiousness of friendship.

You will be careful, also, in conversation, not to make any display of knowledge or superior learning. No company likes to confess that they are ignorant; and when one makes a parade of his learning, it is a silent invitation for them to acknowledge his superiority, and to confess that all the rest are ignorant.

He who is really a scholar will make but little noise about it. The half-educated physician, who is constantly afraid that you will suspect him of ignorance, is the man who uses the hard technicalities of the profession, and turns even the precise terms of the pharmacopœia into bombast. It is probably for this reason, also, that pedantry is so odious. If you meet a man who spouts Latin and bores you with Greek, you may generally suppose that his learning is about as deep as is the courage of the impudent house dog who barks loudly whenever you pass his master's house.

Never get out of temper in company. If you are ill treated, or affronted, that is not the place to notice it. If you are so unfortunate as to get into dispute with a loud, heated antagonist, keep cool—perfectly so. "It is cold steel that cuts," and you will soon have the best end of the argument. The sympathy and respect of the circle will always move toward him who is cool under provocation. "If a man has a quarrelsome temper, let him alone. The world will soon find him employment. He will soon meet with some one stronger than himself, who will repay him better than you can. A man may fight duels all his life, if he is disposed to quarrel." What is usually understood by dispute, i.e., something in which the feelings are strongly enlisted, and in which there is strife for victory, ought never to be admitted into company. The game is too rough. And discussion, when it approaches that point, should be dropped at once.

HOME GRACES

Breakfast Talk

BREAKFAST, according to the usual American idea, is a hurried half-way place of entertainment between bed and business; a mere halt for supplies before taking the road; a glimpse at the new day through the medium of a grumpish dressing-gown, buckwheat cakes, and a damp newspaper; a whispered colloquy with the cook going on at one end of the table, and the children scuffling off to school from the other. It was our neighbors in Boston, we believe, who first gave us the hint of its æsthetic and hospitable capabilities. The late dinners of city life long ago thrust from us the possibility of keeping up the old-fashioned pleasant meal of "tea," about which the whole family, and its one or two favorite guests, were wont to gather. It was a lucky thought in somebody to transfer its charm and uses back to breakfast, the early morning hours being, for most business men, the real leisure of the day. The conversation should be lively and general, in harmony with the cheery spirit of a new morning.

Dinner is always more or less a matter of state and preparation, to which we carry all the burden of anxiety rolled up since morning; our very jokes are feverish and eager; but at breakfast we stand at ease in mind and body. The house is clean and freshly dressed. Joe and Bob have not yet begun to squabble; the coffee sends a hungry whiff through the bright, frosty air; the fresh dew, in a word, sparkles for us, not only on the glass of red roses on the table, but on all the world outside; what better time is there to call our friend into the house that we may together "give the sun good-morrow"? Latterly, invitations to breakfast are almost as common as to dinner in the

cities; but there is a difference between them, as everybody knows. You do not ask a man to breakfast with whom you have to wear any sort of defensive armor; he is coming into your friendship by a short cut. There is no such intimate hob-nobbing as that over a cup of coffee and a first cigar. He sees your wife in her pretty muslin wrapper, and the baby is brought in to be kissed, fresh from its bath. There will always hereafter be a subtile home flavor in his remembrance of you. You can never again be to him nothing but a bull or a bear. There are nice distinctions in the hospitalities of city life which have not penetrated to provincial society. In town, where money can command any luxury for the table at a moment's notice, and where Johns and Johnson have the same amount of money, these worthies, when they would regale each other, must have recourse to some other attraction than victuals and cookery. Art, music, culture of every kind, are taxed to their utmost limits to offer an entertainment of thought, of brain as well as body, in the universal, rapid, touch-and-go habit of town hospitality. Unfortunately, out of the cities, we Americans are too apt to cherish the old English creed, that hospitality is purely an affair of the stomach. In farm neighborhoods and villages, the man of note must be a good "provider," and his wife a notable housekeeper, with cellars packed with potatoes and bacon, and pantries stored with jellies and pickles, to support their social claims. Who has ever assisted at the preparation of a New England Thanksgiving, a tea-party in Pennsylvania, or a dinner at the West, and does not remember the weariness of brain and agonies of muscle, out of which the baked meats, the cakes, the ice-creams, many-colored, were evolved? If, unluckily, the would-be host or hostess has lately "gone East," and dined with Johns or Johnson, they are sure to attempt an imitation of what impressed them as "city style," and end in a vulgarized reproduction of that vulgar thing—outside show. We have known delicate, fair young brides to devote their last weeks of maidenhood to baking enormous masses of cake, and covering them with icing, in order to have a "more fashionable spread" than their neighbors.

And we remember one gently bred and cultured woman

who spent two days in a hot cellar trying to reproduce some spun-sugar abomination in imitation of the masterpiece of a city confectioner, while flowers of priceless beauty were blooming all around her, ready to decorate her table; and after that, to drill the man-of-all-work into some similitude of a trained footman! What can be done to open the eyes of such a woman? Ordinary sense and tact ought to teach her that cookery and serving, like a woman's dress, are only perfect when there is nothing about them to be remembered. It needs, perhaps, wider intercourse with the world to show her that true hospitality includes the giving to our friend a glimpse of our home life, of our real selves—some drops of whatever best cordial knowledge, or art, or life has brought to us, as well as the choicest dish out of our kitchen. At the breakfast table, we can tactfully give a happy tone to the talk and perhaps, start each other in excellent mood for the day's work.

HOME GRACES

After-Supper Talk

By HELEN HUNT JACKSON

AFTER-DINNER talk has been thought of great importance. The expression has passed into literature, with many records of the good sayings it included. Kings and ministers condescended to make efforts at it; poets and philosophers—greater than kings and ministers—do not disdain to attempt to shine in it.

But nobody has yet shown what "after-supper talk" ought to be. We are not speaking now of the formal entertainment known as "a supper"; we mean the every-day evening meal in the every-day home—the meal known heartily and commonly as "supper," among people who are neither so fashionable nor so foolish as to take still a fourth meal at hours when they ought to be asleep in bed.

This ought to be the sweetest and most precious hour of the day. It is too often neglected and lost in families. It ought to be the mother's hour; the mother's opportunity to undo any mischief the day may have done, to forestall any mischief the morrow may threaten. There is an instinctive disposition in most families to linger about the supper-table, quite unlike the eager haste which is seen at breakfast and at dinner. Work is over for the day: everybody is tired, even the little ones who have done nothing but play. The father is ready for slippers and a comfortable chair; the children are ready and eager to recount the incidents of the day. This is the time when all should be cheered, rested, and also stimulated by just the right sort of conversation, just the right sort of amusement.

The wife and mother must supply this need, must create this atmosphere. We do not mean that the father does not share the responsibility of this, as of every other hour. But this particular duty is one requiring qualities which are more essentially feminine than masculine. It wants a light touch and an *undertone* to bring out the full harmony of the ideal home evening. It must not be a bore. It must not be empty; it must not be too much like preaching; it must not be wholly like play; more than all things, it must not be always—no, not if it could be helped, not even twice—the same! It must be that most indefinable, most recognizable thing, "a good time." Bless the children for inventing the phrase! It has, like all their phrases, an unconscious touch of sacred inspiration in it, in the selection of the good word "good," which lays peculiar benediction on all things to which it is set.

If there were no other reason against children's having lessons assigned them to study at home, we should consider this a sufficient one, that it robs them of the after-supper hour with their parents. Even if their brains could bear without injury the sixth, seventh, or eighth hour, as it may be, of study, their hearts cannot bear the being starved. In the average family, this is the one only hour of the day when father, mother, and children can be together, free of cares and unhurried. Even to the poorest laborer's family comes now something like peace and rest forerunning the intermission of the night.

Everybody who has any artistic sense recognizes this instinctively when he sees through the open doors of humble houses the father and mother and children gathered around their simple supper. Its mention has already passed into triteness in verse, so inevitably have poets felt the sacred charm of the hour.

Perhaps there is something deeper than on first thoughts would appear in the instant sense of pleasure one has in this sight; also, in the universal feeling that the evening gathering of the family is the most sacred one. Perhaps there is unconscious recognition that dangers are near at hand when night falls, and that in this hour lies, or should lie, the spell to drive them all away.

THE EVENING HOUR

From a Painting by Knut Ekwall.

There is something almost terrible in the mingling of danger and protection, of harm and help, of good and bad, in that one thing, darkness. God "giveth his beloved sleep" in it, and in it the devil sets his worst lures, by help of it gaining many a soul which he could never get possession of in sunlight.

Mothers, fathers! cultivate "after-supper talk"; play "after-supper games"; keep "after-supper books"; take all the good newspapers and magazines you can afford, and read them aloud "after supper." Let boys and girls bring their friends home with them at twilight, sure of a pleasant and hospitable welcome and of a good time "after supper," and parents may laugh to scorn all the temptations which town or village can set before them to draw them away from home for their evenings.

These are but hasty hints, bare suggestions. But if they rouse one heart to a new realization of what evenings at home ought to be, and what evenings at home too often are, they have not been spoken in vain or out of season.

HOME GRACES

Table-Talk

THERE are, Heaven be praised! very few professional talkers in America. The popular verdict has pronounced your "fine conversationalist" a bore. The days of the elaborate story-teller are over. People who have elaborate stories or opinions know their market value, and usually put them into print at so much per page. We all declare that we are in too much of a hurry to write long letters or to study our words. We may preach, paint, or reform the world; but our intercourse with our friends must be short, ready, compact, made up of necessary question and answer. There is, in fact, a little danger that we shall ignore the importance of conversation altogether, especially at home. "At a man's own table," we all say, "he surely can be at ease and slipshod in his talk."

Now, there is absolutely no limit to the slipshod quality of table-talk in most families. Decent people, of course, are careful about the children's grammar, and guard their morals against injury even at breakfast. But there precaution usually ends. Mother and father conduct the training of the young folks by certain formal means, family worship, Sunday observances, rule upon rule, precept upon precept, and then inculcate, by their manner and words at the table, faults of character, less tangible, but quite as fatal, as those against which they have preached.

The first and most common mistake is that the children hear too much of themselves. Especially is this the case in families where the parents are conscientious, and have made their children the first object in life. They have a well-con-

sidered theory to meet every point in Joe's and Jenny's career, from teething to matrimony. The young folks learn to consider themselves the sole objects of the labor, thought, and prayer of the little world in which they live. Their faults and virtues are incessantly discussed in their presence. The chance visitor is regaled with an account of Joe's crooked teeth or Jenny's musical ear. No matter how eminent for wit, learning, or piety the guest at the table may be, his conversation is not held to be half so important by father or mother as the silly, pert twaddle of the young folks, and the young folks know it. The result is inevitable. Their children, if they do not become selfish, are made, at least, intolerably self-conscious; school and college do not diminish their conceit, and it needs years of hard friction with the world, and a wrench of disappointment at its neglect, as bitter as death, to give the man and woman a proper estimate of themselves, and to make useful and rational people of them.

Another mistake in ordinary family talk is that it centers exclusively on home interests and on people, instead of ideas or things. Month after month, year after year, the same unceasing dribble goes on over Biddy's shortcomings, the crop of potatoes, Squire Potts's neuralgia, Sally Hall's flirtation; and this not among vulgar, ignorant people, but men and women of culture and refinement. It would be a good rule to establish at every table that people should seldom be mentioned, and dress never. No education can enlarge the minds of children constantly cramped by such petty bounds. The only remedy for such belittling thoughts, is for parents to test their own position in the world, and to find out how insignificant a place they and their village and their state hold in it. They would begin to learn that life was given them for nobler ends than unending chatter over a new gown or the gossip of their set.

Another glaring mistake is, that many Christian people who are zealous for the conversion of the world, and who besiege the Almighty with prayers for their children, sit down at the table daily with gloomy faces and morbid talk, or snap, grumble, and scold servants, children, or each other. Children and

servants are sharp-eyed: they put little faith in a religion which is not stronger than dyspepsia or nervous debility. In short, it is by this petty table-talk that all religion, morals, and rules are tested by the young. It is worth while for every parent to consider what kind of teaching is given at every meal.

Making Presents

IT certainly seems a little odd that so general a custom as that of making presents should often be as perplexing as it is pleasant. It would seem as if, money and taste being taken for granted, the task of selection, especially in our cities where every taste and almost every person can be suited, would be quite an easy one.

The common objects in the purchase of presents are very few; we want, in the first place, to express regard, then to please our friends, and finally to avoid duplicating anything they already possess or are likely to receive. But the trouble is, that purchasers too rarely put these objects definitely to themselves. The one fact before them is that they are to select and buy a certain number of gifts, and from this vagueness arises half the trouble. It is not likely to be true, that what is suitable for mother may also do for John, or that Paul and Pauline may have identical tastes. The bride who receives a half-dozen molasses pitchers, as many soup ladles, any number of sugar tongs, and teaspoons by the score, may be pardoned if she has something of the feeling that prompted a young clergyman to say, in sending a bushel of slippers to a New Year's fair, that the ladies of his congregation, in presenting him with them, must have thought he was a centipede. A certain bridegroom cut the knot tied by the duplication of presents by sending all the fans, except one, received by his wife, back to their donors, asking them to please change them for something else. Very few persons, however, have as much moral courage as he. Donors are often obliged to see the struggle in a friend's manner as he endeavors to make his appreciation of the intention conquer his sense of the unsuitability of the gift.

The most evident ground of choice would seem to be found in the friend's personal taste. There is no excuse for us if we send bronzes to the young lady who cannot tell them from Berlin iron, but who knows genuine coral at a glance; nor for wasting books on people who have no time to read, or rare old china on those who think nothing better than a granite coffee-cup. A very little reflection will teach us to send our various presents where they will at least find appreciation.

But the real principle in this matter has not yet been here expressed. It is not enough to give suitable gifts, nor to avoid sending our coals to Newcastle. What we really want to express is personal association. If the article is of value in itself alone, our friend might as well buy it for himself, and we make a pauper of him in giving it. But if it has direct reference to him, and if it expresses us as well as our regard, it has a value that neither money nor taste can otherwise give it.

We get at this principle in the purchase of gifts by making them express the point of harmony between us. We are all many-sided, and choose our friends, not for their likeness to each other, nor because they all suit one phase of our character. We love two alike, although they are so dissimilar that they cannot agree, but each of them suits us in different ways. We know why we care for each, and so it is not difficult to give it expression. Therefore, although you and your friend may care for both books and pictures, if you talk of twenty books to one picture, let your gift be for his library shelves, not for its walls. If you go to concerts together, send her music or something upon the subject; if he receives you in his laboratory, send your remembrance there, or if he is always eager to show you a new fossil or a curious shell, remember that geology and conchology each has its literature, its rare specimens. In this way our gifts are a benefit not only to those who receive them, but also to ourselves.

HOME GRACES

Heroism Begins at Home

WE often hear people speak of a heroic action with a certain surprise at its performance not altogether complimentary to the performer. "He forgot himself," they say; "he surpassed himself"; "he was carried away by a noble impulse." This is not true. A man does not forget himself in emergency—he asserts himself, rather; that which is deepest and strongest in him breaks suddenly through the exterior of calm conventionalities, and for a moment you know his real value; you get a measure of his capacity. But this capacity is not created, as some say, by the emergency. No man can be carried further by the demands of the moment than his common aspirations and sober purposes have prepared him to go. A brave man does not rise to the occasion; the occasion rises to him. His bravery was in him before—dormant, but alive; unknown perhaps to himself; for we are not apt to appreciate the slow, sure gains of convictions of duty steadily followed; of patient continuance in well-doing; of daily victories over self, until a sudden draft upon us shows what they have amounted to. We are like water springs, whose pent-up streams rise with opportunity to the level of the fountain-head, and no higher. A man selfish at heart and in ordinary behavior, cannot be unselfish when unselfishness would be rewarded openly. If he will not be unselfish when he ought, he cannot be so when he would. Is it not a question practical for every home: What sort of characters are we, parents and children, forming by every-day habits of thought and action? Emergencies are but experimental tests of our strength or weakness; and we shall bear them, not according to sudden resolve, but

according to the quality of our daily living. The oak does not encounter more than two or three whirlwinds during its long life; but it lays up its solid strength through years of peace and sunshine, and when its hour of trial comes it is ready. The children of to-day, protected, cared for now, must soon begin to fight their own battles with the world—nay, more, must *make* the world in which they live. The future America lies in these little hands. They are

> "Brought forth and reared in hours
> Of change, alarm, surprise."

What shall we do to make them sufficient for the times upon which they have fallen?

HOME GRACES

Good Taste in Dress

THE first requisite in a lady's toilet is cleanliness. Fastidiousness on this head cannot be carried too far. Cleanliness is the outward sign of inward purity. Cleanliness is health, and health is beauty.

We will begin, then, with the business of the dressing-room, which can be quite well performed in three-quarters of an hour, or even less. To sleep too much is as trying to the constitution as to sleep too little. To sleep too much is to render one's self liable to all kinds of minor ailments, both of mind and body. It is a habit that cannot be too severely censured, especially in the young. No mother has any right to allow her young daughters to ruin their tempers, health, and complexions by lying in bed till nine or ten o'clock. Early rising conduces more to the preservation of health, freshness, and young looks than anything in the world, and even to the proper preservation of our mental faculties.

The bath is a most important object of study. It is not to be supposed that we wash in order to become clean; we wash because we wish to remain clean. The bath should be taken by a person in good health once a day in winter, and twice a day in summer. For persons of really robust constitutions a cold shower bath may be recommended; but as a general rule the sponge bath is safest and most convenient. Cold water refreshes and invigorates, but does not cleanse: those persons, therefore, who daily use a cold bath in the morning, should frequently use a warm one at night.

A tepid bath, varying from 85° to 95°, is the safest for general use, the more particularly as it answers the purpose

both of refreshing and cleansing. It is not well to remain in the bath for longer than two or three minutes. A large coarse sponge is best for the purpose. It is advisable to wet the top of the head before entering a cold bath. Whether soap be used or not, it is well to apply the flesh-brush gently to the face and vigorously to the whole body. Nothing improves the complexion like the daily use of the flesh-brush. When the brushing is concluded, a huck-a-back or Turkish towel should be used for the final process of drying.

The teeth must be scrupulously cared for. If proper care were taken of the teeth in youth, there would be less employment for the dentist in after-life. Very hot and very sweet things should be avoided. The teeth should be carefully brushed, not only night and morning, but after every meal. Very hard tooth-brushes are not advisable, and a simple tooth-powder of common chalk is safer and more effectual than any quackeries. The onion, we need scarcely observe, must be the forbidden fruit of the Eve of the nineteenth century. Indigestible food is also certain to affect the sweetness of the breath. As soon as the breath becomes unpleasant, one may be quite sure that the digestive machinery is out of order.

The nails must always be fastidiously clean, and never allowed to grow inordinately long. In cutting the nails every care must be given to the preservation of the shape, and to the removal of superfluous skin. A liberal use of the nail-brush, warm water, and best Windsor soap will insure the preservation of a delicate hand. Gloves must of course be worn out of doors; and even indoors as much as possible.

The hair requires a good deal of care, though of the simplest and most inartificial kind. The secret of fine and glossy hair is a clean hair-brush; and ladies who keep no maid to perform those offices for them, should wash their hair-brushes in hot water and soda every few days.

Once secure the perfect cleanliness of your hair-brush, and the rest will be easy. Brush the hair carefully both at night and morning; let it be occasionally cleansed with yolk of egg beaten up, or a mixture of glycerine and lime juice, and you will find no need to resort to hair doctors or quacks. Pomade

and oil are strictly to be avoided; but after a sea-water bath, or during a sea journey, a little warm pomade will be useful in softening the hair.

Above all things, never attempt to change the color of the hair by means of fashionable dyes and fluids. Color so obtained cannot harmonize naturally with the skin, eyes, and eyebrows that Nature has given. Practices of this kind are simply and strictly immodest. Let ladies be careful in regard to diet, take regular exercise in the open air, wear broad-brimmed hats in the sun, and veils in the wind; let them avoid pearl powders and washes of every kind; let them, above all things, go early to bed, and rise betimes in the morning; and if by so doing they are not made "beautiful forever," they can never be made so.

The face should never be washed when heated from exercise. Wipe the perspiration from the skin, and wait till it is sufficiently cool before you bathe, even with warm water. Rain water is best for the bath. In case of any eruption upon the skin, no time should be lost in procuring medical advice. He who doctors himself, says the proverb, has a fool for his physician.

With regard to Dress, it is impossible to do more than offer a few general observations. The fashion of dress is of to-day; but the æsthetics of dress are for all time. No matter to what absurd lengths fashion may go, a woman of taste will ever avoid the ridiculous. The milliner and dressmaker may handle the scissors never so despotically, but in matters of color, harmony, and contrast they remain under the control of their employer. Dress, indeed, may fairly claim to be considered in the light of a fine art. To dress well demands something more than a full purse and a pretty figure. It requires taste, good sense, and refinement.

A woman of taste and good sense will make dress neither her first nor her last object in life She will remember that no wife should betray that total indifference for her husband's taste which is implied in the neglect of her appearance; and she will also remember that to dress consistently and tastefully is one of the duties which she owes to society.

There is a Spanish proverb which says, "Every hair has its shadow." So, in like manner, every lady, however insignificant her social position may appear to herself, must exercise a certain influence on the feelings and opinions of others. If, therefore, the art of dressing appears either too irksome or too frivolous to such of the fair sex as are engaged in serious occupations, let them remember that it performs the same part in beautifying domestic life as is performed by music and the fine arts in embellishing the life moral and spiritual. So long, therefore, as dress merely occupies so much time and requires so much money as we are fairly entitled to allow it, nothing can be said against it. When extravagant fashions are indulged in—extravagant habits fostered at any cost and under any circumstances—the critic is quite justified in his strictures, however severe. Dress, to be in perfect taste, need not be costly; and no woman of right feeling will adorn her person at the expense of her husband's comfort or her children's education.

"As a work of art, a well-dressed woman is a study." Her toilet will be as well chosen at the family breakfast table as at the ball. If she loves bright colors and can wear them with impunity, they will be as harmoniously arranged as an artist arranges his colors on the palette. If she is young, her dress will be youthful; if she is old, it will not affect simplicity. She will always follow rather than lead the prevailing fashion, and rather follow her own fashion than violate good taste or common sense.

The golden rule in dress is to avoid extremes. Do not be so original in your dress as to be peculiar; and do not affect fashions that are radically unbecoming to you. Ladies who are neither very young nor very striking in appearance cannot do better than wear quiet colors. Ladies who are not rich can always appear well dressed, with a little care in the choice and arrangement of the materials. Whatever the texture of the dress, it should be made by the very best dressmaker you can afford. As well go to a third or fourth rate dentist, musicmaster, or doctor, as go to a third or fourth rate dressmaker. The dressmaker is a woman's good or evil genius.

Morning dress should be faultless in its way. For young ladies, married or unmarried, nothing is prettier in summer than white or very light morning dresses of washing materials. Light dresses must be exquisitely fresh and clean, ribbons fresh, collars and cuffs irreproachable. All stuffs are to be rigidly eschewed except those of the very finest kind. Morning dress for elderly ladies of wealth and position should be of dark silk. Jewelry, hair ornaments, and light silk dresses are not permissible for morning wear.

Walking dress should always be quiet. Rich walking dresses attract attention, which in the street is not desirable. For the carriage, a lady may dress as elegantly as she pleases.

Elderly ladies should always dress richly. Any thin old lady may wear delicate colors, whilst a stout, florid person looks best in black or dark gray. For young as well as old, the question of colors must, however, be determined by complexion and figure. Rich colors harmonize with rich brunette complexions and dark hair; delicate colors are the most suitable for delicate and fragile styles of beauty. For ball dresses light and diaphanous materials are worn; silk dresses are not suitable for dancing. Black and scarlet, black and violet, or white, are worn in mourning; but ladies in deep mourning should not go to balls at all. They must not dance, and their dark dresses look out of place in a gay assembly.

At dinner parties, unless of a small, friendly kind, only the fullest dress is appropriate. Demi-toilette can be worn at unceremonious dinners, and even high dresses, if the material be sufficiently rich. It is better to wear real flowers at large dinner parties, but artificial ones at balls; since the former would droop and fall to pieces with the heat and the dancing.

Much jewelry is out of place for young ladies at any time; and, indeed, there is as much propriety to be observed in the wearing of jewelry as in the wearing of dresses. Diamonds, pearls, rubies, and all transparent precious stones belong to evening dress, and should never be worn before dinner. In the morning, one's rings should be of the simplest kind, and one's jewelry limited to a good brooch, gold chain, and watch.

Diamonds and pearls are as much out of place during the morning as a low dress or a wreath.

It is well to remember in the choice of jewelry that mere costliness is not always the test of value; and that an exquisite work of art, such as a fine intaglio or cameo, or a natural rarity, such as a black pearl, is a possession more *distingué* than a large brilliant which any one who has money enough can buy as well as yourself. Of all precious stones the opal is the most lovely and least commonplace. No merely vulgar woman purchases an opal.

Gloves, shoes, and boots must always be faultless. Gloves cannot be too light for the carriage, or too dark for the streets. A woman with ill-fitting gloves cannot be said to be well dressed, while to wear soiled gloves at your friend's *soirée* is to show her that you think lightly of herself and her company.

It may be remarked, by the way, that perfumes should be used only in the evening, and with the strictest moderation. Perfumes to be tolerable must be of the most *recherché* kind. Some people of sensitive temperament would be made ill by the smell of musk or patchouli.

Finally, let every lady remember Dr. Johnson's criticism on a lady's dress: "I am sure she was well dressed," said the doctor, "for I cannot remember what she had on."

The Gentleman's Toilet

The first requisite of a gentleman's toilet is undoubtedly the bath, which should be as bracing as the constitution will allow, and used morning and night in summer, and every day in winter. Country gentlemen who live much in the open air, and take plenty of exercise, have no excuse for shirking the cold shower bath; but denizens of cities and men who are obliged to lead very sedentary lives cannot indulge with equal safety in this luxury, and must never continue it in the teeth of reason and experience. Only physiques of finest quality can endure, much more benefit by, a cold-water shock all the year round; and though physique is always improvable, great reformation must not be attempted rashly. Let the bath of from

60° to 70° be freely indulged in by the strong, and even by the less robust, in summer time; but in winter the temperature varying from 85° to 95° is the safest. The flesh-brush should be vigorously applied to all parts of the body, after which the skin must be carefully dried with Turkish or huck-a-back towels. It is well to remain without clothing for some little time after bathing. Nothing is so healthy as exposure of the body to air and sun; a French physician has recommended the sun bath as a desirable hygienic practice. A bath in fresh water should always be taken after a sea-dip.

The next thing to be done is to clean the teeth. This should be done with a good hard tooth-brush at least twice a day. Smokers should rinse the mouth immediately after smoking, and should be careful to keep the teeth scrupulously clean. The nails should also be kept exquisitely clean and short. Long nails are an abomination.

The beard should be carefully and frequently washed, well trimmed, and well combed, and the hair and whiskers kept scrupulously clean by the help of clean stiff hair-brushes, and soap and warm water. The style of the beard should be adapted to the form of the face; but any affectation in the cut of beard and whiskers is very objectionable, and augurs unmitigated vanity in the wearer. Long hair is never indulged in except by painters and fiddlers. The moustache should be worn neat, and not over large.

A gentleman should always be so well dressed, that his dress shall never be observed at all. Does this sound like an enigma? It is not meant for one. It only implies that perfect simplicity is perfect elegance, and that the true test of dress in the toilet of a gentleman is its entire harmony, unobtrusiveness, and becomingness. Display should be avoided. Let a sensible man leave the graces and luxuries of dress to his wife, daughters, and sisters, and not seek distinction in the trinkets of his watch-chain, or the pattern of his waistcoat. To be too much in the fashion is as vulgar as to be too far behind it. No really well-bred man follows every new cut that he sees in his tailor's fashion book. Only very young men are guilty of this folly.

A man whose dress is appropriate, neat, and clean will always look like a gentleman; but—to dress appropriately, one must have a varied wardrobe. This should not, on the average, cost more than a tenth part of his income. No man can afford more than a tenth of his income for dress.

The author of "Pelham" has aptly said that "A gentleman's coat should not fit too well." There is great truth and subtlety in this observation. To be fitted too well is to look like a tailor's dummy.

Let the dress suit the occasion. In the morning wear a frock coat, and trousers of light or dark color, as befits the season. When in the country or at the seaside, gray or shooting costumes are best.

For evening parties, dinner parties, and balls, wear a black dress coat, black trousers, black silk or cloth waistcoat, thin patent leather boots, a white cravat, and white kid gloves. Abjure all fopperies, such as white silk linings, silk collars, etc.; above all, the shirt front should be plain. At small, unceremonious dinner parties, gloves are not necessary; but when worn they should be new and fit well. Economy in gloves is an insult to society. A man's jewelry should be of the best and simplest description. False jewelry, like every other form of falsehood and pretence, is unmitigated vulgarity.

Elaborate studs and sleeve links are all foppish and vulgar. A set of good studs, a gold watch and guard, and one handsome ring, are as many ornaments as a gentleman can wear with propriety. For a ring, the man of fine taste would prefer a precious antique intaglio to the handsomest diamond or ruby that could be bought.

Lastly, a man's jewelry should always have some use, and not, like a lady's, be worn for ornament only.

The necktie for dinner, the opera, and balls, must be white, and the smaller the better. It should be, too, of fine linen, or a washable texture, not silk, nor netted, nor hanging down, nor of any foppish production, but a simple, white tie, without any embroidery. The black tie is admitted for evening parties, and should be equally simple.

Colored shirts may be worn in the morning; but they

should be small in pattern and quiet in color. Fancy cloths of conspicuous patterns are exceedingly objectionable. With a colored flannel shirt always wear a white collar and wristbands. The hat should always be black; and caps and straw hats are only admissible in summer.

If spectacles are necessary, they should be of the best and lightest make, and mounted in gold, or blue steel. For weak sight, blue or smoke-colored glasses are the best; green glasses are detestable.

A man's clothes should always be well brushed, and never threadbare or shabby. No gentleman can afford to wear shabby clothes. An old hunting coat, however, is more coveted by the practiced sportsman than a new one; the bright clean "pink" being the indication of a novice in the field.

For the country, or the foreign tour, a gentleman will select a costume of some light woolen material, flannel shirts, thick boots, and everything to correspond. Dandyism is never more out of place than on the glacier, or among the Adirondack fisheries.

There are three things one should consult in the matter of dress if one would always appear like a gentleman, viz., expense, comfort, and society. If there is one thing in this world about which we can entertain any degree of moral certainty, it is that we must pay our tailor's bills. If, therefore, our means are disproportionate to our wants, we must remember the old proverb, "Cut your coat according to your cloth," and dress as well as you possibly can upon little money.

HOME GRACES

What People Should Not Wear

By MARION HARLAND

YEARS ago one of my babies happened to be in the parlor while I was entertaining a fantastically arrayed caller. The visitor was fond of children, and took the three-year-old boy on her lap and told him stories, the variety and coloring of which accorded admirably with her costume. The little man's eyes were large with wonder and amazement. When the lady had made her adieux and left the house, he stood at the front gate and gazed after her retreating form, until a corner of the street hid the gorgeous apparition from his sight. Then he turned to me questioningly:

"Mamma! A blue *dwess*, a purple cloak, and a *bwight wed* bonnet—is *that* good taste?"

The incident occurred thirty years ago, but to this day the query comes to my mind many times at home and abroad.

"I suppose," said a young Southerner to me when we were together in a New York dry goods store, "that *somebody* must buy those things or they would not be made."

"Those things!" were half a dozen elaborate mantles, some of electric blue, some brick-dust red, others coppery brown in color, all profusely ornamented with steel and jet beads, feather trimming, and ruffle after ruffle of lace. In price they ranged from $45 up to $100. The woman who bought one, unless she had more money than has the average purchaser of ready-made wraps,—would be obliged to wear the remarkable garment until she and all her friends wearied of it.

A day in New York city convinced my girl friend that peo-

ple wore many things even more flashy than the mass of cloth, silk, lace, and beads that had attracted her wondering attention.

A few days ago I sat at a glove counter next to a plain-faced girl utterly devoid of that quality known as "style," which makes it possible for some women to wear dashing articles of dress. The box in front of this maiden contained gloves that were a dream of horror. Five minutes were spent in attempting to decide between the comparative merits of a pair of pale green atrocities, heavily-stitched and finished with olive, and a hideous combination of scarlet-and-white kid. The scales tipped in favor of Ireland's color, and they were borne off triumphantly by the satisfied young woman, who looked with pitying tolerance at me, upon whose unpretending hands plain black gloves were being fitted. Probably she understood my taste as little as I comprehended hers.

A nice girl burst upon my vision last week in a costume of such gorgeousness that for an instant it fairly took my breath away. It was ten o'clock in the morning, and the surprising apparition was in the same public conveyance with myself. Her gown was of white India silk, shot with brilliant cardinal. The foot-trimming, vest, V-shaped back, collar, and cuffs were of velvet of the same vivid hue, as was also the trimming with which the large, broad-brimmed hat was loaded. This structure was crowned with a mass of cherries, which, if real, would have easily filled a pint measure, and by their size and brilliant color delighted the heart of a horticulturist. The shoes that accompanied this costume were of red morocco, and the cardinal kid gloves were stitched with white. Had the wearer of the startling combination been a pretty, striking-looking girl, and had the occasion been a suburban lawn-tea instead of the elevated railway, one could have pardoned—even perhaps admired—the effect. As it was, it enhanced the homeliness of a far-from-pretty face, and gave a "fast" appearance to one whose dress was the only loud thing about her.

And here I pause to enter a protest against the custom prevalent among Americans during warm weather of wearing *decolleté* gowns on the street and in public places in the daytime. By *decolleté* I do not mean very low cut, but V-shaped

necks, sometimes only open in front, sometimes both in the front and back. They are undoubtedly cooler than high collars, but are as much out of place outside of the house as would be slippers and white silk stockings. Both are entirely proper for evening wear, or in the daytime in the privacy of the home, but they are undeniably common and vulgar with a walking or driving costume. Quite as disgusting are the sweeping light skirts with which many fair dames scavenger our dirty sidewalks in the summer. After trailing over a quarter-mile of dust, mud, cigar-stumps, and quids of tobacco, such a dress is a good subject for refining fires, without pausing to consider the germs of disease which may thus be swept up and lodged in the other clothing. Inexpressibly revolting is the thought of the filth which a would-be fashionable woman picks up and scatters about her.

To the credit of women be it said that *ladies* no longer allow their skirts to trail, although many human beings of the feminine gender still hold to this custom. While the graceful, long bell-skirt is still worn, its use by "nice" people is either confined to the house, or the train (short or long) is carried in the hand of the wearer. If a woman is too busy or too lazy to lift her dress, let her draperies be a full inch above the sidewalk, that she may at least be decent.

I note with distress the growing tendency to wear vivid colors and startling combinations on the street. In public it is better to be under than over dressed. Quaker simplicity is to be greatly preferred to too great elaboration, and in many circumstances a plain gingham shows the lady more truly than does satin or lace. When a woman wears to market her best silk gown, it is pretty sure evidence that it is the only place where she has an opportunity to show it.

Not only is texture to be considered in choosing the material for a costume, but the buyer must bear in mind her own peculiar style; and if, as is often the case, she has no style, she should employ still greater care.

Any extreme of fashion is to be avoided. The only class of women who can afford to adopt extremes are those whose reputations cannot suffer by any undue attention and remark

they may excite. If a woman is small and undeveloped in figure, she may, with safety, indulge in full fronts and *couffante* effects, and in light colors. But if she be stout, let her study plain, "pointed" effects. She may wear stripes, but not plaids, close-fitting basques and straight skirts, leaving the many pleats and bunchy blouse-waists for her more slender sisters. Dark colors are always best for her. Another recent fashion of which I do not approve is wearing white shoes for town walking. For country lawns and for the house they are pretty; for the street they are "loud."

So much has been said in our daily papers about the "suspender" girl that I will not dwell upon her here. Her time is justly destined to be short.

I marvel that so few women—especially those who are inclined to fleshiness—adopt black as their only wear. Many say that their husbands dislike the somber garb, but were the sable costume lightened by some pretty color, would John object? Orange, violet, or red, covered with black net or chiffon, makes a pretty vest for a black silk or lace costume, and is bright and tasteful, while there is no lovelier combination than black and silver or delicate gray. Jet or steel trimming gives a handsome finish to a gown, and relieves dullness. Amid all the changes and chances of fashion, happy and safe is the woman who possesses a well-fitting black street dress and a handsome black silk, velvet, lace, or satin gown, for she need then never be under or over dressed.

CHILDREN IN THE HOME

Nursery Decoration and Hygiene

By CONSTANCE CARY HARRISON

"MY idea of a model nursery," said a fine lady, not long ago, "is a padded room, with barred windows, and everything in it, when not in use, hung out of reach upon the walls. Then, one might sit downstairs in the drawing-room and read, or practice, or receive, with a mind at rest." But what of the melancholy little starlings caged above, piping their woeful plaint, "I can't get out"? And, in many cases, it is no wonder they should want to get out.

To the nursery are generally consigned, year after year, all the faded fineries from downstairs, the worn carpets, the slightly soiled chintz, the decrepit tables and chairs. It is an asylum for retired furniture. This, of course, does not refer to the first nursery, fitted up with floating draperies of pink and blue, with fine embroidery and cobweb lace, with costly cradle and dainty basket, for the installation of the unparalleled wonder—His Serene Highness, Baby Number One—with a prime minister in attendance, to whom all this magnificence appears but dross, whose manner is of the mildly enduring sort, as becomes one who has been used to better things, but, in spite of all, condescends to exalt with her presence, for a space, these humble scenes!

During a little while baby reclines at ease amid his princely surroundings; but, by and by, when abandoned by his prime minister, the natural self-assertion of man takes possession of him. He kicks over the bassinet, rends his filmy envelope of

PLAY-HOUR IN THE NURSERY.

silk and lawn, makes ducks and drakes of the interior of his dressing-basket, sets the ivory brushes afloat in his bath-tub, and cuts his teeth upon any object within reach, other than the coral and bells provided for the purpose by an infatuated godfather.

Then, at last, does an indignant and long-suffering household turn upon this aggressive ruler, and send him into banishment. A usurper sits upon his throne, who is, in turn, displaced, and goes to join his hapless comrade condemned to hard labor in the third-story Siberia; and so until the ranks are full, till the pink and blue have faded out of the draperies, and a new baby has ceased to be a wonder.

To redress the wrongs of these little exiles, in the matter of brightening their place of retirement, is a task outside the limit of any society as yet organized in behalf of injured innocence, but none the less is worthy and important.

We enter the average nursery to find it, perhaps, darkened by heavy moreen curtains of a style compelling their retirement from any of the modernized rooms downstairs; with a velvet or Brussels carpet, with half-effaced pattern of lilies and roses, long since trodden into dingy uniformity of tint, and a rug of another color that, as they say in France, swears at all the rest. The paper upon the walls, soiled by finger-marks, has a pattern of green and yellow stripes. The furniture is cumbrous and shabby; the fire hidden from sight by an iron guard, where draperies forever hang.

Homely articles of wearing apparel depend from door and chair-backs; combs and brushes mingle with medicine bottles and spoons upon the dressing bureau. If the nurse rallies, in a frantic attempt to put things to rights, her idea, generally, is to clear the floor of blocks and toys and rigidly taboo their reappearance—bidding the children to amuse themselves, very much as Miss Havisham solemnly exhorted poor Pip to play, when he, looking about vainly for the ways and means thereto, conceived a vague idea of turning somersaults! Over all, there is a tenement-house air that can hardly be realized by the visitor who has ascended, by slow degrees, through every stage of a beautifully decorated home.

This, not so common as of old, will be, in a short time, I hope, only the exception to the rule. There are sundry conditions leading to reform that cannot be too strongly enforced. It seems hardly necessary to suggest that the first essential is light—the pitiless foe to untidiness, the inspiration to cheerful thoughts, happy tempers, and healthy bodies. A nursery should, if possible, have a southern exposure—the windows guarded without by an iron network, which may be painted green with gilded top, rising above the level of the child's shoulder, lest he be seized with a fancy to stand up there and survey the world when nobody is near. Inside this network an ivy may be trained, and a few pots of hardy scarlet geranium, wallflower, and mignonette be placed, when spring comes in. To water these plants might be the reward for a day of good behavior in the nursery.

In this day of cheap and charming wallpapers, one has but to go to the nearest shop to find a dozen suggestions, any one of which will lend the nursery a charm, requiring but few additions, to transform any room into a cheerful home for the little folks. A dado of India matting, in red and white checks, is very popular, and goes far toward furnishing the room. In one nursery, the mother has left a space, three or four feet high above the weather-board, plain—for each child to contribute his own idea in decoration with pictures cut out of books and illustrated weeklies, and collected by himself.

Above, and not too high, should be hung pictures. Be liberal with these, and choice. Give your children Sir Joshua Reynolds' dainty little darlings for their companions, and engravings or plain photographs of any of the delightful little *genre* pictures of French, or English, or German art, that come to us so freely now. A picture with a moral will accomplish far more in early childhood than one of Æsop's fables. The first aspiration toward a career of true greatness may be struck into a boy's guileless nature as he stands gazing up at some scene which tells a tale of self-renouncing heroism.

"An open fire, and a kettle simmering upon the hob," are part of Sydney Smith's receipt for cheerfulness. His third ingredient, "a paper of sugar-plums upon the mantelpiece,"

would have a singularly demoralizing effect if introduced here! Hot air from a register, or from a close stove, though so universally condemned, is unfortunately too often used to be overlooked here; but an appliance to contain a liberal supply of water has lately been invented, and is now in successful use at the Nursery and Child's Hospital in New York, among other places, which is most valuable for moistening the air from furnace flues on its passage into a room. Where an open hard-coal fire is used, the plan adopted by our grandmothers is excellent. An ordinary kettle is set on a trivet by the open fire, and to the spout of this is affixed a tin tube, extended several feet above the level of the top of the fireplace, ending in a wide-mouthed funnel, through which the steam pours night and day, the kettle being kept continually full of water. By means of this unpretending device, moisture is so distributed about the room as not to be drawn immediately up the chimney, the close and parched atmosphere of an anthracite fire is made soft and pleasant, and, in cases of croup or scarlet fever particularly, the benefit is wonderful. So much for adherence to the dogmas of that high-priest of cheerfulness, Sydney Smith.

It has come to be regarded as indispensable to the new *régime* that all carpets covering the floor shall be banished in favor of "strips, and bits, and rugs." May I enter a modest protest in behalf of a nursery carpet? Not only do the children slip and trip continually upon scattered pieces of carpet, but baby, whom you have established with all his belongings upon an island of rug, persists in abandoning it for the most distant and draughty corner of the stained-wood floor. Where the furniture is light, a three-ply carpet, taken away to be shaken every spring and autumn, can easily be kept clean by a respectable nurse. The furniture should be solid, but not heavy. Each child should have a cot or crib to himself, with a free circulation of air about it. Where it is impossible to have another room for dressing purposes, three-fold screens can be used, made of stout muslin, stretched upon a frame, and covered by mother, nurse, and little ones with all that remains of the lovely Christmas picture books, rescued and cut out before it be too late. These pictures may be pasted also in the panels of the

doors, and gay lines of blue and gold and scarlet described around them. The paper-hangers have taken a great deal of this pleasant labor off our hands, by introducing a wallpaper covered with the well-known scenes from "Baby's Opera" and "Baby's Bouquet."

Curtains should be limited in quantity and light in texture. Any pretty cretonne, blooming all over with pink roses, and green leaves, and gay birds, will delight a child, and the day coverings to the nurse's bed may be the same. For the children's beds there is nothing like spotless white. Another form of curtain, useful because it can be repeatedly washed throughout the season, is of plain white cotton stuff, bordered with figured turkey-red and looped with bands of the same material. The only heading to these draperies should be a casing through which a light brass rod, fitted into sockets at each end, is run.

In regard to color, I should advocate leaving medieval blues and dull sage-greens below stairs, in the library or boudoir given over to high art. Give the little ones the A B C of decoration, with plenty of warm, honest red and

"blue,
Which will show your love is true."

In your mantel decoration don't forget a clock! It is necessary to the nurse, and valuable in every way to the children. I know of one nursery where, at every hour and half hour, two little white-robed figures, with golden curls, run and stand before a small, carved, wooden shrine upon the wall, to wait the coming out of the cuckoo, and, confessing their sins, beg his pardon for their naughtiness. To them, he is a veritable Mentor.

CHILDREN IN THE HOME

The Children's Hour

WHILE we talk to the housemother about giving an hour every morning to ordering and righting the details of comfort in her household, we must put in a claim on behalf of the children for an hour in the evening. Of course, every mother cries out that she gives her life to her children; they are on her mind night and day—she thinks, plans, works for them constantly. All very probably true, and yet the children may scarcely know their mother, or feel that they individually have any share in her. The more a woman actually works for her children, cooks, sews, or perhaps earns money for them, the less likely is she to sit down with her hands folded to talk to them, to listen to their little secrets and stories about the teacher and the schoolboys, to get into the very heart of their fancies and foolish plans and hopes. We insist upon the hour which shall be absolutely the children's, no matter what work or social claim must be put aside for it. Let any woman quietly reckon over the minutes of the day when she is her children's companion—not nurse, nor seamstress, nor instructor—and she will be startled into confessing that our plan is more needed than she thought. By the time their school hours and the necessary household occupations, and the time for meals, visits, and visitors, are subtracted, there is usually not a moment when the little creatures can feel that their mother is altogether their own. Especially is this true in city life, where nurses and governesses come in between them, and cannot well be put aside. Even in the evening, at the hour when almost every mother loves to hang over her baby and sing it to sleep, Tom and Jenny, grown out of babyhood, are sent off to their, lessons

and presently creep sleepily to bed, left to think their own thoughts as they go. Now, suppose every mother who reads this page should, for a month or two as a trial, set apart that lonesome evening hour as the children's. What if she does give up the opera or agreeable guests in the parlor? There are higher duties required of her than the study of Offenbach or hospitality. Let her leave her sewing behind; don't let her dress be too fine for Nelly to maul and climb over, nor her thoughts busy with anything but the children's talk. Silly as that may be, they are the keenest of observers; they will know instantly whether it is only mamma's body that is with them while her mind is far away, or whether she herself is as much in earnest, as eager to talk and to listen, as she is with grown people and strangers.

Nor need she fill up the hour with hints on behavior or morals; put off reproofs until to-morrow; let them slaughter their tenses or tell of their school scrapes as they choose—for this little while she is their friend—comes near to them. We know of one house where a poor seamstress puts by her machine every evening to play blind-man's buff or marbles with her boys—"It will count for more than money," she says; and another where two bearded young fellows at nine o'clock eagerly clear away their Virgils and maps for "mother's talk," and think it the best hour of the whole day.

CHILDREN IN THE HOME

The Imaginative Side of Play

By 'AMES SULLY*

CHILDREN'S play has been studied under different aspects. One of the most attractive of these is its imaginativeness. All play is to some extent fanciful—that is, inspired and vitalized by fantasy; and the element of fancifulness is especially rich and varied in the pastimes of the small people of the nursery.

Viewed on this side, child play may be described as the working out into actual visible shape of an inner fancy. In many cases, no doubt, the actual surroundings may supply the starting point; the child, for example, sees the sand, the shingle, and shells, and says, "Let us play keeping a shop." Yet this suggestion by something present is accidental. The root impulse of play is to realize a bright, pretty idea; hence its close kinship with art as a whole. This image is the dominating force; it is for the time a veritable fixed idea, and everything has to accommodate itself to this. Since the image has to be acted out, it comes into collision with the actual surroundings. Here is the child's opportunity. The carpet is instantly mapped out into two hostile territories; the sofa-head becomes a horse, a coach, a ship, or what not, to suit the exigency of the play.

This stronger movement and wider range of childish imagination in play is explained by the characteristics and fundamental impulse of play—the desire to be something, to act a

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part. The child adventurer, as he personates Robinson Crusoe or other hero, steps out of his every-day self and so out of his every-day world. In realizing his part he virtually transforms his surroundings, since they take on the look and the meaning which the part assigns to them. This is prettily illustrated in one of Mr. R. L. Stevenson's child-songs, "The Land of Counterpane," in which a sick child describes the various transformations of the bed scene:

> "And sometimes for an hour or so
> I watched my leaden soldiers go,
> With different uniforms and drills,
> Among the bedclothes through the hills.
>
> "And sometimes sent my ships in fleets,
> All up and down among the sheets;
> Or brought my trees and houses out,
> And planted cities all about."

Who can say to how many and what strange play purposes that stolid, unyielding-looking object, a sofa-head, has been turned by the ingenuity of the childish brain?

The impulse to act a part meets us very early and grows out of the imitative instinct. The very infant, if it finds an empty cup to hand, will proceed to drink out of it. Similarly, a boy of two will put the stem of his father's pipe into or, if more cautious, near his mouth, and make believe that he is smoking. A little boy not yet two years old would spend a whole wet afternoon "painting" the furniture with a dry end of a bit of rope. In such cases it is evident the playing may start from a suggestion supplied by the sight of an object. There is no need to suppose that in this simple imitative play the children consciously act a part. It is surely to misunderstand the essence of play to speak of it as a fully conscious process of imitative acting. A child is one creature when it is truly at play, another when it is bent on astonishing or amusing you. It seems sufficient to say that when at play it is possessed of an idea and is working this out into visible action. Your notice, even your laughter, if kind enough, may bring in

a new element of enjoyment, for, as we all know, children are disposed to be little actors in the full sense, and to aim at producing an impression. Yet your intrusion will be at least just as likely to destroy the pleasure in so far as it is that of pure childish pastime; for the play instinct comes out most distinctly, perhaps, when a child is alone, or at least self-absorbed, and this suggests that the instinct springs out of the deepest and least sophisticated part of its nature.

The essence of play is the realizing of an imaginary situation or action; it is thus in a sense dramatic; only that the child's drama, like M. Jourdain's prose, is unconscious. In this impulse to be something, the actual external surroundings play a greater or less part according to the needs of the player. Sometimes there is scarcely any adjustment of the actual objects and scene; the child plays out its action with purely imaginary surroundings, including companions or playmates. Thus one mother writes of her boy, aged two years and a half: "He amuses himself by pretending things. He will fetch an imaginary cake from a corner, rake together imaginary grass, or fight a battle with imaginary soldiers." Some children have adopted permanently an invisible playmate. In such vivid realization the utmost interference with actual surroundings that is needed is change of place. Here is a pretty example of this simple imaginative play. A child of twenty months, who was accustomed to meet a nurse and child in the Jardin du Luxembourg, suddenly leaves the family room, pronouncing indifferently well the names "Luxembourg," "bonne," "enfant." He goes into the next room, pretends to say "good day" to his two outdoor acquaintances, and then returns and narrates what he has been doing. Here the simple act of passing into an adjoining room was enough to secure the needed realization of the encounter in the garden. The movement into the next room is suggestive. Primarily it meant, no doubt, that it was the child's way of realizing the out-of-door walk; yet I suspect that there was another motive at work. Children love to enact their little play-scenes in some remote spot, withdrawn from notice, where imagination suffers no let from the intrusion of mother, nurse, or other member of the real

environment. How many a thrilling, exciting play has been carried out in a corner, especially if it be dark, or, better still, screened off! The fascination of curtained spaces, as those behind the window curtains, under the table with the table-cloth hanging low, will be fresh in the memory of all who can recall their childhood.

A step toward a more realistic kind of play-action, in which, as in the modern theater, imagination is propped up by strong scenic effects, is taken when a scene is constructed, the chairs and sofa turned into ships, carriages, a railway train, and so forth.

Yet, after all, the scene is but a very subordinate part of this infantile play. Next to itself proudly enjoying the part of the rider, the soldier, the engine-driver, or what not, the child wants a living companion. Something alive there must be, or at least something to simulate life, if only a railway engine. And here we meet with what is perhaps the most interesting feature of childish play—the transmutation of the most meager and least promising things into complete living forms. I have already alluded to the sofa. How many forms of animal life, vigorous and untiring, from the patient donkey up to the untamed horse of the prairies, has this most inert-looking ridge served to image forth to quick boyish perception!

The introduction of these living things seems to illustrate the large compass of the child's realizing power. Mr. Ruskin speaks somewhere of "the perfection of childlike imagination, the power of making everything out of nothing. . . . The child," he adds, "does not make a pet of a mechanical mouse that runs about the floor. . . . The child falls in love with a quiet thing, with an ugly one—nay, it may be with one to us totally devoid of meaning."

This brings us to the focus where the rays of childish imagination seem to converge, the transformation of toys.

The fact that children make living things out of their toy horses, dogs, and the rest, is known to every observer of their ways. To the natural, unskeptical eye, the boy on his rude-carved wooden "gee-gee," slashing the dull flanks, with all a boy's glee, is realizing the joy of actual riding; is possessed for

the moment with the glorious idea that the stiff, least organic-looking of structures which he strides is a very horse.

The liveliness of this realizing imagination is seen in the extraordinary poverty and meagerness of the toys which to their happy possessors are wholly satisfying. Here is a pretty picture of child's play from a German writer:

"There sits a charming little master of three years before his small table, busied for a whole hour in a fanciful game with shells. He has three so-called snake-heads in his domain—a large one and two smaller ones; this means two calves and a cow. In a tiny tin dish the little farmer has put all kinds of petals—that is, the fodder for his numerous and fine cattle. When the play has lasted a time the fodder dish transforms itself into a heavy wagon with hay; the little shells now become little horses, and are put to the shaft to pull the terrible load."

The doll takes a supreme place in this fancy-realm of play. It is human, and satisfies higher instincts and emotions.

But the boy has his doll-love also, and is often hardly less faithful than the girl. Endless is the variety of *rôle* assigned to the doll as to the tiny shell in our just-quoted description of play. The doll is the all-important comrade in the play of two of which the child, like the adult, is so fond. Mrs. Burnett, in her pleasant memoir of her childhood, tells us that while sitting and holding her doll in the armchair of the parlor she would sail across enchanted seas to enchanted islands, meeting with all sorts of thrilling adventures. At another time, when she wanted to act an Indian chief, the doll just as obediently took up the part of squaw.

Very humanely, on the whole, is the little doll-lover wont to use her pet, even though, as George Sand reminds us, there come moments of rage and battering. A little boy of two and a half years asked his mother one day, "Will you give me all my picture books to show dolly? I don't know which she will like best." He then pointed to each in turn, and looked at the doll's face for the answer. He made believe that it selected one, and then gravely showed it all the pictures, saying "Look here, dolly," and carefully explaining them. In this way does

the child seek to bring his mute playmate into the closest intimacy with himself, sharing his life to the full. The same thing is touchingly illustrated in the fact that Laura Bridgman, when visited by Dickens in 1842, was found to have put a tiny band over her doll's eyes to match the band she herself had to wear. It is illustrated further in the fact that a child is apt to insist on dolly's being treated by others as courteously as himself, expecting them to say good night to it on saying good night to himself, and so forth.

Here, nobody can surely doubt, we have the clearest evidence of play illusion. The lively imagination endows the inert wooden thing with the warmth of life and love. How large a part is played here by the alchemist, fancy, is known to all observers of children's ways. The faith, the devotion, often seem to increase as the first meretricious charms, the warm tints of the cheek and the lips, the well-shaped nose, the dainty clothes, prematurely fade, and the lovely toy which once kept groups of hungry-looking children gazing long at the shop window is reduced to the naked essence of a doll. A child's constancy to its doll when thus stripped of exterior charms and degraded to the lowest social stratum of dolldom is one of the sweetest and most humorous things in child life.

And then, what rude, unpromising things are adopted as doll pets! Mrs. Burnett tells us she once saw a dirty mite sitting on a step in a squalid London street, blissfully engaged in cuddling warmly a little bundle of hay tied round the middle by a string. Laura Bridgman made a "baby" of a man's large boot.

Do any of us really understand this doll superstition? Writers with clear, long-reaching memory have tried to take us back to childhood, and restore to us for a moment the whole undisturbed trust, the perfect satisfaction of love which the child brings to its doll. Yet even the imaginative genius of a George Sand is hardly equal, perhaps, to the feat of resuscitating the buried companion of our early days and making it live once more before our eyes. The truth is, the doll illusion is one of the first to pass. There are, I believe, a few sentimental girls who make a point, when they attain the years of

enlightenment, of saving their dolls from the general wreckage of toys. Yet I suspect that the pets, when thus retained, are valued more for the outside charm of pretty face and hair, and most of all for their lovely clothes, than for the inherent worth of the doll itself—of what we may call the doll soul, which informs it and gives it, to the child, its true beauty.

Yet, if we cannot get inside the old doll superstition, we may study it from the outside, and draw a helpful comparison between it and other known forms of sweet credulity. And here we have the curious fact that the doll exists not only for the child but for the "Nature-man." Savages, Sir John Lubbock tells us, like toys such as dolls, Noah's arks, etc. The same writer remarks that the doll is "a hybrid between the baby and the fetich, and that it exhibits the contradictory character of its parents." Perhaps the changes of mood toward the doll, of which George Sand writes, illustrate the alternating preponderance of the baby and the fetich aspect. But, as Sir John also remarks, this hybrid is singularly unintelligible to grown-up people, and it seems the part of modesty here to bow to one of Nature's mysteries.

The intensity of the imaginative realizing powers in play is seen, too, in the stickling for fidelity to the original in all playful reproduction, whether of scenes observed in every-day life or of what has been narrated. The same little boy who showed his picture books to dolly was, we are told, when two years and eight months old, fond of imagining that he was Priest, his grandmamma's coachman. "He drives his toy horse from the armchair as a carriage, getting down every minute to 'let the ladies out' or to 'go shopping.' The make-believe extends to his insisting on the reins being held while he gets down, and so forth." The same thing shows itself in acting out stories. The full enjoyment of the realization depends on the faithful reproduction, the suitable outward embodiment of the vivid detailed idea in the player's mind. A delightful example of boyish exactitude in acting out a story may be found in Mark Twain's picture of Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn playing at being shipwrecked on a desert island.

The following anecdote bears another kind of testimony—a

most winsome kind—to the reality of children's play: One day two sisters said to one another, "Let us play being sisters." This might well sound insane enough to hasty ears, but is it not really eloquent? To me it suggests that the girls felt they were not realizing their sisterhood, not enjoying all the possible sweets of it, as they wanted to do; perhaps there had been a quarrel and a supervening childish coolness, and they felt that the way to get this vivid sense of what they were or ought to be one to the other, was by playing the part, enacting a scene in which they would come close to each other in intense conjoint activity.

But there is still another, and some will think a more conclusive, way of satisfying ourselves of the reality of the play illusion. The child finds himself confronted by the unbelieving adult, who may even be cruel enough to laugh at his play and his day dreamings; and this frosty aloofness, this unfeeling quizzing of their little doings, is apt to cut the sensitive little nerves to the quick. I have heard of children who will cry if a stranger suddenly enters the nursery when they are hard at play and shows himself unsympathetic and critical. But here is a story which seems to me even more conclusive on the point: "I remember" (writes a lady) "that one of my children, when about four, was playing 'shop' with the baby. The elder one was shopman at the time when I came into the room and kissed her. She broke out into piteous sobs; I could not understand why. At last she sobbed out, 'Mother, you *never* kiss the man in the shop.' For the time being her game was spoiled." The mother's kiss, though sweet in itself, had here wrought a sudden disillusion.

It is only right to say that this same lady adds that her children varied considerably in this susceptibility to the play illusion, and that she feels sure her second child, who is less intelligent, would not have troubled about the kiss.

Play may produce not only the vivid imaginative realization at the time, but a sort of mild permanent illusion. Sometimes it is a toy horse, in one case communicated to me it was a funny-looking toy lion, more frequently it is the human effigy, the doll, which, as the result of successive acts of imaginative

A CHILDREN'S PARTY

From a painting by H. Schwiering.

vivification, gets taken up into the relation of permanent companion and pet. Clusters of happy association envelop it, endowing it with a fixed vitality and character. A mother once asked her boy of two years and a half if his doll was a boy or a girl. He said at first, "A boy," but presently correcting himself added, "I think it is a baby." Here we have a challenging of the inner conviction by a question, a moment of reflection, and as a result of this, the unambiguous confession that the doll had its place in the living human family.

Here is a more stubborn exhibition on the part of another boy of this lasting faith in the plaything called out by others' skeptical attitude. "When" (writes a lady correspondent) "he was just over two years old, L—— began to speak of a favorite wooden horse (Dobbin) as if it was a real living creature. 'No tarpenter (carpenter) made Dobbin,' he would say; 'he is not wooden, but kin (skin) and bones, and Dod (God) made him.' If any one said 'it' in speaking of the horse, his wrath was instantly aroused, and he would shout indignantly: 'It! You muttent tay *it*, you mut tay *he*.' He imagined the horse was possessed of every virtue, and it was strange to see what an influence this creature of his own imagination exercised over him. If there was anything L—— particularly wished not to do, his mother had only to say, 'Dobbin would like you to do this,' and it was done without a murmur."

There is another domain of childish activity closely bordering on that play where we may observe a like suffusion of the world of sense by imagination. I refer to pictures and artistic representations generally. If in the case of adults there is a half illusion, a kind of oneiroctic trance condition, induced by a picture or dramatic spectacle, in the case of the less instructed child the illusion is apt to become more complete. I have several striking stories about the effect of pictures on children's minds. A picture seems very much of a toy to a child. A baby of eight or nine months will talk to a picture as to a living thing; and something of this tendency to make a fetich of a drawing survives much later.

A quaint anecdote is recorded in a collection of children's thoughts. One day F——, a boy of four, called on a friend,

Mrs. C——, when she had just received a picture, a scene in winter, in which persons were represented as going to church, some on foot and others in sleighs. . . . F—— wanted to know where they were going, and Mrs. C—— told him. The next day he came and noticed the picture, and looked at Mrs. C—— and then at the picture, and said, "Why, Mrs. C——, them people haven't got there yet, have they?" What, it may be asked, did the boy mean by his question? Did he in his vivid imaginative realization actually confuse the representation with the reality represented, after the manner of the sailors who, visiting a theater where the actors were representing a struggle of smugglers with a captain, took the performance to be a reality and rushed on the stage in order to protect the captain? There seems to be less excuse for confounding representation and reality in the case of the picture than in that of the stage. Perhaps, however, the boy was less stupid than is here suggested. Did he, as the result of an intense realization of the scene pictured, excogitate the idea that the picture must at least represent something actual—that is to say, going on at the moment? Here is an opportunity for the mind quick to disentangle childish thought.

However this be, the vivid realization of pictures by children is a well-certified fact. Here is a story of a little boy, aged three years and some months: "His mother had gone to the sea and L—— (the child) was staying at his grandfather's. One day he was looking at a picture of a stormy sea, and on the sea was a little boat with an old man and a girl in it. He had heard the story of Grace Darling and her father, and at once decided that the picture represented them. After talking about them for some time his thoughts turned to his mother, and he began to imagine all sorts of things about her: 'And mamma is on de tea (sea) in a ickle (little) boat, and de waves are dashing over it, and (with great excitement) it will be turned over and mamma ill be drowned, and the master (one of the names for himself) will not be dere to tave (save) her!' By this time the big tears were rolling down his cheeks, and he was in such an agony of grief that his grandmother had to take the picture from him and try to divert his thoughts."

Here, it is pretty evident, we have to do with a degree of illusion which equals if it does not surpass that of the most absorbing play. We must remember that a detailed pictorial representation, especially if it is colored, gives to the eye a full presentment of a scene, and so favors a particularly clear and vivid imaginative realization. It is probable, too, that the abstract mode of representation in pictorial art, as compared, say, with that of the stage, hardly counts for the child's perception. Even the ordinary adult, innocent of artistic aims and methods, is wont, when gazing upon a painting, to lose all count of the picture as such, his consciousness being focused for the intense imaginative realization of its meaning.

I have here dealt with children's play and kindred forms of activity as the outcome of a strong bent to imaginative realization, to the vivid, half-illusory picturing out of things. At the same time it is to be noticed that, in the forms in which this imaginative impulse works itself out, we see a good deal more of the child's mind; we see intelligence and, to some extent, character also. Thus, before there can be the faithful mimetic play of our little coachman, there must have been close observation and memory of what was observed. On the other hand, that most useful quality of intelligence which we call resource and invention comes out clearly in all the freer and more original sorts of play. Again, while all children are players—did not Victor Hugo rightly make the little body-starved and mind-starved Fantine conserve the play instinct?—they exhibit many and even profound differences of mind and character in their play. How unlike the girl's passive, dreamy play—as when sitting and holding her doll—to the more active boy's play, with its vigorous fightings, its arm-aching draggings of furniture! How different, again, the inchoate, idealess play of a stupid child with the contents of a Noah's ark from the well-considered, finished, and varied play of a bright, intelligent child with the same material! Curious differences of taste, too, and even of moral instinct reflect themselves in the play of children. There is a quaint precocity of the practical instinct, the impulse to make one's self useful, in some children, which is apt to come out in their play. The little boy referred to

above, who would spend a whole wet afternoon "painting" the furniture, must have had a decided bent toward useful work. Other children are no less quaintly precocious in the matter of morals, laying down commands on their dolls, punishing them for being naughty, and so forth—all with the appearance of a real and earnest conscientiousness.

While the forms of imaginative activity in play are thus selectively determined by individual aptitudes and dispositions, they will, of course, throughout remain dependent on the special experiences and fields of observation. Play is largely imitative of what has been experienced by the child, seen by him, or told him by others. The richer the surroundings, the fuller the sources of instruction, the more elaborate and various can the play representation become. Boy's play is often an imitation of the doings of their fathers and others—that is to say, when, as in the case of the farmer, the engineer, or the soldier, the paternal vocation lends itself to an interesting kind of play action. The sons of literary men do not, so far as I have heard, render their sires this flattering attention. Possibly, now that women's occupations also are getting differentiated, girls will be found to follow in their play the special lines of activity of their respective mothers.

Enough has probably been said to show how interesting a subject for study is offered us in children's play. Here, as has been well said, we seem to catch the child in his own world, acting out his own impulses without stimulus, guidance, or restraint from others. Here, with something of the poet, the artist, of the serious man of business, too, yet being in truth none of these, he sets about creating his own world—a world which, like those we all create in our several fashions, bears on every feature the stamp of the creative mind.

CHILDREN IN THE HOME

"Brainy" Children

By MARION HARLAND

AN oft-repeated and apparently little-heeded truism is that we Americans live hard. This rapid existence is born in us, and is fostered by our surroundings and climate. In a new country, where thousands of dollars are made and lost daily, where there is such a crowd of strugglers upon the ladder which leads to success in the financial, intellectual, and social spheres that one must hold on with hands and feet and teeth, lest he be pushed aside or dropped entirely, it is small wonder that we hardly pause for breath. Every vessel that comes from the old world to the new is laden with living freight which in a few years aspire to become our equals, and threaten to denationalize us. We must push others, or be pushed by them.

This eager life, then, is the birthright of the American child. His first cry seems to the over-sensitive ears more intense and high-strung than the lusty bawl of the English, Irish, or German infant. The tender mother, burdened by many cares, often exclaims at sound of the heart-broken protest:

"Oh, my baby! I just know how you feel!"

Of course she knows. Has she not writhed under such nervousness as threatened to drive her to the verge of mental aberration during the tedious nine months before her baby's birth, and has she not handed down this same misery to the mite who is bone of her bone, flesh of her flesh?

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps touches this chord in her "Story

of Avis," when the overwrought mother snatches to her breast her wailing baby:

"You too! You too!" she exclaims passionately.

The congenital nervousness is beyond our control, but should not we mothers do all in our power to mitigate the evils which may arise from careless management of these delicate machines?

Even among this nervous people there are degrees. Some children are far more phlegmatic than others. One child can with difficulty be persuaded to study, while another must be held back and coaxed into idleness. In mere infants this difference of temperament is noticeable. I have in my mind now two babies near the same age, both intelligent and sweet. One takes events calmly as they come, the other clutches at them wildly, eagerly, before they are within reach, and enjoys them with a zest that is almost alarming. One was taught to go to sleep in his crib by being left to "cry it out." The same treatment applied to No. 2 induced a state of nervous excitement that made his head burning hot, his feet and hands clammy, and the attempt had to be abandoned for fear of convulsions.

There is much written and talked of the expediency of having one rule for the management of all children. This theory is frequently propounded by old maids and childless widows. No mother of two small boys or girls will acknowledge that they are to be taught, persuaded, or disciplined in the same manner. This chapter has to do with the "brainy" baby—the one who needs holding back, not urging forward.

The sentimental and doting mamma of a clever child is inclined to resent the physician's warning that her idol is a small animal and should be treated as such. She *knows* he is all soul and brain, and is proud of the fact. His hold on life has not had time to become very tenacious before she gradually loosens it by paying too much attention to the mental and spiritual side of his nature.

Oh, that I could impress upon the minds of American women what a delicate and cruelly sensitive organ is the brain with which they toy delightedly! I have seen mothers laugh fondly at the eager look in the great eyes, the strained lines

about the tiny mouth that was repeating verse after verse of poetry, or citing historical incidents. In my mind now is the picture of a *spirituelle* child of two years of age, his blue eyes wide, his cheeks aglow, and every curl on the perilously large head seeming actually to quiver with the excitement that thrilled the tiny frame as he recited "Marco Bozzaris."

This exhibition ended, his proud father asked him:

"Who discovered America?"

"Columbus."

"In what year?"

"1492."

"Who was the father of this country?"

"George Washington."

"Who saved this country?"

"Abraham Lincoln."

I do not like to seem to point a moral and adorn a tale, but I am but telling the sad truth when I state that that boy, now five years old, has severe convulsions every time he has the slightest fever; that, when there is any unnatural heat about the head, he is immediately put to bed with ice on his forehead and a mustard plaster at the back of his neck, lest he succumb to cruel spasms.

"Too much brain development!" say the physicians. "Do not teach him anything for years to come."

Poor baby! Why could he not have been allowed to develop normally, naturally? The God-given intellect has been sinfully wasted, until at the end of five years it is wellnigh exhausted.

If we must live fast ourselves, is it fair to force our babies into experiencing a lifetime in a semi-decade?

I am surprised that parents do not observe the common laws of nature, and from them get hints on the management of their children. Flowers that are artificially forced soon droop, and the wise gardener prunes and cuts back the forward shoots and twigs that they may take time to make wood, instead of blooming themselves to death.

The year-old colt is not allowed to run, or the immature steer to injure his muscles by dragging heavy stones and logs. Because the mind utters no complaint, and the injury is so

gradual that we do not observe it until it is past remedy, we cast precautions to the winds.

The mother of a singularly bright child once said to me:—

"I am not proud of Willie's cleverness. I make the most of it now, for it won't last. Precocious children always make commonplace men."

Oddly enough, it was but a few days after this that a sweet old lady in talking to me remarked:

"My dear, do you ever wonder where all the precocious infants go? When I was young there was a saying: 'What become of the bright children and the pins!'"

"I cannot answer for the pins, but I fancy the children's fate and theirs is the same. We lose some of them, and they are buried in Mother Earth; others have too heavy pressure put upon them, and are bent crooked and thrown to one side, and are soon out of sight. To drop metaphor, the clever children who live have so much strain put upon their brains, while they are mere babies, that they are unfit for work in after life. They are not idiotic. I do not mean that. But their strength is spent for that which profiteth not. When the mind is still a soft, impressionable mass, which should be allowed to rest and become strong, the faculties, which later in life might master the Greek language or compose a great history, are expended in committing to memory Mother Goose or comic songs."

Her speech set me to thinking, and the outcome of my thought is this. I feel that I must offer my feeble word of protest to the mothers of bright children. I do not want you to make uninteresting animals of your children. Train them in manners and proper speech, but up to four or five years of age let their minds develop for themselves. They will do so rapidly enough. You may tell baby stories and rhymes, but do not make him repeat them to you. If he learns them in spite of you, do not "show him off" to visitors. What would you think of the mother who would stand her six-months-old baby on his chubby legs and teach him to walk? Because he has legs and is willing to use them is no excuse for allowing him to bear his weight on them until they are bent and bowed. The

Almighty bestowed his limbs upon him for future use, and remember that he will need them more later than now. At present you can do his walking, talking, and thinking for him. His faculties are but lent to you to be cared for until he needs them. Have you any right to waste that which is committed to you in trust for your child?

It is pitiful to think of the study that must, at the best, go on in those little brains. This is a new country they are in, they are daily seeing new objects and strange people; they are mastering a language, learning to understand it, and to keep track of the many objects and persons they hear mentioned. For the sake of the love we bear them let us be merciful!

"Are you properly *afraid* about this child?" said a physician to a mother in my hearing, laying his hand on the forehead of her eighteen-months-old baby.

"Afraid?"

"Yes. This is a splendid and a dangerous head. Take care of it!"

CHILDREN IN THE HOME

Frightening Children

THE greatest difficulty in the way of properly rearing children is that their elders forget that they were ever children themselves. Parents, with all their love and tenderness, are often so unmindful of the extreme sensibility of their offspring, that they think to amuse by frightening them. This is like tickling them with a needle; it is all pain and no pleasure. Because a fright is intended to be a joke, it is no reason that it is so understood, especially by the little folks, who are altogether literalists.

Nothing can be worse for a child than to frighten it. The effect of the scare it is slow to recover from: it remains sometimes until maturity, as is shown by many instances of morbid sensitiveness and excessive nervousness.

Not unfrequently, fear is employed as a means of discipline. Children are controlled by being made to believe that something terrible will happen to them; are punished by being shut up in dark rooms, or by being put in places they stand in dread of. No one, without vivid memory of his own childhood, can comprehend how entirely cruel such things are. We have often heard grown persons tell of the suffering they have endured, as children, under like circumstances, and recount the irreparable injury which they are sure they then received. No parent, no nurse, capable of alarming the young is fitted for her position. Children, as near as possible, should be trained not to know the sense of fear, which, above everything else, is to be feared, in their education both early and late.

CHILDREN IN THE HOME

Bothersome Youngsters

By M. RÈBEQUE

THERE is no denying that in hotels and boarding houses, cars and steamboats, street and parlor, children are coming to be dreaded more and more. As a class, their manners are almost universally bad; their voices are appalling; they eat like savages, and, in fact, set at naught all the social amenities.

Who is to blame for this? Certainly not the children. How can you expect a child to eat in a civilized way if it has never been trained to it? We are not so many degrees removed from the aborigines that refinement is always instinctive. It is hardly fair to condemn and dislike a child for monopolizing or interrupting conversation when no education has taught it differently; and why should the ears of the public be deafened by the shrill voices of Young America till such time as it shall learn that all the world does not care to hear its innocent remarks? Why—to be comprehensive—should children, as a rule, be regarded by their parents, friends, and the public generally as a curse instead of a blessing? Simply because the parents do not respect the rights of the public. Let me mention a few instances in my own experience which will recall similar cases to every mind.

Only a few days ago, I went in the cars from No-matter-where to A-place-of-no-consequence. It was a warm, damp, muggy day—one of those days when dust will stick to the most immaculate, and when eating, except with the most attractive surroundings, is not to be thought of. The cars were quite

full of returning city families, and I did not notice till we had moved from the station that I had placed myself in the seat directly behind a mother and four children, the eldest of whom might be ten and the youngest two. The appearance of the party was not unprepossessing, and for a short time things progressed quietly; but before long the baby became fretful, and finally asked for milk. Now began my trials. A basket of portentous size, which I had not before noticed, was drawn forth from among the family feet, and a bottle and a cup were extracted from it. But what a bottle! What a cup! The first was flat and brown, suggestive of rum, the latter was silver, with greasy finger marks upon it. Some milk was poured out and given to the child in a back-handed kind of way, which caused about two-thirds of the liquid to run in streamlets over its clothes, and the remaining portion to go down its throat with a "glug" which meant a choking fit before long. I will not particularize. Handkerchiefs were brought into requisition, thumps on the back administered, and quiet restored, only to be broken by cries from the remaining three for something to eat. A peach was now given to each child, and the juice from the fruit, mingling with the dust which had by this time accumulated on their small faces, soon painted them in colors which memory dreads to recall. The peace refection was followed by sandwiches. And why will people persist in making sandwiches of a large and substantial slice of ham between two uncertain pieces of bread? Need I tell how the bread vanished, and the ham straggled forth in hopeless strings? Who cannot imagine the greasy shine which surrounded their mouths and glistened on their fingers—fingers which soon seized on the glasses of the ice-water boy, and made you feel that, if you had not had your individual drinking-cup with you, death, in the agonies of thirst, would be preferable to nectar from those tumblers? A damp bread-and-butter smell now pervaded the atmosphere, and from time to time a dive would be made into the depths of the basket, and more peaches, more sandwiches, and then crackers were brought up—crumbly crackers, crackers which fell to pieces in unwholesome-looking flakes, and stuck to the children's faces. Then, as if to top the

climax, the lunch-basket at last produced molasses cakes—small oblong cakes, so full of the sticky fluid that they seemed perspiring with it; the kind of cake which left its shiny surface in brown patches on faces and fingers till the latter were cleansed—shall I tell it?—by a series of licks—there is no other word. Had I remained in their vicinity longer, I have no doubt that either gingerbread or cream-cakes would have been the next course; but at this point I reached A-place-of-no-consequence, and hastily left. My last view of those children haunts me like a nightmare.

Very much the same thing goes on at hotels. There are few of us who have not sat at the table with children whose food has been put in their mouths *en masse;* children who have reached before and across you for anything and everything they fancied; children who have talked about you and commented on your appearance with perfect freedom; and we exclaim, "What dreadful children!" when we should say, "Wretched parents, so to neglect your duty to the public!"

My friends, the H.'s, are among the brightest of my acquaintances. They have a charming home, and—four boys. "I used to dine at Sally's every Sunday," said a bachelor brother of the lady; "but, since the boys left the nursery, there's no comfort at the house, so I dine at my club, and drop in after the imps are asleep." Disregarding this dismal view of things, I went one day to dine at Sally's, as her note said, "to meet informally two other friends whose ideas I know will prove congenial." On the occasion specified, I had no opportunity to find out whether they had any ideas or not; and I have since made up my mind that the bachelor uncle was not too severe. Hereafter, when I dine at the H.'s, may it be "formally." Four well-dressed, bright-looking boys made their appearance as dinner was announced. They scuffled into their seats, and all four immediately entered into a brisk discussion with reference to a pair of rabbits, which lasted through the soup and fish, when a brief respite ensued, owing to their steady application to roast turkey. During the "cutting up" process, I received numerous thrusts from the elbows of my two vigorous young neighbors, with an occasional splash of

gravy by way of variety, or an arm reaching across me to secure some desired article of food which the waiter could not at that moment hand. Conversation among the elder members of the party had hardly begun, when it was interrupted by a question from one boy, which drew forth violent opposition from the other three, and with the exception of "five minutes for refreshments" which the quartette allowed themselves for ice-cream, they kept the ball going till we rose from table. On entering the parlor, the attention of the guests was demanded to decide on the respective merits of two postage-stamp albums, and requests for stamps now poured forth with startling rapidity and perseverance. Eight o'clock came, the nominal bedtime for the two younger torments. They argued and resisted, however, and before the point was settled, the two other guests, who had a second engagement, took their leave. When the boys finally did go to bed, and quiet was restored, Mrs. H. asked me if I thought her boys were worse than other people's. Returning a guarded answer, which I fear was not wholly reassuring, she said: "I never let them do anything wrong, and, really, if I undertook to discipline those boys with their different natures, it would leave me no time for anything else." I did not argue the matter.

I have about given up going to matinées, on account of the immense amount of schoolgirl gabble to which I am compelled to listen, instead of the entertainment for which I purchased my ticket. If the gabble should stop, it is only to be superseded by munching of candy and suppressed giggling. If girls must go through the vealy age, let them undergo it at home, and not invade the domains of the public.

Let me suggest that if the public met with more consideration, life would be made much more pleasant to children. I know those who never enter a place of amusement except when accompanied by little faces, whose bright eyes fail to see aught but the beautiful. I could tell of many a drive and picnic postponed till Saturday or vacation gave the children a chance to go. But they were children whose parents recognized the public, and upheld their rights. I could also name several libraries, picture galleries, greenhouses, and museums, whose

treasures never unfold themselves to children, because the little fingers are so rarely taught not to touch. Most children love music. Witness the crowd around a grinding organ, even when unattended by the attractive monkey. Yet how many children does any one know whom she would risk inviting to a *musicale?*

I cannot say I wholly agree with the man who thought a boy should be brought up in a hogshead, and fed through the bunghole, for I doubt not that on being released the wild ox of the desert would be a more desirable companion; but I do think that parents should so bring up their offspring that no one should have occasion to make the suggestion. Yet many of us feel with and for the sufferer who said his sister followed to the letter one Bible injunction with regard to children, namely: "Forbid them not."

CHILDREN IN THE HOME

A Child's Literary Taste

By MARY BLAKE

DEAR ——: When I wrote you the other day, I said some things about the various ways in which little children can be educated long before they are old enough to go to school. Their literary taste, also, can be cultivated at a very early age. Now, don't misunderstand me, and say you don't like precocious children, like Macaulay, for instance—for, between you and me, I think he must have been an insufferable little "prig" if he did all the wonderful things his "Life" says he did. Children can learn to like the good things in our literature, and need not be confined to a mental diet of "Mother Goose." Not that I don't believe in "Mother Goose." Nothing ever can take the place of "Boy Blue" and "Bopeep." But because children like molasses candy, are they never to have beefsteak and bread? And let me suggest what an excellent basis "Mother Goose" makes for stories, when a mother's wits fail under the insatiable demands for "a story, a new one, something we have never heard before." Take "Jack Horner;" dress him up in a new name, and, with variations and details innumerable, *à la* "Susan Coolidge," make a new story. You can even smuggle in a little moral about selfishness if you're skillful, and then end by repeating the immortal verse, and the children's shouts of laughter will repay you for the exercise of your imagination. And here let me whisper what a help such a story is, when you're doing disagreeable things, like washing their ears, or combing snarls out of their hair, at which even good children fret and twist about.

But I was speaking of cultivating a child's literary taste. I

know two little girls, aged seven and four, who, quite unconsciously, have made the acquaintance of some of the writings of our best poets, and find great delight in them, and are learning to appreciate good things in a perfectly natural childlike way. The oldest was a very nervous, excitable child; it was almost impossible to quiet her to sleep, and she was very wakeful at night. When she was about three years old, her mother began reading to her at bedtime some of those pretty little pieces of poetry for children—such as are found in so many collections like "Hymns and Rhymes for Home and School," "Our Baby," and the like, and found the rhythm so soothing to the child's restless nerves, that she committed several to memory, to use when the book was not at hand. She kept the little book or newspaper scrap in her work-basket, and when she was holding the baby or could do nothing else, she learned a stanza or two. She soon had quite a collection at her tongue's end, and now it is part of the bedtime routine for mamma to repeat one or two. The little rollicking four-year-old, a perfect embodiment of animal life and spirits, generally calls for Tennyson's "Sweet and low, wind of the Western sea," while the older one is charmed by Mary Howitt's pretty ballad of "Mabel on Midsummer Eve"—sweet, pure, good English, all of it. I watched the older child, as she stood at the window beside her mother one wild November morning, looking at the dead leaves whirling in the wind, while the mother recited to her Bryant's lines, "The melancholy days are come." It was almost as good as the poem to see the child's gray eyes kindle with appreciation as she eagerly drank in the words. One can see the influence of this culture in the little songs they make up for their dollies —a jingle and jargon, of course, but interspersed with remembered lines from their "little verses," and having withal a good deal of rhythm and movement about them. Their ear has been educated to a certain standard of appreciation—just as German children who grow up in an atmosphere of good music find delight in harmonies which are hardly understood by our less cultivated American ears. Of course, you must carefully select beforehand to suit the children's minds, and must explain similes and allusions.

On the other hand, if children's minds are so susceptible to good impressions, they are equally affected by bad ones. A child's world is made up of the things he has already learned; and these things are conveyed to his mind by what he has actually seen himself, or by pictures and stories of what he has not seen. His imagination is as quick to supply "missing links" as the most enthusiastic Darwinian. What isn't there ought to be, so it's all right. Whether he lives in a world peopled by distorted, horrible, unnatural objects, or in one full of all lovely and pleasant ones, depends very largely on the pictures he sees and the stories he hears. If his picture-books are of the hideous order, in which a blue-bearded monster holds a sword over an equally horrible pink-and-scarlet woman, you must expect him to wake at night from dreadful dreams, shrieking with terror, and imagining grotesque figures leering at him from every dark corner; and much more so if he is allowed to hear ghost and hobgoblin stories told by superstitious servant-girls. Besides this, if his ideas of art are built upon the basis of a Punch-and-Judy style of picture-books, agents' engravings, or newspaper and tea-store chromos, he must pass through a long course of training before he is capable of knowing what a good picture is, if, indeed, he ever does know. In these days of photographs and beautiful children's books, there is no reason why people of even moderate means should not educate their children into something like a sense of artistic appreciation. Why, you can buy at any print-store a good photograph, neatly framed, of any of the great pictures of the world (the "San Sistine" cherubs, for instance) for a dollar. And yet how many people there are who would spend that money for Hamburg edgings without a thought, but would never dream of buying a good picture to hang on the nursery wall.

Now, I can hear you say with a sigh, "Oh dear! this all takes so much time and thought." Of course it does—so does everything that is good for anything. As to time, you have "all there is"; it depends only upon what you use it for. I feel almost like groaning when a young mother shows me some marvel of embroidery or machine-stitching, saying triumphantly, "There, I did every stitch of that myself!" When

will women learn that their time is worth too much, for better things, to be spent upon such trifles? It is really pitiful to see a good, conscientious little mother resolutely shutting herself away from so much that is best and sweetest in her children's lives, for the sake of tucking their dresses and ruffling their petticoats. How surprised and grieved she will be to find that her boys and girls, at sixteen, regard "mother" chiefly as a most excellent person to keep shirts in order and to make new dresses, and not as one to whom they care to go for social companionship! Yet, before they are snubbed out of it by repeated rebuffs, such as "Run away—I'm too busy to listen to your nonsense," children naturally go to their mothers with all their sorrows and pleasures; and if "mother" can only enter into all their little plans, how pleased they are! Such a shout of delight as I heard last summer from Mrs. Friendly's croquet ground, where her two little girls were playing: "Oh, goody, goody—mamma is coming to play with us!" She was a busy mother, too, and I know would have much preferred to use what few moments of recreation she could snatch for something more interesting than playing croquet with little children, not much taller than their mallets. She has often said to me, "I cannot let my children grow away from me—I must keep right along with them all the time; and whether it is croquet with the little ones, or Latin grammar and baseball with the boys, or French dictation and sash-ribbons with the girls, I must be 'in it' as far as I can."

But really the most difficult part of all this is to think of it. We are so preoccupied with our cares and plans that we haven't "the heart at leisure from itself" thus even to sympathize with our children. We brood over Bridget's deficiencies and our plans for trimming Mary's dresses, to say nothing of heavier burdens, till our poor heads are half distracted. Yet if we could only lift ourselves above these thoughts into a clearer atmosphere while we are with the children, we would find ourselves refreshed when we go down into the fogs and mists again. It is the everlasting monotony of our work, the same things over and over every day, that wear upon us mentally quite as much as bodily. If we could only be strong enough

to make our intercourse with the children lift us out of the "ruts" of our dull planning and thinking, this culture of them would be a change and stimulus instead of an additional burden. (A change from saddle to harness often rests the galled horse, you know.) We should find ourselves snatching little bits of time to look into encyclopedias and histories to see if our facts are correct; brightening up rusty school knowledge; perhaps even turning into account our schoolgirl accomplishments of drawing, and music, and composition; and certainly reading with some thought for the children, which of itself would supply the lack of purpose so usual in women's reading. The little we do is apt to be desultory and unsatisfactory—a hodgepodge of popular novels and the newspaper. We have so little time to read, we say, but we let slip five and ten minute chances, or waste them over some frivolous story, because we haven't or think we haven't any object to stimulate us. Our husbands read and study in the direction of their business or professions, and their minds are constantly sharpened by the necessities of their daily work. Ours, if we are not careful, are narrowed by the necessary and important attention to the detail of housekeeping, till we can talk an hour over the comparative advantages and disadvantages of Irish or colored help, or discuss "knife-plaiting" like philosophers, but beyond that——. Yet, I am confident of my sex's ability, and sure that there are a good many of us who wish for better things, and if we could only once get into the way of it, would find ourselves accumulating knowledge and growing in culture from year to year, and that, too, without having dusty furniture, sour bread, or unmannerly children. Let the desire to cultivate and educate the children be an inspiration, and we'll find ourselves cultivated and educated by the same process.

We shall find some things crowded out of our busy life—we must have fewer clothes, less trimming, simpler cooking; but the mental furnishing of the family will be so much more complete. Hear what Gladstone says about man's work, and make the application to woman's: "To comprehend a man's life, it is necessary to know, not merely what he does, but also what he purposely leaves undone. There is a limit to the work that

can be got out of a human body or a human brain, and he is a wise man who wastes no energy on pursuits for which he is not fitted; and he is still wiser who, from among the things that he can do well, chooses and resolutely follows the best." You will perceive that I have said nothing about religious education. I know so well how the joy and beauty of happy Christian living pervades your home that it does not seem necessary. A child cannot grow up in such an atmosphere without being religiously educated, any more than the morning-glory can avoid taking color and beauty from the sunbeams which surround it. In a home like yours, where every one is courteous to every one else—the children included—the grace of politeness will become incorporated into a child's nature as a genuine, hearty unselfishness.

Now, don't beguile yourself by thinking, "These things are well enough, but far beyond me now—when my boy is older I'll begin." Your baby will be in college before you know it. Children have a curious way of growing older every week, and we must take them as well as old Father Time by the "forelock," if we are going to do much with them.

CHILDREN IN THE HOME

The Young Folks' Stuay Hour

By HANNAH SNOWDEN

WHEN are the children to study their lessons? After school is out and dinner is over there is but little time before dark for them to exercise in the open air, and this exercise should be firmly insisted upon. On the other hand, the mornings are short and dark, and if any home study is done, it is generally at night. It is this night study that is bad for the tired bodies and brains, and that brings the nervous manner and the unquiet sleep.

How to help the children so their studying may be a pleasure rather than a constant weariness, becomes a serious question for the most of us. From my own experience, I find that the following plan answers well:—

Let the children have one hour or more after the gas is lit; but at eight o'clock precisely send them to bed, with the promise that you will call them at six in the morning. Do not allow them to have the waking up on their own minds. This would disturb their sleep, which ought to be free from care. To do away with the darkness and the oppressive stillness of the house before day, rise instantly at the sound of the alarm clock, light the gas, and put a match to a small lot of wood on the hearth. (My boys take turns in bringing up and arranging this wood the day before, their aim being so to lay the sticks and splinters that they will instantly burn on the application of a lighted match.) When the fire is well under way, call the boys. Expecting light and heat and cheerfulness, they will come down with alacrity—the only trouble then being to get

them dressed, for turning over the logs and picking up the hot coals are more pleasant than pulling on shoes and stockings. The gloomier and colder the morning, the more pleasant it is, and the more hilarious the children become. While they are dressing and playing, get ready a cup of something hot for them to drink. I prefer beef tea, but I vary it with chocolate or coffee, made five-sixths of boiling milk. Cold milk does not cheer them like something hot. To boil the milk for the coffee or chocolate takes only a few moments. I put the tin cup upon a little fixture called the "Pet," that fits over any common gas-burner, and costs but thirty cents. This will heat without burning or smoking the cup. After they have taken their hot drink and eaten a cracker or two, the boys will be ready for their books. In one hour now they can do more hard work, and do it with more cheerfulness and courage, than at any other time of day.

Now see how little it costs, all this pleasure. For the best hickory wood I have just paid $7.25 the cord, $1.50 for hauling it to the house, $1.00 for sawing once, and fifty cents for piling in the cellar. For this morning fire, I had one cord sawed into three pieces, which made its cost $11.25. As this fire only burns till eight or nine o'clock, the one cord may last the whole winter. Even if it uses two cords, how else can so much comfort be had from so small a sum? I have been told that in New York city hickory wood can be bought for the same price as pine, because there is so little demand for it. Outside of the cities, the cost of the wood would hardly be a consideration. Even if the use of it lightens the purse, it will just as surely lighten children's hearts and clear their brains.

CHILDREN IN THE HOME

Hints on Education

By MARY BLAKE

AS a child grows older, and his intellectual nature begins to wake up, his endless "why?" and "what for?" are the keys with which he unlocks the hidden treasures of the strange world he has come to live in. As Tennyson says:—

> "In children a great curiousness is well
> Who have themselves to learn, and all the world."

I doubt if we always think of that when their irrepressible curiosity drives us almost distracted. When he comes running to you with some queer thing or other he has found, or asks you why you do this or don't do that, you may be sure that his perceptive faculties are beginning to stir themselves. Tiresome as his questions are, they show that his mind is wide-awake and ready to receive on that subject at least. A question he asks you, all eagerness to hear your answer, is worth twenty you ask him some time when he doesn't care a fig about it. Parents often persistently snub their children and "shut them up" for six or eight years, and then wonder why teachers never can get them to "open out" again. "Such teachers!" they say; "the children don't take the least interest in their lessons," never thinking that they did their best to take all the edge off their minds before they sent them to school to be "sharpened up." Even if the subject is one quite beyond your boy, and he can't understand your answer very well, the fact that he knows something about it will prepare his mind for a clearer understanding of it the next time he meets it. Of

course, it is of the first importance that your explanation shall be correct as far as it goes. Besides this, it is a source of great comfort to a child to feel that his parents care enough about what interests him to talk with him about it. May not the decrease of confidence which parents complain of in their grown-up children have its beginnings in the days of childhood, when neither father nor mother could spend time to answer their questions, and other people did?

In addition to teaching him about the things he naturally notices himself, you wish to show him how to keep his eyes and ears open to everything about him. His senses are his teachers, and the things he sees and touches are what interest him first. If his senses can be trained to accurate and constant observation, he has the elements of education in himself, whether he has the advantages of the schools or not. He will always

> "Find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks."

This can be done in a great many ways, varying according to the tastes and mental capacity of the children as well as the different circumstances and talents of the mother. For instance, a mother is out with her children for a walk in the country, wheeling the baby's carriage. The children spy some flowers growing by the roadside, and ask in eager child-fashion, "Oh! what's that, mamma?" It is very natural and easy to say "Oh! don't touch it—it's nothing but a horrid weed—perhaps it's poisonous." The children's interest is dulled at once, and they run on, presently finding something else. The answer this time is, "That's a thistle; don't try to pick it—you'll prick your fingers." And so the mother trudges along, wearily thinking over her plans for to-morrow's breakfast, or wondering if her last year's traveling suit would "make over" for a school dress for Susie, while the children go frolicking here and there, getting into mischief, and, very likely, having a scolding before they get home, and all gaining nothing from their walk except the freshness which physical exercise and pure air bring to us in spite of ourselves. Now, suppose she says, as the children bring her the flower: "Why, that's a

Scotch thistle; how did you manage to get it without pricking your fingers?"—an implied commendation of the child's skill which he likes as well as you the praise of your canned strawberries ("hardly any one succeeds in keeping the real fruit flavor, you know"). The mother goes on to say: "See the pretty, soft, purple color, with all those 'prickers' around it, like soldiers guarding a beautiful queen. Do you notice how each flower, as you call it, is made of a great many little flowers? And there's one gone to seed. Get it, Charlie, if you can, and let's look at it." Now, the children's interest is wide awake, and they ask a whole bookful of questions. Baby, in her carriage, begins to be impatient at the interruption of her ride. "Let's walk along, and I'll tell you a story about it." So the mother tells how once, when the English army was creeping up at night to surprise the sleeping Scotch, a barefooted soldier stepping on a thistle alarmed the camp with his cry of pain, and the enemy was driven back in defeat, and how the Scotch, in memory of the event, adopted the thistle as their national emblem. The children enjoy the mother's interest in what has interested them; she, in her turn, is refreshed by the change of thought from her ordinary cares; and they all come home invigorated mentally as well as bodily.

Perhaps some day, in years to come, bending wearily over school-books, the child reads the incident of the thistle in his history, and as a flash of lightning illuminates a room at midnight, the whole scene stands out in his memory—the green-bordered roadside, the warm, level rays of the late afternoon sun touching the spires and roofs of the distant city, his little sister in her carriage, his mother's smile and voice; and the whole lesson is brightened by this reflection from his boyhood. In ways like these you can bind yourself with silken cords about his future. From what wrong and wickedness in his restless youth and early manhood little memories like these may beguile him, you cannot tell.

To advance a step further from the realm of simple sight and touch, there are many historical stories which are as fascinating as fairy tales; for instance, King Alfred and the burnt cakes, Columbus seeing the light on the shore after his three

weary days of watching, or Washington crossing the Delaware. These things, once committed to a child's memory, are never "dropped out" as so much later acquirement is, and they will serve as pegs to hang historical knowledge on hereafter, or as centers around which he will naturally group other facts. One such story will make a whole reign or epoch seem real to him. You ought so to instruct your child, that he will find, when he begins to study, that he knows a great many things about history, geography, and the physical sciences even, which he never can remember not to have known, nor where he learned them; but there they are—a fertile subsoil for other seeds to grow in.

MAN IN THE HOME

Matrimonial Jars

WHEN the sunshine of domestic bliss has become more or less clouded by quarrels between a husband and a wife, observers very often describe the state of affairs by the euphemism, "They had a few words." This is the immediate cause of many a domestic catastrophe. A young man was sent to Socrates to learn oratory. On being introduced to the philosopher he talked so incessantly that Socrates asked for double fees. "Why charge me double?" said the young fellow. "Because," said Socrates, "I must teach you two sciences; the one how to hold your tongue, and the other how to speak." It is impossible for people to be happy in matrimony who will not learn the first of these sciences. The simple act of self-denial in restraining the expression of unpleasant feelings or harsh thoughts is the foundation stone of a happy home; for nothing draws people so closely together as the constant experience of mutual pleasure, and nothing so quickly drives them asunder as the frequent endurance of pain caused by one another's presence.

> "One doth not know
> How much an ill word may empoison liking.

Sometimes the husband blames the wife, and the wife the husband, when neither of them is at fault.

Burton tells of a woman, who, hearing one of her "gossips" complain of her husband's impatience, told her an excellent remedy for it. She gave her a glass of water, which, when he brawled, she should hold still in her mouth. She did so two or three times with great success, and at length, seeing her

neighbor, she thanked her for it, and asked to know the ingredients. She told her that it was "fair water," and nothing more; for it was not the water, but her silence which performed the cure.

There are people who are kind in their actions and yet brutal in their speech, and they forget that it is not every one who can bear, like Boswell, to be told he is a fool. A woman may think she is always right and her husband always wrong, but it does not make the wheels of domestic life run smoother to say this in plain English. A man may have a contempt for his wife's dearest brother, but to tell the wife or brother so is not conducive to harmony.

The "last word" is the most dangerous of infernal machines. Husband and wife should no more fight to get it than they would struggle for the possession of a lighted bomb-shell. What is the use of the last word? After getting it a husband might, perhaps, as an American newspaper suggests, advertise to whistle for a wager against a locomotive; but in every other respect his victory would be useless and painful. It would be a Cadmean victory in which the victor would suffer as much as the vanquished. A farmer cut down a tree which stood so near the boundary-line of his farm that it was doubtful whether it belonged to him or to his neighbor. The neighbor, however, claimed the tree, and prosecuted the man who cut it, for damages. The case was sent from court to court. Time was wasted and temper lost; but the case was finally gained by the prosecutor. The last of the transaction was, that the man who gained the cause went to the lawyer's office to execute a deed of his whole farm, which he had been compelled to sell to pay his costs! Then, houseless and homeless, he thrust his hands into his pockets, and triumphantly exclaimed: "I've beat him!" In the same way husband and wife may become bankrupt of heart wealth by endeavoring to get the last word.

Men sometimes become fractious from pure monotony. When they are unable to find subjects for profitable conversation there arises a propensity to "nag" and find fault. In a Russian story, the title of which in English is "Buried Alive," two prisoners are talking in the night, and one relates: "I

had got, somehow or other, in the way of beating her" (his wife). "Some days I would keep at it from morning till night. I did not know what to do with myself when I was not beating her. She used to sit crying, and I could not help feeling sorry for her, and so I beat her." Subsequently he murdered her. Are there not men above the class of wife-beaters who indulge in fault-finding, "nagging," and other forms of tongue-castigation? They have got into the habit. They do not know what to do with themselves when not so employed. The tears of their wives only irritate them.

Of course some wives are quite capable of giving as much as they get. It is said that at a recent fashionable wedding, after the departure of the happy pair, a dear little girl, whose papa and mamma were among the guests, asked, with a child's innocent inquisitiveness: "Why do they throw things at the pretty lady in the carriage?" "For luck, dear," replied one of the bridesmaids. "And why," again asked the child, "doesn't she throw them back?" "Oh," said the young lady, "that would be rude." "No, it wouldn't," persisted the dear little thing, to the delight of her doting parents who stood by, "ma does."

"Do you pretend to have as good a judgment as I have?" said an enraged wife to her husband. "Well, no," he replied, deliberately; "our choice of partners for life shows that my judgment is not to be compared to yours." When they have a "few words," however, the woman usually has the best of it. "See here," said a fault-finding husband, "we must have things arranged in this house so that we shall know where everything is kept." "With all my heart," sweetly answered his wife, "and let us begin with your late hours, my love. I should much like to know where they are kept."

Such matrimonial word battles may amuse outsiders as the skill of gladiators used to amuse, but the combatants make themselves very miserable. Far better to be incapable of making a repartee if we only use the power to wound the feelings of the one whom we have vowed to love. There is an art of putting things that should be studied by married people. How many quarrels would be avoided if we could always say with

courtesy and tact any unpleasant thing that may have to be said! It is related of a good-humored celebrity that when a man once stood before him and his friend at the theater, completely shutting out all view of the stage, instead of asking him to sit down, or in any way giving offense, he simply said: "I beg your pardon, sir; but when you see or hear anything particularly interesting on the stage, will you please let us know, as we are entirely dependent on your kindness?" That was sufficient. With a smile and an apology that only the art of putting things could have extracted, the gentleman took his seat. There is a story of a separation which took place simply because a gracious announcement had been couched by a husband in ungracious terms. "My dear, here is a little present I have brought to make you good-tempered." "Sir," was the indignant reply, "do you dare to say that it is necessary to bribe me into being good-tempered? Why, I am always good-tempered; it is your violent temper, sir." And so the quarrel went on to the bitter end. It is a very difficult thing to find fault well.

The very worst time for a husband and wife to have "a few words" is dinner-time, because, if we have a good dinner, our attention should be bestowed on what we are eating. He who bores us at dinner robs us of pleasure and injures our health, a fact which the alderman realized when he exclaimed to a stupid interrogator: "With your confounded questions, sir, you've made me swallow a piece of green fat without tasting it." Many a poor wife has to swallow her dinner without tasting it because her considerate husband chooses this time to find fault with herself, the children, the servants, and with everything except himself. The beef is too much done, the vegetables too little, everything is cold. "I think you might look after something! Oh, that is no excuse!" and so on, to the great disturbance of his own and his wife's digestion. God sends food, but the devil sends the few cross words that prevent it from doing us any good. We should have at least three laughs during dinner, and every one is bound to contribute a share of agreeable table-talk, good-humor, and cheerfulness.

"According to Milton, 'Eve kept silence in Eden to hear

her husband talk,'" said a gentleman to a lady friend; and then added, in a melancholy tone: "Alas! there have been no Eves since." "Because," quickly retorted the lady, "there have been no husbands worth listening to." Certainly there are too few men who exert themselves to be as agreeable to their wives (their best friends) as they are to the comparative strangers or secret enemies whom they meet at clubs and other places of resort. And yet if it is true that "to be agreeable in our family circle is not only a positive duty but an absolute morality," then every husband and wife should say on their wedding day:—

> "To balls and routs for fame let others roam,
> Be mine the happier lot to please at home."

The true marriage is the result of years of mutual endeavor to please, and comes of patient efforts on the part of husband and wife to learn each other's disposition and tastes. Human character, by a wise provision of Providence, is infinitely varied, and there are not two individuals in existence so entirely alike in their tastes, habits of thought, and natural aptitude, that they can keep even step with each other over all the rough places in the journey of life.

MAN IN THE HOME

Founding a Home

FIRST secure a home, which is, a house to live in, and the proper people in it to compose the foundations of home life. Directions as to house decoration or skillful cookery, or the control of cook or chambermaid, are of very little account, if the people who sit down in the pretty rooms day by day find their hearts torn by jealousy, or their brains rasped by nervous irritation. Let Tom and Amelia turn from the altar, resolving to start fair and give themselves the largest chance of a clear understanding of each other, and, in consequence, of future happiness. Let them turn their backs on boarding houses, shut their eyes to all considerations of style, be deaf to all hints of Mrs. Grundy's expectations, and buy or rent a house within their means. If they are too poor for a house, then a flat; if not a flat, a room; or, if the worst comes to the worst, let them hire, like our friends at Rudder Grange, a canal-boat; only let them go to housekeeping, and *go to it alone*. Comfortable quarters, perhaps, are offered them in the house of one of their parents, who very naturally try to keep the young birds, just mated, a little longer in the old nest, especially if they are well-to-do people, to whom the addition to the family will be only a pleasure and no burden. Amelia's husband not being able to support her in the style to which she has been accustomed, what can be more proper than that they should occupy part of her father's mansion, and reap the benefit of well-trained servants, carriages, and sumptuous fare? Or some other motive of economy or affection dictates their plans. Amelia's mamma being a widow, and devoted to her child, why should she live alone in her house, peopled for her, perhaps, by ghosts of the

beloved dead? Why not take the spare room in the young people's house and make a part of their new life? Or it may be Tom's unmarried sister or bachelor uncle who comes in to make a third in the partnership just begun. Now this newcomer may be the most clever, amiable, dearest soul in the world, and the arrangement one dictated by prudential motives and affection; but ninety times in a hundred it is destructive of the fine tone and temper of the newly formed household. The first year of married life is a passage, at the best, over dangerous quicksands; no matter how intimate their knowledge of each other was before marriage, husband and wife have now to find each other out in a thousand new and unexpected phases, and to adjust themselves each to the other in the habits, tastes, even language of every day. It will require all the tact and the patience which love gives to enable them to do this, and the interference, even the presence, of a third party, is always a disturbing element. The more dear and near the relations of this third party, the more apt are they to come between the wife and husband. Unfortunately, too, the whole tone of wedded life usually receives its keynote from this first year; and so invariably damaging is the influence of outsiders upon it, that the best receipt, probably, to insure a happy marriage would be to make a holocaust of all kinsfolk on the wedding day. As that is not practicable, let Amelia and Tom live as much apart as is possible for at least twelve months, selfish as such reserve may appear to their families. It is a duty which they owe to each other. After they have become in a measure one, and the uncertainty and disquietude of the storms and sunshine of early marriage have given place to a settled home atmosphere, the occasional presence of strangers has usually a wholesome influence. With the companionship of a guest now and then, Tom and Amelia are less likely to find their thoughts and opinions grow stale and tedious. Charity, too, assumes no more beautiful form than in a gracious hospitality, especially to those who are needy in body or mind. We know certain households where there is always to be found an orphan girl going to school with the other children, or a helpless old black "Aunty" in her chair by the kitchen fire, or

some other waif warmed and sheltered from the cold without. We remember a certain young girl to whom books were a hopeless mystery, but who, like most Virginian women, was skilled in housewifery, who took into her father's house, one after another, girls of fourteen from an adjoining mill, and trained them herself as seamstresses and cooks, teaching them to read and write at the same time. Before and after her marriage she fitted and placed eight women in useful, honorable careers of life. The home, when founded, should always be large enough to give place to some creature needing help, or it may be too small for any blessing to rest upon, which falls like dew from above

MAN IN THE HOME

The Value of a Working Husband

By Mrs. JAMES FARLEY COX*

MEMORY recalls a residence under the same roof with a devoted and apparently inseparable couple who rarely spoke to each other. The personality of both man and woman was marked and interesting; intellect and culture were discerned at the first glance; even physical distinction was evident. If the thoughts of the man's extraordinarily well-formed head should come to his lips, they would surely bring pleasure and profit, but in the presence of others he never spoke.

They read incessantly—he from the well-bound volumes of the book-lover and the student; she from more commonplace, every-day pages; but the unchanging gravity, the immobile figures, the silent, simultaneous movement toward the same point, gave an absolutely weird interest to the serious pair.

Said a vivacious young matron whose curiosity had been greatly stirred: "They are too rich, those people! If he only had to work and go to the city, how quickly they would learn to talk! I know just how his library looks at home; no possibility of a cozy den. It is lined with bookshelves, has very little light, and he just sits there and studies, and delves into his big volumes, and expects his wife to sit near the window where he can look at her! If he only had to 'hustle' for a living, they would be delightful people. I know they would! I should just like to see that handsome face light up with a smile; if he had been in town all day he would be really glad to see his wife at night. At present she is only a necessary adjunct of his library furniture."

*From "Home Thoughts."—A. S. Barnes & Co., publishers. First published in the New York *Evening Post*.

Doubtless her sharp scrutiny had read the story of their mutual lives quite accurately, and it gave room to speculation and conclusion as regarded the comparative value to married life of a man's occupations. And once seriously argued, the importance of work and outside interests for the husband, for the best development of home life and family happiness, so weighed down the scale that there could be no attempt delicately to balance a comparison.

There can be no question that the whole scheme of domestic detail; the myriad petty trials of nursery and kitchen; the baby's fall and disfiguring bump on his pretty forehead, and the leak of the cellar waterpipe, are not intended to occupy an eager and intelligent masculine mind. That man who does not enjoy an absorbing, faithful, eager, unavoidable form of work which takes all his powers and uses all his energies is not worthy of his birthright. It is a good, an inestimably good thing, that has come to him, this necessity to leave his home every morning and go forth to meet his fellow-men and do his share in the world's work. And when wife and child and roof and fireside depend on what he brings out of the struggle he has an incentive which makes success a triumph and a joy.

The mere regretful glance, the light gesture of farewell as the home door frames a watching wife who lingers to see him pass out of sight, is good for that love which must burn clearer, being human, for the desire to remain; and the day is sweetened all along its lines to the wife who counts the time until the approach of evening shall bring him back.

The hasty word—alas, that we all carry those poisoned arrows about with us!—has ceased to sting during those intervening hours, and from whichever side it took its hurtful flight it is only remembered to be regretted. When coming out of the maelstrom of the Exchange, or shaking off the dust of the court room, a man seeks a home delicately ordered, and a wife who, though she may sometimes irritate, is always the dearest thing in the world to him, he rarely harbors hard thoughts.

There is an inherent respect and admiration in a normal woman's heart for a working man. The admiration may be greatest when she feels that she is the cause of his strenuous

endeavor, but it is vigorous and great even when he labors for a cause—his estate and what it involves of human responsibilities; his country and its government; science, art, philanthropy—anything, so that it includes and requires the labor of heart and mind. And even the poor wife who watches for her "man's" footstep, weary and heavy though it may be, as he comes homeward with his tools upon his shoulder, has a glow of complacent pride in the result of his toil.

The routine of even the fairy-tale life of our modern rich households is unavoidably monotonous in a certain sense. Luxury, even in the twentieth century, has to compass sea and land to find a variation in its expression, and even flying through space at a pace which endangers both one's own life and one's neighbor's palls as an occupation, and cannot be reckoned among the things which make a wife look with affectionate reverence upon her husband. Even though royalty itself finds charm in hairbreadth 'scapes of landing in deep ditches, in preference to running down women and children, it scarcely can add to the attraction of a man, in his wife's eyes, to sit visored and goggled in a wildly flying vehicle, which grants no time to see the beauty of God's earth nor offers any reward but the petty triumphs of a racing machine.

One act of humane effort, one vigorous argument for justice, one invention resulting from applied science; one solid, honorably won increase to that store which enlarges all the beauty and liberty of living, coming from the brain and hands of a man who is a worker upon earth, is like a stepping-stone on which love climbs to those high places where honor clasps its hand.

Out of the working world every man carries a sheaf of some harvest as he turns homeward. Even the farmer from his furrow brings some gleaming of new discovery and a story of nature's alchemy. The plodding man bends over a ledger all the toilsome day, yet gathers hints of what is doing in the vast world of trade and commerce; the tradesman never repeats his yesterday's experience. The hours of labor add something to this mental store, and it is shared about the evening meal.

And all that comes from without has its equivalent within. All the dear schemes for making new the old and defaced; for creating changes of beauty and comfort at only the cost of ingenuity and invention; all the disciplinary part of household government; all the needful receiving and entertaining of those who are distracting and wearisome to a husband—come within these hours of separation. The whole scheme of the petty every-day experience of a woman's life can be crowded into the hours of his absence and leave a place of large rest and perfect peace for a husband's refreshment.

Perhaps the writer of these "Thoughts" has an exaggerated idea of the necessity for work—not occupation only—to the full development of what is highest in every human being. Perhaps this has already been said too often and with too great perseverance in these pages, but it were easy to bring convincing proof that homes are best builded on the foundation of what a man gives of himself. And they are best maintained by the woman who, using her own power in her own field, lays stone upon stone where they meet at their trysting place.

There is a larger patience toward each other, a more tender appreciation, a wider opening for mutual endeavor, where room is left for the higher development which comes from individual expansion in separate realms of thought and work, and what, in two idle people, would descend into personal and acrid argument, falls into the region of calm and helpful consultation. Things take on a fresh meaning and cease to be irritating, viewed by the light of a mind freed from the pressure of annoyance and disappointment. Many a mountain has been found to be a mole-hill when John brought his clear lens to bear upon its proportions. Too many difficulties have been swept away before his strong will and steady hand during the day's fight to make him fear because of the domestic disturbance which had swelled to discouraging dimensions under the small family roof.

The man whose fortune grants him opportunity to create a splendid material home without use of any personal effort, merely by opening a purse too full for the keenest satisfaction, yet has need to find his working world in some great field of labor, if he would endow it with the highest spiritual gifts. He

must take to himself some share in that activity which shall increase the sum of human happiness, if he would have his children say "My father was," in preference to "My father owned."

Not out of his opinions, but out of his acts, must a man cement the stones of which his home is builded; and though one should write volumes (even to the vast and limitless bulk of the publications of this year's carnival of books), they would not serve to catalogue the legions of happy and wholesome advantages which come to him who gives to his descendants the honor of claiming their lineage from a working man.

Good and tender women look with envious eyes on those who can flit hither and thither—husbands and wives—without one detaining duty which they are willing to assume. A well-earned holiday is worth ten idle years, and that which comes without either toil, endurance, or self-denial is deprived of the highest ingredients of happiness. To share an achievement is a thousand-fold more delightful than to partake of a gift which came without thought, toil, or endeavor. Do not regret if fate has given you that part to play in life's drama which carries you along, side by side, with a husband whose every hour is of value to some one in the world. When a man has reached the place where his day is fruitful of good order, or prosperity, or relief, or advancement to some fellow creature, or the world, as well as to himself, he is well worth all the love you can bestow on him. Pride might well claim the palm of greater merit from him who simply pours his gold into the open hands of striving contestants for his bounty.

Yes, a working day has a very prosy sound, and the necessity for it rouses remonstrance in many a heart when opulent idleness can do what it may please without let or hindrance, but it would be a wonderful revelation of what constitutes and creates happiness, if one could see the true records of the lives of men and women about us. Without fear of the results, it would be safe to predict that not only the contentment and happiness, but the joy and triumph of living, would be found with the husband and wife who in sharing all they possess, are partaking of the fruit of the man's vigorous labor and the woman's co-operative work in her own sphere.

MAN IN THE HOME

Handiness with Tools

By FRANK A. DE PUY

TO be "handy" with the hammer and saw, plane and chisel, and the common tools of carpentry, is an accomplishment both pleasant and valuable. It is especially useful for women. The housewife who can drive a nail, saw a board, and use a screw-driver without calling in a carpenter can do much toward beautifying her home without expense. She can add greatly to her own pleasures and to the enjoyment of those around her.

There is economy as well as independence in knowing how to use ordinary tools. If a caster drops off a bureau or table, it will cost nothing to replace it if you know how. It will be expensive if you must depend upon a carpenter. A nail rightly driven will save a loosened shelf from falling, yet how many women must call for help to drive a nail. A little glue properly applied will keep chairs and other articles from becoming rickety and falling to pieces, but very many women—and men—must pay a furniture dealer to put on the glue. And so on, in a thousand and one ways, the knowledge of how to use common tools at home will save money and temper.

Keep a tool chest in the home. The more complete the assortment of implements the better, but hammer, saw, chisel, screw-driver, plane, rule, and carpenter's square should be always on hand.

Let the children learn to use the tools. Let them begin early—as soon as they are old enough to handle the tools with-

out danger of cutting or otherwise injuring themselves. Do not confine the tool chest to your boys. Why should a girl not be as well able to drive a nail as her brother?

Besides its usefulness in keeping in repair and good order the things one has at home, the knowledge of using common tools will enable one to make a host of articles both useful and ornamental for the home. The making of these things will profitably fill up many an otherwise idle hour for young and old alike.

There is a cottage home in New England every room of which has been largely furnished by the handiwork of a daughter who has learned to use tools, and at a cost almost too small to be reckoned. Her materials were boxes, barrels, and pieces of pine boards. Some of the contents of this cottage may serve as examples of what can be made with a few tools at home.

Two shoe boxes make an excellent window seat. They are placed end to end and nailed together. The tops of the boxes are hinged to the backs, making a covered chest with two compartments. Over the top excelsior is spread and covered with colored cloth, tightly stretched and securely fastened at the edges with fancy-headed tacks. The front and ends are covered with the same cloth as the top. Sofa pillows help to make the window seat a useful and ornamental piece of furniture.

Out of two other shoe boxes has been made a bookcase for the library. One, standing on end, is fastened to the other, which lies on its side. A piece of board sawn to slip easily inside the second box rests on cleats of thin strips of wood fastened to the ends of the box and serves as a bookshelf. The upright box has two such shelves. Home-made curtains hang from slender rods fastened at the top of each box. The sides and tops of the boxes are painted with enamel paint, and the finished bookcase rests on small roller casters.

Fastened to the wall in the bathroom is a medicine cabinet made out of a box in which a grocer had received canned goods. The cover is hinged to one side, making it a door, and it is kept in place by a little snap lock. Shelves fastened to cleats inside hold different sizes of medicine bottles and increase its

capacity. The cabinet is painted to harmonize with the wall covering.

In a small room, in which space is very limited, is a wall writing desk which takes up no room when not in use. Two strips of pine wood, each two inches by three feet, are fastened to the wall upright, parallel, and about three feet apart. Across the tops of these are three shelves, five inches wide, supported on brackets. Between the upper two shelves thin pieces of wood are glued for partitions, making handy pigeon-holes. About four inches from the lower ends of the parallel strips, and reaching from one to the other, is firmly screwed to the wall a strip of wood about two inches wide. To this strip is hinged a shelf of boards wide enough to just reach to the lower shelf at the top of the parallels. On each end of this hinged shelf is fastened a small brass chain, the other end of which is fastened to the upright at the top. These chains allow the hinged shelf to drop down like the top of a regular writing desk, and it is ready for use. When not in use it is turned up and caught with a snap lock to the shelf above. The strip to which the wide shelf is hinged serves as a holder for the ink-stand, pens, etc.

A cabinet for bric-a-brac and a clock rest is made from a box twenty-four inches long, eight inches wide, and six inches deep. The box, painted the color of the woodwork of the room, rests on its side on two brackets firmly fastened to the wall. Hinged to the top in the center is a small framed mirror, which reaches to the bottom of the cabinet. On either side of this mirror the bric-a-brac is arranged, and on top of the cabinet a clock is placed.

From the boards of a good-sized dry-goods box a china closet has been made for the dining-room. It is about three feet high, a little less in width, and five inches deep. Shelves are placed at convenient intervals, fastened to cleats on the sides, and hooks are screwed to the bottoms of the shelves, on which teacups are hung. This closet has glass doors hinged to the sides, but curtains could easily be arranged to take the place of the doors.

In the family sitting-room is a most comfortable armchair

evolved from a sugar barrel. About one-third of the staves were sawn through at the right height for the seat and removed. On each side of the space thus made two staves were sawn at the right height for side arms and removed. This left a wide curved back the height of the barrel. The head of the barrel, made stronger by cross pieces nailed on the under side, was then hinged to the back and became the seat of the armchair, and at the same time the top of a handy book or newspaper box. A cushion covered with strong cloth was placed upon the seat. The sides and inside of the back were covered with excelsior, and then the whole barrel, inside and out, covered with figured cloth.

From two flour barrels has been made a most comfortable *tête-à-tête*. Each barrel was first cut down and prepared as for a single chair, except that no arms were provided. Three staves on the left side of each were sawn at a height a little above that for an ordinary arm. The barrels were then placed beside and facing each other so that the sawn staves met, and these were fastened together with strips of molding. The barrels were also nailed together below the seats. Cushions and chair pillows made the *tête-à-tête* complete.

Another barrel serves as a clothes hamper. The top, cleated together, is fastened to the barrel with a hinge, so that it becomes a cover. The barrel is lined inside with unbleached muslin secured by tacks, while the outside is covered with cloth of a dark color, turned over the edges at each end of the barrel and well fastened with tacks.

These examples will suggest many other articles for the adornment of the home that may be made with boxes and barrels. Indeed, the field for the exercise of one's ingenuity in this respect is practically unlimited. Beautiful screens, cabinets, music racks, and the like can be made with bamboo, which can be bought for little money. Picture frames can be made at home from moldings which cost a mere fraction of what the dealer charges for the frame.

Wood carving is a capital pastime and a useful occupation for a boy on rainy days when out of school. The necessary tools are not very expensive, and after one or two lessons from

some one who understands the art the boy will soon learn to make many pretty things for the home. A small scroll saw will greatly aid the children in becoming independent of the carpenter's help in making the more ambitious articles of furniture.

MAN IN THE HOME

The Joyless American

By HELEN HUNT JACKSON

IT is easy to fancy that a European, on first reaching these shores, might suppose that he had chanced to arrive upon a day when some great public calamity had saddened the heart of the nation. It would be quite safe to assume that out of the first five hundred faces which he sees there will not be ten wearing a smile, and not fifty, all told, looking as if they ever could smile. If this statement sounds extravagant to any man, let him try the experiment, for one week, of noting down, in his walks about town, every face he sees which has a radiantly cheerful expression. The chances are that at the end of his seven days he will not have entered seven faces in his notebook without being aware at the moment of some conscientious difficulty in permitting himself to call them positively and unmistakably cheerful.

The truth is, this wretched and joyless expression on the American face is so common that we are hardened to seeing it, and look for nothing better. Only when by chance some blessed, rollicking, sunshiny boy or girl or man or woman flashes the beam of a laughing countenance into the level gloom do we even know that we are in the dark. Witness the instant effect of the entrance of such a person into an omnibus or a car. Who has not observed it? Even the most stolid and apathetic soul relaxes a little. The unconscious intruder, simply by smiling, has set the blood moving more quickly in the veins of every human being who sees him. He is, for the moment, the personal benefactor of every one; if he had

handed about money or bread, it would have been a philanthropy of less value.

What is to be done to prevent this acrid look of misery from becoming an organic characteristic of our people? "Make them play more," says one philosophy. No doubt they need to "play more"; but, when one looks at the average expression of a Fourth of July crowd, one doubts if ever so much multiplication of that kind of holiday would mend the matter. No doubt we work for too many days in the year, and play for too few; but, after all, it is the heart and the spirit and the expression that we bring to our work, and not those that we bring to our play, by which our real vitality must be tested and by which our faces will be stamped. If we do not work healthfully, reasoningly, moderately, thankfully, joyously, we shall have neither moderation nor gratitude nor joy in our play. And here is the hopelessness, here is the root of the trouble, of the joyless American face. The worst of all demons, the demon of unrest and overwork, broods in the very sky of this land. Blue and clear and crisp and sparkling as our atmosphere is, it cannot or does not exorcise the spell. Any old man can count on the fingers of one hand the persons he has known who led lives of serene, unhurried content, made for themselves occupations and not tasks, and died at last what might be called natural deaths.

"What, then?" says the congressional candidate from Meddibemps; the "new contributor" to the oceanic magazine; Mrs. Potiphar, from behind her liveries; and poor Dives, senior, from Wall Street; "Are we to give up all ambition?" God forbid. But, because one has a goal, must one be torn by poisoned spurs? We see on the Corso, in the days of the Carnival, what speed can be made by horses under torture. Shall we try those methods and that pace on our journeys?

So long as the American is resolved to do in one day the work of two, to make in one year the fortune of his whole life and his children's, to earn before he is forty the reputation which belongs to threescore and ten, so long he will go about the streets wearing his present abject, pitiable, overwrought, joyless look. But, even without a change of heart or a reform

of habits, he might better his countenance a little, if he would. Even if he does not feel like smiling, he might smile, if he tried; and that would be something. The muscles are all there; they count the same in the American as in the French or the Irish face; they relax easily in youth; the trick can be learned. And even a trick of it is better than none of it. Laughing masters might be as well paid as dancing masters to help on society! "Smiling Made Easy" or the "Complete Art of Looking Good-Natured" would be as taking titles on book-sellers' shelves as "The Complete Letter Writer" or "Hand-book of Behavior." And nobody can calculate what might be the moral and spiritual results if it could only become the fashion to pursue this branch of the fine arts. Surliness of heart must melt a little under the simple effort to smile. A man will inevitably be a little less of a bear for trying to wear the face of a Christian.

"He who laughs can commit no deadly sin," said the wise and sweet-hearted woman who was the mother of Goethe.

MAN IN THE HOME

Men and Women

By J. GILBERT HOLLAND

AMONG all the burdens that woman is called upon to bear, there is none that can be made so galling to her as the burden of dependence. Man is usually, in the life of the family, the bread-winner. However much he may be helped by woman in the economies of home life, he is usually the one who earns and carries the money on which the family subsists. Whatever money the woman wants comes to her from his hands, as a rule. Now, this money can be given into her hands in such a way that she can not only preserve her self-respect, but rejoice in her dependence; or it can be given to her in such a way that she will feel like a dog when she asks for it and when she receives it—in such a way that she will curse her dependence, and mourn over all the shame and humiliation it brings to her. We are sorry to believe there are multitudes of wives and daughters and sisters, who wear fine clothing and who fare sumptuously every day, who would prefer earning the money they spend to receiving it from the ungracious and inconsiderate hands upon which they depend.

If we had entitled this article "A Study of Husbands," it would have led us more directly, perhaps, to our main purpose; but the truth is that what we have to say has to do with dependent women in all the relations of life. It is natural for woman, as it is for man, to desire to spend money in her own way—to be free to choose, and free to economize, and free to spend whatever may be spent upon herself or her wardrobe. It is a delightful privilege to be free, and to have one's will

with whatever expenditures may be made for one's own conveniences or necessities. A man who will interfere with this freedom, and who will deny this privilege to those who depend upon him, is either thoughtless or brutal. We know—and women all know—men who are very generous toward their dependents, but who insist on reserving to themselves the pleasure of purchasing whatever the women of their households may want, and then handing it over to them in the form of presents. The women are loaded with nice dresses and jewelry, and these are bestowed in the same way in which a Turk lavishes his favors upon the slaves of his harem. Now, it is undoubtedly very gratifying to these men to exercise their taste upon the necessities and fineries of their dependent women, and to feast themselves upon the surprises and the thanks of those receiving their favors; but it is a superlatively selfish performance. If these women could only have had in their hands the money which these gifts cost, they would have spent it better, and they would have gratified their own tastes. A man may be generous enough to give to a woman the dresses and ornaments she wears, who is very far from being generous enough to give her money, that she may freely purchase what she wants, and have the great delight of choosing.

This is one side—not a very repulsive one—of man's selfishness in his dealings with women; but there is another side that is disgusting to contemplate. There are great multitudes of faithful wives, obedient daughters, and "left over" sisters, to whom there is never given a willing penny. The brute who occupies the head of the family never gives a dollar to the women dependent upon him without making them feel the yoke of their dependence, and tempting them to curse their lot, with all its terrible humiliations. Heaven pity the poor women who may be dependent upon him—women who never ask him for money when they can avoid it, and never get it until they have been made to feel as meanly humble as if they had robbed a hen-roost!

There is but one manly way in treating this relation of dependent women. If a man recognizes a woman as a dependent —and he must do so, so far, at least, as his wife and daughters

are concerned—he acknowledges certain duties which he owes to them. His duty is to support them, and, so far as he can do it, to make them happy. He certainly cannot make them happy if, in all his treatment of them, he reminds them of their dependence upon him. We know of no better form into which he can put the recognition of his duty than that of an allowance, freely and promptly paid whenever it may be called for. If a man acknowledges to himself that he owes the duty of support to the women variously related to him in his household, let him generously determine how much money he has to spend upon each, and tell her just how much she is at liberty to call upon him for, per annum. Then it stands in the relation of a debt to the woman, which she is at liberty to call for and to spend according to her own judgment. We have watched the working of this plan, and it works well. We have watched the working of other plans, and they do not work well. We have watched, for instance, the working of the plan of the generous husband and father, who says: "Come to me for what you want, whenever you want it. I don't wish to limit you. Some years you will want more, and some less." This seems very generous; but, in truth, these women prefer to know about what the man thinks they ought to spend, or about what he regards as the amount he can afford to have them spend. Having gained this knowledge by a voluntarily proffered allowance, they immediately adapt their expenditures to their means, and are perfectly content. It is a comfort to a dependent woman to look upon a definite sum as her own—as one that has been set aside for her exclusive use and behoof.

A great multitude of the discomforts that attach to a dependent woman's lot arise from the obtuseness and thoughtlessness of the men upon whom they depend. There are some men so coarsely made that they cannot appreciate a woman's sensitiveness in asking for money. They honestly intend to do their duty—even to deal generously—by the women dependent upon them, but they cannot understand why a woman should object to come to them for what they choose to give her. If they will ask their wives to tell them frankly how they can improve their position, these wives will answer that they

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SICKNESS IN THE HOME

Till the Doctor Comes

By FRANK A. DE PUY

VERY many lives are sacrificed every year through ignorance of what to do before the doctor comes in the case of illness or accidents. Many and many a case of prolonged and fatal illness might be avoided by the prompt use of simple home remedies taken at the first sign of trouble and without waiting for the family physician. Many and many an accident has proved fatal when the life of the victim might have been saved had those around him known how to treat his injuries while waiting for medical help to come. Many and many a supposed drowned person has been allowed to really die because no one near knew how to restore suspended animation, and it was too late when the doctor arrived.

Do not let any member of your family or any one in your community lose his life because of your ignorance of what to do in any ordinary emergency. Look upon it as a part of your duty to your family and to society to know how best to aid the victim of an accident, mishap, or sudden illness. It is more than your duty. To have saved the life of a fellow being or to have eased his sufferings brings with it the highest pleasure. When that being is one of your own loved ones this pleasure is enhanced a thousandfold. So, too, the pain and anguish of losing a dear one through your own ignorance of simple things to do in an emergency are something that cannot be measured.

Do not neglect another day to learn at least the first principles of rendering first aid to the injured. See that every member of your family does the same. There is nothing hard or

difficult about it. A child can readily understand most of the things to be done in caring for the victim of an accident. You cannot tell what moment you may need the knowledge. When that moment comes do not let it find you unprepared. The ability to properly meet an emergency whenever it may arise may mean the saving of more than one life.

Fainting

Be careful not to assume when a person suddenly loses consciousness that he has simply fainted. Fainting is only one form of unconsciousness, and is due to the failure of the heart to supply the brain with a sufficient quantity of blood. Unconsciousness may come from various other and more serious causes.

In fainting proper, the blood recedes from the face, leaving it very pale, and the pulse becomes very feeble, sometimes failing altogether. Lay the patient down flat, and see that the head is not raised. If the patient is on a bed or sofa, let the head lie over the edge, so that it will be below the level of the body. If this cannot be done, raise the feet so as to increase the flow of blood to the head. Sometimes this alone will revive the sufferer. Cold water should be sprinkled over the face, and smelling salts or ammonia held to the nose.

See that the clothing is loosened, and windows opened to let in plenty of fresh air. If the faint does not readily give way to this treatment, apply hot cloths or a hot-water bottle to the pit of the stomach, or place a mustard plaster over the heart. When the patient recovers consciousness he should remain quiet for at least an hour.

Burns and Scalds

The first and chief thing to do in the case of a burn is to keep the air away from it. To do this cover the burn with common baking—not washing—soda, moistened with a little water, or olive oil, sweet oil, fresh lard, linseed oil, vaseline, starch, wheat flour, cold cream, or any fresh fat. Over this

wrap flannel, cotton batting, or several thicknesses of cotton cloth. Use oil in preference to baking soda or flour if the skin is broken. Carron oil, made by shaking together equal parts of limewater and linseed oil, is an excellent application for burns.

When a person's clothing has caught fire do not try to put out the flames by throwing water over him. The flames must be smothered. Throw the sufferer down and roll him up in anything of wool that happens to be at hand—rug, table cover, blanket, coat, or cloak. If nothing of this sort is at hand, roll him over and over on the ground as rapidly as possible. Pour water on parts of the clothing still smoldering after the flames are extinguished. Do not try to remove the clothing except by carefully cutting it away from the body, so as to leave any part of it that adheres to the flesh.

Shock

In the case of severe burns the shock suffered by the patient may be even more dangerous to his life than the burns. Heat and stimulants are the best treatment for shock due to burns or any other cause. Apply hot cloths to the chest and abdomen, and put other cloths, hot water bottles, or heated bricks along the sides of the body, under the armpits, and between the thighs. Then wrap the patient in blankets and give him hot drinks every ten or fifteen minutes until the doctor arrives and takes charge of the treatment. If the shock is the result of an injury to the head, do not give the patient any stimulating drink without the doctor's advice.

Bruises

Place over the bruised part a cloth saturated with vinegar, or hot water, or extract of witch-hazel, or paint the bruise with tincture of iodine. Keep the cloth wet until the pain has ceased.

If the bruise has been caused by a blow or fall severe enough to cause injury to internal organs, treat the patient as for shock and send for the doctor without delay.

Cuts

To stop the bleeding is the first thing to be done in the case of a cut, whether it be slight or deep. In simple cuts the bleeding may be stopped by the application of cold water, ice, or moderate pressure to the wound. Then press the edges of the wound together and cover with a piece of adhesive plaster When a vein or an artery has been severed there must be no delay in stopping the hemorrhage, or the results will be fatal. Lay the patient down with the head only slightly raised, but raise the part of the body in which is the wound as much higher than the rest as you can. Make a pad or compress of your handkerchief or any convenient cloth and lay it over the cut, first bringing the edges of the wound together, if possible Fasten the compress over the wound tightly with another piece of cloth as a bandage, and wet it with cold water.

Pressure directly over the wound is the only way to stop the bleeding when the cut is on the trunk of the body. If the wound is in the leg or arm and the compress over it fails to stop the flow of blood, pressure must be applied to the artery. This is done with the tourniquet. In the leg the artery is in front and a trifle below the groin. In the arm it is on the inner side and under the biceps muscle. Place over the artery a small piece of wood, or a small stone, or a handkerchief tied into a hard knot, and over this and around the limb tie a towel or handkerchief, or a suspender, if necessary. Run a stick between the cloth and the limb and turn it until the cloth presses the pad down very hard upon the artery and the bleeding ceases.

Ragged Wounds

When the skin and flesh have been torn and lacerated the wound should be carefully and thoroughly washed out with warm water. It should then be covered with a cloth dipped in warm water and bandaged, taking care not to tie the bandage too tightly. In lacerated wounds, as well as in all other cases in which water is applied, it is well to use a few drops of car-

bolic acid in the water, but if it is not at hand, do not wait for it. Shock is generally present with ragged wounds, and must be treated as already explained.

When a hand or foot or finger has been lost in an accident the stump should be treated just as a ragged wound. The tourniquet will probably be necessary to stop the bleeding, and the shock to the patient will require watchful care.

Broken Bones

When a bone is broken but is not pushed into the surrounding flesh and the skin is unbroken it is called a simple fracture. When the flesh about the bone is torn and lacerated and the skin is broken it is known as a compound fracture. Such a wound is, of course, much more serious than a simple fracture.

In every case of a fractured bone the first thought should be to move the patient as little as posssible before the doctor or surgeon has attended to the wound. It is better when possible to keep the patient at or near the place where he was hurt, for every movement of the injured limb tends to aggravate the wound. Remember that a broken bone does not need to be reset at once. Under all ordinary circumstances leave the resetting to the surgeon.

Broken Leg or Arm

Let the injured person lie in as comfortable position as he can and place the broken limb on a pillow, or the softest thing at hand. Put a wet cloth over the fracture and keep it dripping with cold water. This treatment is sufficient if the patient can be kept where the accident happened until the doctor arrives.

If the patient must be taken away, or if a physician cannot be obtained without a long delay, treatment must be on somewhat different lines. Having put the limb on a pillow or other soft rest, draw the limb into its natural position as well as you can, being very careful to use only gentle force so as not to injure the flesh around the broken edges of the bone. One hand should be above the fracture and the other below it.

Take two pieces of thin board, pasteboard, book covers, or anything at hand that is at all stiff and as long as the broken bone and as wide as the limb. Make a thick pad of cotton batting of the softest material at hand, and gently place the limb upon it, taking care always not to move the broken bone out of its position. Place one of the splints on each side of the limb, and with handkerchiefs or cloths tie the splints and pad firmly to the limb, above and below the fracture, so that the broken bone cannot be thrown out of its place. Do not tie a strip directly over the fracture. If nothing better is at hand, you can make a pad out of leaves, or hay, or grass, or your own coat or waistcoat. For splints you can use sticks, canes, anything that will not easily bend. If there is absolutely nothing at hand for splints, you can tie the injured limb, if it is a leg, to the patient's other leg.

If the forearm is fractured, gently draw the broken bone into its natural position, make a soft pad, and bind it on the arm together with splints placed one above and the other under the arm. The splints should reach below the wrists. Throw a sling around the patient's neck, and place the arm in it.

Broken Collar-Bone

If a physician can be summoned where the accident occurs, simply lay the injured person flat on his back and keep him perfectly quiet until the doctor comes. If it is necessary to move him, make a pad of your handkerchief and place it under the armpit. Lay the hand and forearm across the chest, and bind the elbow to the patient's side.

If the ribs are fractured, bandage the whole chest tightly with cloths, and keep the patient perfectly quiet while waiting for the doctor.

If the jaw is fractured press the jaws tightly together and tie them with a bandage around the head, so that they cannot part.

If the skull is fractured put the patient on his back, let his head be raised a trifle, and keep it covered with a cloth wet with cold water. If possible, he should remain in a darkened

room until the doctor has cared for him. Under no circumstances should stimulants be given to a person with a fractured skull except under the orders of the physician.

If a finger is dislocated, simply pull the finger bones into place and bind the hand so that the finger cannot be moved.

If the jaw is dislocated, wrap your thumbs with pieces of cloth and, with one on each side of the patient's mouth on the back teeth of the lower jaw, press down and then backward until the jaw springs into place. If your thumbs are not protected, they may be cut by the teeth as the jaws snap together.

Dislocated Shoulder

Place the patient flat on his back and sit down on the floor beside him. Put your foot in the armpit on the injured side and draw the arm down and forward over his chest. The pull should be steady and gentle. Be careful not to try to jerk the bone into place. If the strong but gentle and steady pull does not set the bone, it is better to wait for the doctor, if he can be called in a reasonable time.

In all dislocations it is wiser to do nothing more than to cover the joint with wet cloths and leave all other treatment to the physician. The directions given here are for carrying out only when a doctor cannot reach the patient in a short time. There is great danger of injuring the ligaments that hold the bones in place in treatment by an inexpert person, and this risk should be avoided if possible.

Sprains

Hold the joint in water as hot as can be borne an hour or more, taking care that the water is kept hot by adding a fresh supply as it cools. Then bandage the joint so that it cannot be moved, but do not tie the bandage so tightly as in the case of a broken bone. The sprain will not be relieved unless the joint is kept perfectly quiet.

Choking

If the patient is an adult, slap him violently on the back. If this does not relieve him, place him standing with chest pressing against the wall and strike him a hard blow between the shoulders. If the choking person is a child, give the chest a quick and strong squeeze with the hands at the sides.

If the cause of the choking lodges in the throat and cannot be reached by thrusting the finger down as far as possible, a physician should be sent for with all speed. While waiting for him, continue the treatment mentioned unless it is found that the obstruction is not great enough to seriously interfere with breathing. In that case simply keep the patient quiet until the doctor comes.

If the patient ceases to breathe, lay him flat on his back and pull his arms up and over his head so that the hands rest on the top of the head. Then lower the arms and press them on the chest. Repeat this movement at the rate of about sixteen times a minute.

When a child has swallowed a button, or anything of that sort, the best way is to let him alone. Giving the child an emetic or a purgative will do him no good and may do a great deal of harm. If the thing swallowed has sharp or rough edges, give him plenty of potatoes and cheese to eat.

Relief is sometimes obtained by letting the sufferer swallow the white of an egg, repeating in two minutes if necessary.

Obstructions in the Nose, Ear, or Eye.

If a foreign body which has lodged in the nose cannot be easily removed with the fingers, be careful not to make matters worse by poking it further into the nostril. Breathe into the nose a bit of snuff or pepper, or tickle the opposite nostril with a feather, so as to cause sneezing, which will usually remove the obstruction. If it fails, wait for medical help.

If an insect gets into the ear, kill it by pouring in a little sweet oil, and then wash it out by pouring in a little warm

water. If a pea or bean has lodged in the ear, as often happens with children, do not use water to remove it. Use a small scoop or bent probe.

Cinders, dust, sand, or any foreign substance getting into the eye should be removed, if possible, before they have had time to cause inflammation. Close the eye until it is filled with tears; then turn back the lid and remove the substance with the edge of a fine handkerchief or with a long hair plucked from the head and held as a loop. If the substance does not readily yield to this treatment, it is safer to appeal to a physician. To neglect anything affecting the eye is to run the risk of seriously injuring the sight.

Snake Poisoning

Suck the wound as quickly as possible so as to draw out the poison, but be careful not to swallow the saliva. If the bite is on a leg or arm, tie a cord tightly around the limb above the wound to prevent the spread of the poison through the system. Alcoholic stimulants may be given, but the common notion that complete intoxication is necessary in snake bites is groundless. If no physician can be called and the bite appears to be serious, the wound may be cauterized by thrusting into it the end of a small iron or steel wire or knitting needle, or the point of a penknife heated until it is white hot. When possible this treatment should be left to the doctor.

If Bitten by a Dog

When the wound has been inflicted by a dog which is at all suspected of having the rabies, it should be quickly washed with water and sucked, if possible, as in the case of a snake bite. If on arm or leg, tie a cord tightly around the limb not far above the wound. Then, if a doctor cannot be quickly obtained, the wound should be cauterized as directed for snake bites or by the use of caustic. Then untie the cord above the wound and keep the part covered with wet cloths. Cauterization should not be resorted to if there is any doubt that the

dog is mad, and in every possible case it should be left for the doctor to attend to.

Fear frequently causes hydrophobia to follow the bite of a harmless dog. The dog that has bitten a person, therefore, should not be killed until it is perfectly certain that it is mad. Otherwise there will always be doubt in the case of a harmless dog, and the patient will have a good excuse for the fear that may prove fatal. Remember that dogs are often called mad without good reason.

When stung by an insect or bitten by a spider, suck the wound vigorously for a moment, and then cover it with a cloth wet with quite strong ammonia. A mixture of equal parts of common baking soda and salt well rubbed into the wound will often give relief.

Sunstroke

The symptoms of sunstroke are headache, dizziness, faintness, nausea, weakness of the knees, and "seeing double." The face becomes red and the head and body very hot and dry, perspiration being absent. The pulse becomes strong and very rapid. These symptoms are often accompanied with delirium and convulsions.

The first thing in treating sunstroke is to reduce the great temperature of the body. Strip the patient and sprinkle him with cold water, or wrap him in a sheet which is kept saturated with cold water. At the same time rub the body with ice. Keep up this treatment until consciousness returns. Sometimes the patient again loses consciousness. In that case repeat the cold-water treatment. If the patient cannot be stripped at once, wring out cloths in ice water and apply to the head, back of the neck, and hands. Never give whisky to a person suffering from sunstroke.

Simple heat exhaustion calls for rest and quiet only, in a room as cool as possible. Ice applications and cold baths are unnecessary, and alcoholic stimulants must be shunned.

To Treat Frost-Bite

Remember first of all not to carry a frost-bitten person near a fire. Place him in a moderately warm room and rub the

body well with hot flannels or with the hands alone. Give him hot tea, coffee, or beef tea in small quantities, but often.

If a limb or ear or nose is frozen, rub it with snow if this can be had. If not, rub with cloths dipped in cold water. Keep the patient away from the fire until circulation has been fully restored, and then he should sit at some distance from the heat at first.

Drowning

Never assume that a person taken from the water is drowned, even if he has been in the water for hours. In very many cases a person who appears to be drowned is only apparently so, and his life may be saved by proper treatment.

The first thing to be done when an apparently drowned person is taken from the water is to bring about a return of breathing. Circulation and warmth must be secondary considerations. Waste no time carrying the patient away from the spot where found, unless in very bad weather, and shelter is very near. Treat him in the open air.

Loosen all the patient's clothing and if possible strip him to the waist. Roll up a coat if no pillow or blanket is at hand and place the patient upon his face, with the coat under his chest and his forehead resting upon one of his arms. This allows the water to flow from mouth, throat, and lungs, while it throws the tongue forward so as to clear the entrance to the windpipe. Fold a handkerchief over your fingers and wipe out the patient's mouth and back of the throat. Press gently but firmly between the shoulder-blades and on the sides, and thus further aid the escape of water the patient has swallowed.

Be especially careful not to lift the patient into a sitting position even for a moment, for that will force water to the bottom of the lungs and prevent the success of all efforts to restore breathing.

If the treatment up to this point has not restored the patient's breath, turn him upon one side, straighten out the arm upon which his forehead rested, and let the side of his head rest upon it. Do not turn the head backward so far that the tongue can drop back and close the windpipe. If the tongue

does fall back, pull it forward at once. If snuff or smelling salts are at hand, apply them to the nose or tickle the nose with a feather or straw. Cold water may be dashed upon the head and chest, or the patient may be given a hard slap with your open hand on the chest.

All this must be done with the utmost promptness, for the patient must not be kept lying on his side more than a few seconds. If he still shows no signs of returning life, the next effort must be to induce artificial respiration.

Turn the patient upon his face as at first, with the roll under his chest and his forehead upon an arm. Press the back between the shoulder blades and press the sides. Then turn the patient upon the side just as before for not to exceed four seconds. Again turn him upon his face, and keep on alternating these movements at the rate of not more than fifteen times a minute. Keep a close watch upon the tongue during this treatment, and see that it does not fall back and close the windpipe. If it keeps falling back, tie a string around it back of its thickest part, draw the ends of the string out at the corners of the mouth, and tie them under the chin. While the patient is thus being turned from face to side and side to face, his hands and feet should be wiped dry, but without much rubbing. If it is possible to slip on dry clothing, do so, but do not try it if it interferes with the treatment.

Keep up this treatment for fully ten minutes if no results are shown before that time. Then, if breathing is still absent, another method of inducing artificial respiration must be tried. The treatment already applied will have expelled all water that may have collected in the lungs.

Place the patient upon his back on a board or where the ground is flat, and put under his head and shoulder a tightly rolled coat or blanket. Draw the tongue out of the mouth and tie it as already described. Kneel behind the patient's head, grasp the arms just above the elbows and draw them upward and over the head with a gentle but steady and firm movement, until the hands touch the ground. Hold the arms in this position for two seconds. By this movement the ribs are elevated and the chest expanded so that air may enter. While the

arms are extended two seconds the air has time to fill the lungs.

Bend the patient's elbows, turn the arms forward until they rest again by the side of the chest, and press the chest with them gently and firmly. Hold them in this position for two seconds. This movement will press out of the lungs the air admitted by the first movement.

Repeat these two movements over and over at the rate of fifteen or not to exceed sixteen times a minute. Do not give up hope of the success of this treatment for hours. Cases are frequent in which persons apparently drowned have been restored after two hours of this artificial respiration, and there are several cases in which breathing has been restored after five hours' steady work.

Supposing the efforts to induce breathing have succeeded, the treatment must then be to restore circulation and warmth. If the first effort to breathe is a gasp, try to time the movements by the gasps. When the patient is once more breathing rub the limbs in an upward direction briskly and with considerable pressure. Throw a blanket or any other covering over the patient and keep up the rubbing. Place hot-water bottles or heated bricks under the armpits, between the thighs, and at the feet. Put several layers of warm flannel over the pit of the stomach. As the hot-water bottles cool replace them with others at about the temperature of the body. When the patient is ready to swallow let him have hot tea or coffee, or weak ginger tea every few minutes. If difficulty in breathing continues for some time, put a mustard plaster over the chest.

Suffocation

As in the case of apparent drowning, the fact that hours have elapsed since a person was suffocated should not prevent efforts to restore him. Lives may often be saved after the person has been apparently dead four or five hours. The treatment is the same for all cases of suffocation without regard to the causes. Throw cold water into the face, slap the patient sharply on the chest, and hold ammonia or smelling salts to the

nose. If this treatment fails, then try to induce breathing by artificial respiration, exactly as in drowning cases.

Concussion of the Brain

This is due to a heavy blow or fall in which the patient has struck upon his head. The symptoms are apparent stupidity, nausea, faintness, shivering as if cold, and partial or complete insensibility.

Place the patient flat on his back, with his head slightly higher than the rest of the body. Loosen all clothing about the neck and waist. When the patient shows faintness and shivering cover chest and abdomen with flannel cloths which have been dipped in hot water, and place hot-water bottles or heated bricks around the body. When the first shock has passed, ice or ice-water may be applied to the head. Never give the patient alcoholic stimulants in case of injury to the head.

Unconsciousness

In every case in which you are uncertain of the cause or kind of unconsciousness send for a physician at once. While waiting for the doctor lay the patient on his back, and, if the face appears flushed, raise the head and cover it with cloths wet with cold water. Do not raise the head if the face is pale. Give no stimulants if the face is flushed. Loosen all the clothing, especially about the neck.

Convulsions

Teething sometimes causes these attacks in children, and occasionally they are due to imperfect digestion. They are sometimes forerunners of serious illness, and it is therefore wise to send for a physician as soon as a child is attacked. While waiting for the doctor place the child in a bath of water as hot as your bare arm can stand and lay on his head a cloth dipped in cold water. If this does not quickly relieve the spasms, give the child a teaspoonful of ipecac and a glass of

warm water. If the child cannot be made to drink, thrust your finger down its throat. The object is to induce vomiting. If no doctor is at hand and the convulsions continue after the child has been in the bath a quarter of an hour, he should be taken from the water and given an injection of soap and warm water.

Croup

Whenever your child shows the symptoms of croup—the choking and characteristic hoarse cough—send for the doctor. It may very likely be only a temporary attack which your home treatment will relieve, but you cannot be sure of that, and if it is more serious, the sooner the physician is present the better Before the doctor comes give the child a teaspoonful of syrup of ipecac every ten minutes until he vomits. Then let him drink a glass of warm water. Put his feet in a hot mustard bath and put a mustard plaster over his throat and upper chest.

Nose-Bleed

Do not bend over the head. Apply cold water or ice to the back of the neck and the bridge of the nose. If convenient put the feet into as hot water as they can bear. Throw the head back and take long breaths through the nose. Snuff up a strong solution of alum in water, cold water, or vinegar and water in equal parts.

Antidotes for Poisons

In every case of poisoning, no matter what the cause or kind, send post-haste for the doctor. Then turn to the patient and lose not a moment in caring for him. The first consideration is to cause vomiting and to empty the stomach. Give the patient water at once—hot, cold, clean, or dirty, whichever is nearest at hand and can be given the quickest. Tepid water is best, but do not lose time in getting it. Put a little salt or mustard in each tumbler-full of the water if it is handy. If three or four glasses of this water do not cause vomiting, thrust

your forefinger down the patient's throat as far as possible and hold it there several seconds. Use anything at hand that will serve the purpose. After the first vomiting keep up the treatment so that the stomach may be completely emptied, if possible.

In general, the antidotes for acid poisons are alkalies, while acids are antidotes for alkali poisons. Acids have a sour taste and smell. Very quickly after an acid is swallowed the patient will be seized with severe pains in the stomach and abdomen, nausea, and faintness. The feet and hands become cold and clammy, and the membrane lining the mouth will be wrinkled. If the acid has touched the patient's skin or clothing, it will leave a burn on the skin and a discolored spot on the clothing. When an alkali has been swallowed there will be great heat in the patient's throat, severe pains in the stomach, bloody vomiting, hiccoughs, colic, and great weakness. Besides these general symptoms, each poison has its own characteristic symptoms, but the thing to be known before the doctor comes is the nature of the poison rather than its exact description.

Having induced copious vomiting as directed, discover if possible the kind of poison the patient has taken so as to guide the next treatment. If you cannot find out the nature of the poison—and very little time should be spent in the effort—follow the vomiting by giving the patient liberal quantities of milk, raw eggs, oil of any sort, flour stirred in water, or gruel —whichever is at hand or can be the most quickly obtained. Then, if there are signs of collapse, give stimulating drinks, such as hot coffee or tea, or hartshorn in water. Do not stop to brew tea or coffee in the usual way. Pour hot water on the tea leaves or coffee, stir it up, and let the patient swallow leaves or coffee grounds as well as the water.

If the poison is known to be an alkali, give vinegar, lemon juice, olive oil, flaxseed tea, or slippery elm. If it is an acid poison, give soap and water, hartshorn, lime, chalk, whiting mixed with milk, whitewash, or wood ashes. If nothing else is at hand, scrape plaster from the wall or use tooth powder. Cooking soda or magnesia may also be given.

If the poison swallowed is arsenic, give the patient large

quantities of limewater and milk, or flaxseed tea or slippery elm, or magnesia and castor oil in tablespoonful doses. Paris green calls for the same treatment as arsenic.

When the poison is carbolic acid, rub the patient's legs and arms vigorously and keep the body as warm as possible. Give Epsom salts in water.

If the poison is corrosive sublimate or other preparations of mercury, give the patient white of eggs and wheat flour in milk.

If the sufferer has taken phosphorus, give him slippery elm or flaxseed tea.

When the poison is nitrate of silver or lunar caustic, let the patient take quantities of salt, which is both an emetic and antidote.

In the case of opium poisoning, the main thing before the doctor arrives is to keep the patient awake. Keep him on his feet and make him walk up and down. Slap him vigorously with a wet towel, or pinch him, or use any other method to keep him awake. If he is allowed to fall asleep, death will almost surely be the result.

Similar treatment should be given in any case of narcotic poisoning, such as morphine, bitter almonds, poppy, or tobacco. The general symptoms of narcotic poisoning are numbness, stupor, nausea, partial or full delirium, pain in body and limbs, and slow breathing. The pupils of the eyes are contracted, and the patient often acts as if intoxicated.

When poisonous mushrooms have been eaten, give large doses of Epsom salts. Then give stimulating drinks, heat the body, and rub the limbs briskly.

Milk and the white of eggs should be given when a zinc poison has been swallowed. These are also the antidotes for lead poisoning.

When iodine is the poison, give starch and wheat flour in water and apply hot cloths to the stomach and abdomen.

If the poison is a volatile oil, such as creosote, oil of turpentine, or fusel oil, give salt in water, white of eggs and camphor, and cover the stomach and abdomen with hot cloths.

In the case of chloroform or laudanum poisoning, give the patient strong coffee and dash cold water over head and chest. Keep him awake and, if necessary, resort to artificial respiration, following the method described for resuscitating the apparently drowned.

SICKNESS IN THE HOME

The Family Medicine Chest

By MARION HARLAND

ONE of the signs that the times are slowly rising toward the goal which is the dream of the optimist and philanthropist—human perfectibility—is that sensible people in this generation take less medicine than their forefathers. How much healthier we might be, and how much longer we might live, had the remedial measures of those forebears been less heroic, is a matter of mournful study. It was reserved for this age to discover that the art of preserving physical sanity is nobler than curative science. It is better to *keep* well than to *get* well.

To many the knowledge has come like a celestial revelation. It has turned some heads. There are brains that cannot be canted ever so little to the right or left, without whirling entirely around. Such was the sage's who affirmed that illness is a sin, for which each individual is responsible. Said another, with a better-balanced cranium: "The time is coming when illness will be esteemed almost as great a disgrace as drunkenness."

In that millennium, the Family Medicine Chest will be utterly abolished. No drug is a preventive pure and simple. There must be something to correct or remove, or its action is all evil. The best end effected by the most beneficent is to create one disease which drives out another. People laugh at the primitive practice of him who threw all his patients into convulsions because he was "death on fits." A college of physicians can show no better principle of action. For insomnia, we give that which produces lethargy; for depletion, that

which would inflame or constipate, and so on, throughout the materia medica. The mother who keeps this cardinal truth in her mind will stock her medicine-shelves so intelligently that she will be surprised at the scantiness of the store. If she be allopathic, paregoric, ipecac, rhubarb, aconite, and chlorate of potash will carry her through ordinary cases of illness. When these do not meet the demand, it is time to send for a physician. The homœopathist, with pulsatilla, coffea, mercurius, and spongea, may consider herself well equipped. Besides these, each has her favorite herb tea, her mustard leaves, and, perhaps, porous plasters. Bandages of red flannel and old linen, neatly folded, should have their own place. A chest six inches square would hold everything. This is the Ideal Family Pharmacy.

Instead of which, each household has a cupboard, or chest, or drawer, packed with vials, pill boxes, and papers of powder. Thus runs a list I procured, lately, with the full permission of the housemother, who assured me that she had "thrown away fifty bottles a month before, reserving such, only such, as were really useful, or likely to be needed."

Cholera mixture, three bottles of as many different brands, two years old, and unopened; laudanum, peppermint, camphorated oil, spirits of turpentine, chloroform, witch-hazel; beef, iron, and wine, (four years old); aconite, three bottles, and the same of belladonna; chlorinated soda, salicin and salicylic acid, acid phosphate and phospho-caffein, antipyrin, glycerine, and glycerine-and-whisky, Rochelle salts, hartshorn, valerian, nux vomica, lactopeptine; three greasy bottles labeled simply "Liniment"; arnica; six boxes marked "pills," with name of druggist and doctor, no specification as to nature and use; a box of camphor-and-opium pills, one of blue-mass-and-colocynth, another, ten years old, of Lady Webster's pills; besides twelve boxes and six bottles bearing no label beyond the druggist's name and number of prescription.

"It does sound formidable and absurd," said the collector, laughing as I read the list aloud, "and I will at once throw away the nameless preparations. It is useless and wrong to keep drugs of which nobody knows the nature, or use."

I agreed with her more emphatically than I thought it polite to acknowledge. For I was sure that she was profoundly ignorant of the purpose and dose of at least two-thirds of the poisons kept in an unlocked cabinet within reach of the toddlers who had access to the sitting-room. I am as confident that hers is a favorable specimen of the average domestic pharmacy. In seven out of ten, the patent medicine holds prominence. The sums wasted annually upon these explain to the initiated how makers and venders of nostrums can pay hundreds of thousands for staring advertisements upon palings and barns; can bridge meadows with miles of placards, and force stones to utter forth their virtues. But an hour ago, my cook proudly displayed an embrocation that had cured her rheumatic shoulder in an hour. It was a dark fluid—nothing more nor less than spiced vinegar, judging from smell and taste—contained in a three-ounce phial. She had paid one dollar for what any pickle jar could give her. A dollar pint bottle is vaunted by my gardener as a sovereign remedy for "neuralogy." The label affirms it to be a "nervine." The gardener is a teetotaler, who boasts of never having tasted intoxicating spirits in his life. The "nervine" is a decoction of some aromatic herb, the vehicle being bad whisky.

Reasoning is thrown away upon the devotee of patent drugs. He and his class "believe in medicine," and prove their faith by paying out more good money for it in the course of the year than their bread costs them. They hold to the old-time idea of "a course" of drastics at stated seasons, whether they are sick or well—blue mass and aloes pills for three nights, skip three nights, then the boluses for three nights more, after which, put in the quinine. When pulling down and building up have gone on for years, the misused constitution justifies the owner in the chronic enjoyment of poor health.

Oh, these family medicine chests! for how much suffering and for how many deaths are they responsible. It is in the interest of the human race—not of the medical profession—that I urge mothers to make righteous raid upon garrisons of gallipots and phalanxes of powders, and, having reduced home forces to a few familiar simples, to withhold these until Nature

has had a chance to right herself. Our ablest physicians are now brave enough to answer "Nothing!" to the query, "What will you give?" in cases of simple cold or indigestion, even when accompanied by febrile symptoms. Quiet and diet are tolerable rhyme and admirable reason in a plurality of disorders. One eminent man of healing advises for children suffering with incipient cholera infantum, absolute rest, and twelve hours of fasting from everything except a little water. The housemother or nurse who understands dietetics, and practices that knowledge, in place of meddling with medicines, joins hands with Mother Nature, and deserves well of her. Nature reckons shrewdly, and has a long memory. It is sound policy to keep on good terms with her, and each pillule and potion I have specified is an insult to her, because an evidence of distrust in her ability to manage her own business.

SICKNESS IN THE HOME

Better than Medicine

THERE is a sort of practical every-day knowledge in which our grandmothers were wise, which the present generation of mothers, with all their advance in the sciences, in the arts, and in matters of taste, are apt to neglect. The doctor, for example, is now a most costly member of every well-to-do family, called in for every ache or qualm. If he be of the advanced school and have faith in patience, nature, and "letting-alone," no harm is done; but many a practitioner feels that he must earn his money by a certain amount of drugs. The mother soon becomes familiar with his favorite remedy. If the children have eaten too much candy, and need a day's fasting, or a long walk in the open air, she fires pills of quinine, or pellets of arnica, belladonna, or arsenic, wildly down their throats, or plumps them into "sitzes" and "packs," or puts the poles of the galvanic battery to their trembling backs, heads, or throats. This modern Cornelia brings up her young Gracchi by the heroic treatment alone. She scouts simple, easy preventives and commonplace bits of knowledge. She goes to art classes, in order to fit her to criticise the human body; but she knows nothing of the anatomy of her baby's foot, and mangles and deforms it in heeled shoes. She knows precisely what chemical elements enter into every object in nature, and looks back with compassion on the generation who never heard of molecules. But she feeds her family on bread, pickles, confectionery, and pastry, bought at the nearest shop, all more or less poisonous with copper, alum, and mineral dyes. Her old grandmother, a veritable ignoramus in her eyes, fed

her children on home-made food; the fame of her pies and roasts went abroad through the country, and her boys' stout limbs and the rosy cheeks of her girls bore witness to their merits.

Little Mrs. Dodd, whose matter-of-fact method of teaching her boys we have spoken of before, believes that the chief requisite in a housekeeper, or head of a family, is this practical knowledge. "Look," she says, "how every paper and magazine recognizes this lack in women, and tries to supply it with recipes for cookery, simple remedies, popular adaptations of scientific knowledge to every-day life." She keeps her eyes and ears open for such suggestions, but tests them thoroughly before using them in her family. She knows the physical requirements and peculiarities of husband, children, and servants, and wards off indigestion here, neuralgia there, rheumatism from one, nervous debility from another, by a change of diet, or clothing, or temperature, a little wholesome hard work, or a holiday and adventure into the country or to the city. She knows just what to do before the doctor comes, in case of a burn, or fall, or sprain; and just when to stop doing, which is a rarer knowledge. All these things are trifles, people may say. But Mrs. Dodd is always quoting old Ben Franklin's maxim, that human happiness consists not in great pieces of good fortune that rarely happen, but in the little comforts and advantages of every day.

SICKNESS IN THE HOME

Nerves in the Household

THERE is hardly an American family in which some member is not a victim to some sort of nervous disease—neuralgia, hysteria, the extreme of epilepsy, or the mild form of constant "tire." Women, oftener young than old, are frequently mere bundles of nerves; thin and bloodless, living on morphine and valerian, known only in their homes or social lives by their sufferings, which are real enough to carry them to the edge of the grave, if too vague for any ordinary medicine to touch. An eminent physician has hit upon a system of treatment for this class of invalids, which is said to be successful. He removes them from home, changes the whole material and moral atmosphere about them, puts them to bed, and forbids them to move hand or foot. They are overfed five times a day. The lack of exercise is supplied by kneading the entire body, and by electricity. The patient goes to bed a skeleton and comes out, it is said, fat and rosy. The secret in this treatment is absolute rest, and the reduction of the patient to the condition of the mere animal.

If this principle be correct, there is no reason why every mother should not apply it in the treatment of her nervous patient (for she is sure to have one). Her husband is overworked in the office or shop; he grows thinner, more irritable; every month his appetite fails; he cannot sleep, complains of dull vacuity at the base of the brain, of a stricture like an iron band about his jaws. There is no time to lose. If possible, lift the weight a little. Adopt a cheaper, simpler style of living, let the floors go uncarpeted, or take out the money in the savings-

bank. There will come no rainier day than this. Give him a month's absolute holiday free from worry and work, feed him well, amuse him. Let this holiday be taken in the country, or somewhere on the water, out of sight or hearing of his daily work and cares. Nine chances out of ten he will come back a new man.

Or it is one of the boys who is pale, who has constant headaches, whose face jerks strangely in the spring, who has moody fancies, complains of injustice, has doubts of the Bible. It is the boy who is head of his class, too. The lad does not need moral discipline, or appeals to his feelings or his faith. Take him from school, and from home; turn him into a farm for a year. He will learn some things there as useful in his future life as Greek or geometry. Make him bathe regularly, eat heartily, drink milk and beef tea, sleep early at night and late in the morning. It is not the mind but the machine that needs repairing.

Or it is the mother's own arm or head that tortures her with neuralgia. At any cost, give the suffering part heat and absolute rest; wrap it in cotton and flannels to exclude the air. Let the arm stop its working and the brain its thinking.

In short, the home treatment of all nervous disorders should be based on three words: change, warmth, and rest.

SICKNESS IN THE HOME

Children's Nerves

ON the street, the other day, we saw a fretful mother roughly shaking and chiding, for "being so cross," a sensitive child, who shrank in nervous terror from the harsh blast of a toy trumpet, sounded in his ear by a jolly little urchin, who evidently had intended to give pleasure, not pain. The frightened child, with pale face, trembling lips, and pathetic little suppressed sob, struggled manfully to conquer his nerves and his wounded heart. "Cross" was clearly the very last word that should have been applied to the suffering little fellow whose nerves were set a-tremble for at least one whole day—not so much by the shock of the discordant blast, which a few kind words might have soothed away, as by the subsequent rough handling and rougher tones of his mother, and by his own very great effort at self-command.

Of course, the cruelty of this mother was unconscious, but not, on that account, much the less culpable. It should be the business of those who have the care of children, not only to see that they have proper food and clothing, but also to study their characters, dispositions, and nerves. Notwithstanding the attention that scientific physicians are now paying to the nervous system, we cannot yet expect to know the reasons why a noise, an odor, a touch, that is innocuous to most, to a few may cause terror, or pain, or faintness, or death. Yet, by observation, we may find out what affects unpleasantly the nerves of the child intrusted to our care, and, by avoiding as far as possible exposing it to the cause of its nervous fears or irritation, and by gently soothing it when such exposure is un-

avoidable, gradually inure its nerves to bear with fortitude the painful excitement.

In this way we have known nervous antipathies to be overcome when a contrary course would have produced serious consequences—perhaps even death.

A little girl whom we know was thrown almost into convulsions at the sight of a cat or a dog. The parents would not allow either animal to be about their premises; and, with equal good sense, would never permit the child's terrors to be spoken of in her presence. If, by chance, one of the obnoxious animals approached her, she was always taken up, as if by accident, and her attention diverted. After a time, she gained courage enough to look at the causes of her terror, when their beauties and good qualities were pointed out to her, though she was never asked to touch them. Now the child has grown to be a young woman, conspicuous for her fondness for all animals, and especially for dogs and cats. Had her parents abruptly attempted to make her conquer her antipathy, its impression would, in all probability, have been so deepened that she could never have risen above it. In a similar case, of which we have been told, the child died in convulsions, induced by being compelled to touch a horse, the object of its nervous terror. On the other hand, by weakly humoring such fears, talking about them in the presence of those subject to them, and thus allowing their minds to dwell upon them, the unfortunates may be all their lives subject to the bondage of an unreasoning terror.

A striking instance of the danger of disregarding a nervous dread is related in the memoir of Charles Mayne Young. A young gentleman had been appointed *attaché* to the British Legation at St. Petersburg. On his arrival at that capital, he was congratulated by the ambassador on being in time to witness the celebration of a grand *fête*, and invited to accept in the great church a seat among those reserved for the ambassadorial party. Though, in such cases, an invitation is equivalent to a command, the *attaché* begged to be excused. Being pressed for his reasons, he gave them with much reluctance.

"There will be martial music," he said, "and I have an in-

superable objection to the sound of a drum. It gives me tortures that I cannot describe. My respiration becomes so obstructed that it seems to me that I must die."

The ambassador laughed, saying that he should esteem himself culpable if he allowed his *attaché* to yield to a weakness so silly, and commanded him to be present at the *fête*.

On the day appointed, all were in their places, when suddenly was heard the clang of martial music and the beat of the great drum. The ambassador, with ironical smile, turned to see the effect upon the "young hypochondriac." The poor fellow was upon the floor, quite dead. On a post-mortem examination, it appeared that the shock to his finely strung nervous organization had caused a rupture of one of the valves of the heart.

If, then, as we see, the adult, with every reason for subduing nervous antipathies apparently so unreasonable and ridiculous, finds it impossible to do so, how can a little child be expected to control or explain them?

SICKNESS IN THE HOME

Domestic Nursing

SOME women possess naturally the light foot, deft hand, watchful eye, and quick apprehension that are essential to the good nurse. Yet there are comparatively few who know by intuition exactly what it is best to do and to leave undone in a sick-room. In cases of severe or prolonged illness it is generally possible, at least in large cities, to procure the services of a trained nurse. But frequently, from straitened means or other causes, this is out of the question, and then the care of the sufferer devolves upon some one of the household, who may or may not be equal to the emergency. It is a responsibility bringing with it the terrible feeling of helplessness, when a woman realizes that a life, for which perhaps she would gladly give her own, depends in part on her for its preservation, and may be lost through her ignorance or inefficiency. Under such circumstances, any reliable advice must be welcome, and it is with the hope of being of use that these practical hints, the result of some experience in hospital nursing, are offered to those in need of them.

If there is a possibility of choice, a large, sunny room should be selected for the invalid; if without a carpet, so much the better. The importance of sunshine can scarcely be overestimated. Cases have been known of wounds, that had obstinately refused to heal, yielding to treatment after being exposed for a few hours every day to the direct action of the sun. It is a capital disinfectant, worth bushels of chloride of lime, and never should be excluded unless by the express orders of the physician.

The room should be kept thoroughly ventilated, and at a temperature not lower than 68 or higher than 70. Florence Nightingale says the first canon of nursing is to keep the air a patient breathes as pure as the external air, without chilling him. In most modern houses, the upper sash of the windows lets down, and may be kept open a few inches. If there is the slightest draught, it may be prevented at a small expense by having a light wooden frame, similar to those which mosquito netting is fastened, about eight inches in width, made to fit the upper part of the window. A single thickness of flannel must be tacked on each side of it.

If the patient is kept warm, air may be freely admitted without the least danger. Far more people are killed by the want, than by the excess, of fresh air.

All merely ornamental drapery should be removed from the windows, as it only serves to exclude the air and to harbor dust. Useless articles of furniture should be taken from the room, and those allowed to remain arranged to occupy as small a space as possible.

If the nature of the disease is not known, or if it has been pronounced infectious, it is well to remove books, ornaments, and trinkets. They absorb infections, and being difficult to disinfect, may communicate it to some one else long after the patient has recovered.

Feather beds are happily almost obsolete in these enlightened days. Should there chance to be one in the house, it must on no account be put under the invalid. A common mattress, with a hair one over it, makes a much more comfortable and suitable bed. The lower sheet must be firmly tucked in under both mattresses, at the foot as well as the sides. It is an excellent plan to put a piece of India rubber sheeting underneath it, to protect the bed. A sheet folded once, laid across the bed, with the upper edge just touching the pillows and the ends tightly tucked under the mattresses, will be found to add greatly to the patient's comfort. It does not wrinkle as a single sheet will, crumbs can readily be brushed off it, and it can be changed with more ease than a large one. It is best to fold the upper edge of the spread under the blankets before

turning down the top sheet, as it helps to keep them in place.

The bed linen should be changed at least once in three days; the blankets once a week, those that have been removed being hung in the open air for a few hours, then thoroughly aired in a warm room, and put away to replace those in use, which should be similarly treated.

Nothing is more easy to an experienced nurse, or more difficult to an inexperienced one, than to change the bed linen with a person in bed. Everything that will be required must be at hand, properly aired, before beginning. Move the patient as far as possible to one side of the bed, and remove all but one pillow. Untuck the lower sheet and cross sheet, and push them toward the middle of the bed. Have a sheet ready folded or rolled the long way, lay it on the mattress, unfolding it enough to tuck it in at the side. Have the cross sheet prepared as described before, and roll it also, laying it over the under one and tucking it in, keeping the unused portion of both still rolled. Move the patient over to the side thus prepared for him. The soiled sheets can then be drawn away, the clean ones completely unrolled and tucked in on the other side. The coverings need not be removed while this is being done; they can be pulled out from the foot of the bedstead and kept wrapped around the patient. To change the upper sheet, take off the spread and lay the clean sheet over the blankets, securing the upper edge to the bed with a couple of pins; standing at the foot, draw out the blankets and soiled sheets, replace the former, and put on the spread. Lastly, change the pillow-cases.

In changing body linen, have the fresh garment aired and close at hand; let the arms be drawn out of the soiled one, slip the clean one quickly over the head, and by the same movement draw it down and remove the other at the feet.

In bathing a person in bed, or giving a sponge bath, as it is called, either for the purpose of cleanliness or to lower the temperature in fever, the chief point to be observed is not to uncover too large a surface at once. Pin a blanket around the shoulders, fastening it behind, and remove the night-dress under

that. It is as well to have a blanket under the patient also. Put the hand beneath the blanket and sponge the skin, a small portion at a time, taking care not to have too much water in the sponge, and dry with a towel; proceeding thus until the whole body is washed. A woman's hair should be combed every day, if she is in any way able to bear the fatigue, else it becomes so matted as to render it almost impossible to disentangle it. It should be parted at the back and plaited in two braids. If done in one, it forms a hard ridge, very uncomfortable to lie upon, while two can be drawn well to each side and kept quite out of the way. If, unfortunately, it has become tangled, a little sweet oil will loosen it and render it more easily combed. A coarse comb should be used, beginning to comb gently downward from a point near the ends of the hair, and gradually approaching the head at each successive movement, as this will remove the detached hairs without needless pulling.

The teeth should be washed with a small piece of clean rag, dipped in fresh, cool water.

The utmost care and attention should be paid to keeping the cross sheet free from crumbs and wrinkles, as these are a frequent cause of bed sores. It should be brushed after every meal, and occasionally smoothed and straightened during the day. If the patient is perfectly helpless, he must not be allowed to lie too long in the same position. In every case, the prominent points of the body, as the lower part of the back, shoulder blades, heels, and elbows, where the weight principally rests when lying in bed, should be examined daily, and, if there is the least redness, bathed with alcohol, thoroughly dried, and dusted with powdered oxide of zinc. If these precautions have not been taken, and the skin is broken, the sore must immediately be relieved from pressure. This can easily be done by twisting a strip of cotton batting into a ring of the requisite size, winding around it a long, narrow piece of cotton to keep it in shape, and then so placing it that the abraded surface shall be held away from contact with the bed-clothes or garments by the encircling cushion. The spot may then be dressed with ointment of oxide of zinc, or any healing salve. It should still be washed every morning.

The utmost neatness and cleanliness must be observed in a sick-room. If, unfortunately, there is a carpet, it should be lightly brushed once a day, the broom being wetted to prevent the dust from rising in the air. The furniture and woodwork should be wiped with a damp cloth. It is worse than useless to use a dry duster or feather brush, as the dust is then merely transferred from one part of the room to another, instead of being removed, as it should be.

Every utensil should be taken out of the room as soon as used, and thoroughly cleansed before being brought back again. This may seem sometimes unnecessary trouble; but could one see the poisonous exhalations that are thus got rid of, one would not grudge the slight extra labor that is involved in disposing of them where they can do no harm. Every cup, glass, and spoon should be washed as speedily as possible.

There is no objection to there being a few plants in the room, so long as it is lighted; they absorb carbonic acid and give off oxygen, and so assist in purifying the atmosphere. If cut flowers are admitted, the water must be changed every day. A pinch of salt helps to keep it sweet, and it is said to keep the flowers from fading. As soon as they begin to lose their freshness, they should be removed.

Should the patient be allowed to eat fruit, a few grapes or an orange peeled and divided may be kept on a plate placed over a bowl containing ice, the coolness imparted to the fruit making it more grateful to the palate. If cracked ice is given, as it is now in so many diseases, it may be necessary to prepare it in the sick-room, or at least within hearing of the patient. This can be done almost noiselessly by placing the lump of ice on a folded towel, and using a long, stout pin to break off the pieces. If the point is pressed on the ice near the edge of the block, fragments can be separated with ease.

When there is nausea, very small quantities of food must be given at once, and that perfectly cold. A single teaspoonful of milk or beef tea, repeated in fifteen minutes, is more likely to be retained than two teaspoonfuls taken together. The quantity may gradually be increased, until at length half a teacupful can be taken without difficulty.

When a person is too ill to sit up in bed, a glass or metal drinking tube, such as can be procured at any apothecary's shop, is invaluable for administering fluid nourishment and medicines. Should nothing better be at hand, a piece of small, flexible rubber tubing will answer the purpose, though glass is the most easily cleaned and the best in every way.

In cases of long illness, a small bed table will be found indispensable to the comfort of the invalid. They may be bought of black walnut, or prettily finished in light and dark wood; but one that will answer every practical purpose can be made at home. A thin piece of board, fourteen by twenty-eight inches, fastened securely at each corner, make the legs. When the head is raised with pillows, the table can be placed across the chest; anything put on it is brought within easy reach, and the sufferer can help himself to food with little exertion.

In preparing a meal for any one whose appetite is delicate, it should be made to look as tempting as possible. The tray should be covered with the whitest napkin, and the silver, glass, and china should shine with cleanliness. There should not be too great a variety of viands, and but a very small portion of each one. Nothing more quickly disgusts a feeble appetite than a quantity of food presented at one time.

The patient never should be consulted beforehand as to what he shall eat or what he shall drink. If he asks for anything, give it to him, with the doctor's permission; otherwise, prepare something he is known to like and offer it without previous comment. One of the chief offices of a good nurse is to think for her patient. His slightest want should be anticipated and gratified before he has had time to express it. Quick observation will enable her to detect the first symptoms of worry or excitement and to remove the cause. An invalid never should be teased with the exertion of making a decision. Whether the room is too hot or too cold; whether chicken broth, beef tea, or gruel is best for his luncheon, and all similar matters, are questions which should be decided without appealing to him.

Household troubles should be kept as far as possible from the sick-room.

Squabbles of children or servants never should find an echo there.

In the event of some calamity occurring, of which it is absolutely necessary the sufferer should be informed, the ill news should be broken as gently as possible, and every soothing device employed to help him to bear the shock.

Above all, an invalid, or even a person apparently convalescent, should be saved from his friends. One garrulous acquaintance admitted for half an hour will undo the good done by a week of tender nursing. Whoever is the responsible person in charge should know how much her patient can bear; she should keep a careful watch on visitors of whose discretion she is not certain, and the moment she perceives it to be necessary, politely but firmly dismiss them.

She must carry out implicitly the doctor's directions, particularly those regarding medicine and diet. Strict obedience to his orders, a faithful, diligent, painstaking following of his instructions, will insure to the sufferer the best results from his skill, and bring order, method, and regularity into domestic nursing.

SICKNESS IN THE HOME

How to Care for the Sick

By SUSAN ANNA BROWN

BY almost all the civilized world, the name of Florence Nightingale is spoken with love and admiration. Any suggestions upon the care of the sick cannot begin better than by her story, which always brings to every one who hears it a thrill of longing to do something great and good for suffering humanity.

Many girls think that all they lack is the opportunity, and if they only had the chance, they could win the love and reverence of thousands of their fellow beings just as she did; but no one can start out of an aimless, useless life into a heroic one. The beginning of the path of glory is narrow and difficult, and often very dull.

Florence Nightingale had been nursing, among the poor tenants on her father's estate, for many years before the Crimean war began; so that she was all ready for the opportunity when it came. When, in that fearful time, soldiers were dying by thousands for want of proper care, England, at last, was aroused to a sense of her own responsibility in the matter, and it was decided to send nurses. Mr. Herbert, the Secretary of War, who had charge of the expedition, knew that he could never send a band of women to that foreign land to care for the soldiers, unless some one woman could be found who understood the whole matter, and could take charge of the entire company. There was no time to train a person for this position. She must be found, all ready for the work. He remem-

bered that, in Derbyshire, there was a woman who had been working among the poor in their own homes, and had visited hospitals and studied the art of nursing for years. Who could doubt that she would undertake the great charge of carrying help and comfort to the dying soldiers? He wrote and asked her, and his letter crossed, on its way, one from her offering her services as an army nurse. So this company of brave women started, with Miss Nightingale at their head. When they reached the seat of war, they found such sickness and suffering as they had never dreamed of finding. No "Sanitary Commission" had poured in boxes of supplies, as in our late war. The hospitals were dirty and comfortless, and, even when food was abundant, the men often suffered, because there was no one whose business it was to see that it was given to them. An order had to pass through so many different officers, that the men might die before they could get what they needed. On one occasion, soon after the nurses arrived, the sick were suffering for the want of something which was locked up among the stores from England. No one could get it until the proper officer came. "I must have it now," said Miss Nightingale. "You cannot, until you have a proper permit," said the guard. She said no more, but simply called some Turks to help her, and went straight to the building where the stores were kept. "Knock the door down," said this resolute woman; and down went the door. She took what was needed, and went back to the hospital. After that, the officers knew that, though most scrupulous in obeying necessary orders, she was not one who would sit still and let men die, while waiting until a regular form had been gone through.

You all know the story of how the soldiers loved her, "the lady with the lamp," and how they turned to kiss her shadow, as it fell upon their pillows; and how, when she came back to England, she met the gratitude of the nation—the Queen herself sending her a beautiful locket, blazing with gems, with "Blessed are the merciful" upon it, and underneath the word "Crimea." Her countrymen desired to offer her some testimonial of their gratitude, and a fund was raised for that purpose, but Florence Nightingale declined any personal reward

for her labors, and the money was devoted to the founding of an institution for training nurses.

One heroine is sure to make others. When our war came, hundreds of women, remembering what she had done, were ready to give their time and strength to the work of nursing the sick and wounded. Day and night they toiled, and it was not all bathing aching heads, nor reading aloud and writing letters for the soldiers; there were dreadful wounds to be dressed, and tiresome rubbings, and wearisome watchings.

But they learned that the most distasteful details may be endured, if one only has unselfishness and courage. It is to be hoped that none of our young readers will ever be needed as army nurses; but it is almost certain that every one of the girls, and many of the boys, will have to care for the sick many times in the course of their lives, either in their own homes or in the homes of others; and unless they know how to do it in the best and easiest way—for the best is always really the easiest—they may do more harm than good. The best intentions and kindliest feelings, in order to be successful, must be intelligently applied. Experience is, of course, the best teacher, but it is not pleasant for sick people to be experimented upon, and mistakes or omissions in such matters are sometimes fatal; so perhaps a few simple directions may be the next best thing to experience.

In the first place, remember that, in cases of severe illness a friend's life may depend upon care and watchfulness on your part, and that the duties of the sick-room are made up of a great variety of little things, which may seem trivial, but which are really *very* important.

Keep the air of the room fresh and pure *always*, and do not try to do it by opening the door now and then. It was one of Miss Nightingale's rules that "windows are made to be open—doors are made to be shut." *Pure* air must come from outside. Do not be afraid to open the window unless the physician has forbidden it, but be sure that you do not cool the air too much in trying to freshen it. There is no essential connection between *cold* air and *pure* air. In admitting fresh air, be very careful that it cannot blow directly upon the invalid. A shawl

spread across two high-backed chairs will take the place of a screen in keeping off the draught.

Keep everything about the patient as sweet and clean as possible. Have the room neat, and pleasant, and orderly. A row of sticky bottles, with two or three spoons in which medicine has been measured, a bowl from which gruel has been served, an untidy grate, a littered floor or table, will make any sick person feel discouraged. A few flowers by the bedside, a constant supply of fresh, cool water, bed-clothes frequently smoothed and pillow changed, the light carefully shaded from the weak eyes—attention to little things like these will make a great difference in the comfort and spirits of the sick person.

Write down all that the physician tells you before you forget it, and pin the paper where you can consult it easily; and look at it frequently, that you may not let the time for giving medicine slip by without knowing it. This will save you the trouble of remembering everything, and if some one comes to take your place, you will not have to repeat the directions.

Do not wait until sick people ask for what they want, but try to anticipate their wishes. Some people, with the kindest intentions, annoy by constantly asking the sick if they do not wish this and that, and how they feel, and other similar questions, until they are quite worn out by answering, and are tempted to give the ungracious reply that all they want is to be let alone.

In sickness, people are sensitive to small annoyances which can hardly be appreciated by a person in health. The crackling of a newspaper, or the rustle of a silk dress, may become a source of serious discomfort to them. Learn to avoid all unnecessary noise, but remember that there is a sort of *laborious quiet*, more annoying still. Walking about on tiptoe, or whispering, is sure to disturb a nervous person more than an ordinary step or tone. If the fire needs replenishing, it can be done very quietly by having the coal in paper bags, which can be laid on with no noise at all. If you are careful, every time you leave the room, to remember to take something with you which is to go downstairs, and, when you come back, to bring something which you need, you will save yourself many steps, and

the invalid the annoyance of hearing you go out and in five or six times, when once would have done as well.

Ask the physician what food a sick person may have, and be careful to follow his directions in this, as in everything else, *exactly*. Whatever you take to the invalid, make it look as attractive as possible. Do not take too much of anything, as a small quantity is much more likely to tempt the appetite. Spread a clean napkin over your salver, and if you have nothing more to offer than a toasted cracker and a cup of tea, let everything be good of the kind, and neatly served. A slop of tea in the saucer, a burnt side to the cracker, a sticky spoon, may spoil what might have seemed an attractive breakfast. If the invalid can sit up in a chair to eat, so much the better; but if not, spread a large napkin or towel over the sheet, that it may not become disfigured by drops spilled upon it. Have something always at hand to throw over the shoulders while sitting up in bed, and see that the pillows are so arranged as to afford a comfortable support for the back.

If you can procure some little delicacy, it will taste much better if it comes as a surprise than it will if you have been foolish enough to mention it beforehand. Food should never be spoken of in a sick-room, unless it is absolutely necessary.

If you read aloud, be sure to read distinctly, and not too long at a time, because sick people are easily tired. This must be remembered when callers are admitted. When they ask leave to come in, you must say, frankly, that your charge can only bear short visits; and when you yourself are calling on invalids, remember that time seems longer to them than it does to you. Last of all, but by no means least, talk only of pleasant things. The baby's last funny speech, the good fortune of your friend, the pleasant letter bringing good news from a far country, the amusing anecdote, the entertaining book—never of the worries, and pain, and care which come to your knowledge. Sick people do not need to hear of others' misfortunes. They know enough of their own. Whatever of weariness or anxiety you may feel, never betray it by word or look, and do not let them feel that the time which you devote to them is given grudgingly. I have said nothing of kindness,

and forbearance, and patience, and good temper; but all these graces will be needed, since invalids often are very provoking. Let all their little peevish ways give you a hint of something to avoid when your time of sickness comes, and you are ministered to by others.

SICKNESS IN THE HOME

Short Hints Concerning Sickness

WHEN the doctor comes to see you, remember how many pairs of stairs he has to climb every day, and go down to him if you are well enough.

Remember that sick people are not necessarily idiotic or imbecile, and that it is not always wise to try to persuade them that their sufferings are imaginary. They may even at times know best what they need.

Of course, a nurse "should have a cheerful disposition." The veriest tyro that ever entered a sick-room has been well drilled in this lesson. But it is a delusion to suppose that an everlasting "smirk" is required. Once, long ago, in that dim and far-off war time, an irritated soldier expressed his mind on this subject in a way which caused an irrepressible and sympathizing laugh throughout the ward, though it contained the most dangerous cases, just "down from the front."

"Ef yer don't stop that *etarnal grin* o' yourn, ye'll make me shiver me other leg off afore mornin', ye ole chessy-cat!"

Yet the poor attendant had only been trying to obey the injunction of the surgeons, and "always carry a cheerful face."

Do not imagine that your duty is over when you have nursed your patient through his illness, and he is about the house, or perhaps going out again. Strength does not come back in a moment, and the days when little things worry and little efforts exhaust, when the cares of business begin to press, but the feeble brain and hand refuse to think and execute, are the most trying to the sick one, and then comes the need for your tenderest care, your most unobtrusive watchfulness

Blunders in the Sick-Room

A MATTER often neglected in a sick-room, and yet very important, is the dress of the nurse. A patient is not likely to tell the affectionate relative "hovering around his bedside" that her dress is such an outrage on taste that it makes him melancholy to look at it. He tries to fix his gaze upon some other object—even the medicine bottles are more lovely to his view—but his eyes will wander back again to the horrible fascination of that costume. The dingy old dress that has been discarded and hung in the garret is not a proper one in which to robe oneself for the office of nurse. A short flannel sacque and felt skirt may be an economical costume, but is not particularly charming. As for the dismal, poverty-stricken shawls with which ladies delight to array themselves in sick-rooms, one wonders where they came from. They are never seen or heard of at any other time. They appear and disappear mysteriously, like malevolent spirits. Some ladies have a fancy for tying up their heads at such times in faded veils, or handkerchiefs of fearful construction. People in health would not remain an hour in the presence of such a sight, but the helpless patient suffers in silence. The most suitable dress for the sick-room in winter is a dark, washable, woolen wrapper, not flowing loose, but belted in neatly at the waist, and finished at wrists and neck with narrow linen ruffling, and with a linen neck-tie. Tasteful white linen aprons are pretty and serviceable. At night, if necessary, throw around the shoulders a decent shawl. Even in summer, when calico wrappers are worn through the day, it will be found comfortable to change

at night to the woolen fabric. Wear slippers or warm boots made of felt, or of any soft material that does not make a noise.

A want of sympathy on the part of the nurse is like a perpetual cold bath to a patient. This is not a very common blunder, but the opposite is so common that it may sometimes become a question in the patient's mind whether he would not prefer absolute coldness. To be continually dodging around the bed, and pouncing upon every object that is not at right angles, smoothing out the sheet, and dabbing at the pillows, and saying a dozen times an hour: "How do you feel *now?*" "Don't you want something to eat?" "Can I do anything for you?" "Let me bathe your head!"—is enough to drive a sick man wild. He feels that he would like to ask you to go away and hold your tonuge; but he knows that all this fidgeting is prompted by affection, so he holds *his* tongue instead, and bears it all with what measure of patience nature has bestowed upon him. In point of fact, the sick person is generally very ready to tell his wants. His food, and drink, and physic are the momentous matters of the day to him, and will not be forgotten. He is likely to tell you when he feels better. He is sure to tell you when he feels worse.

Worse than all these things is the long, solemn face in the sick-room. It is hard for a troubled heart to put on a cheerful countenance, and it is no wonder that nurses so often fail in this. But we have known persons who thought that a cheerful face and bright smile in a sick-room were indications of a hard heart.

FESTIVALS AND OUTINGS

Birthdays and Anniversaries

By Mrs. JAMES FARLEY COX*

WE tend, as the nation grows older and its resources are greater, to give more heed to the beautifying and gladdening of life, and have more frequent feast days on the family calendar. It is the exception nowadays to have a child's birthday pass without some little celebration, which tells that he is beloved and a part of the family treasure.

When the childish years are passed, and a cake, with its surrounding candles, no longer suffices to make the birthday conspicuous, it is, however, too often the habit to make a present the chief feature of remembrance. It is a loss not to have the pleasure of one make the pleasure of all; the gay little circle of faces, keeping a birthday festival, is but a symbol of what all such gatherings ought to do for the general joy. The weight and wear and tear of life's burdens and cares swiftly obliterate the power to enjoy simply and freely, and the fret and turmoil make us forget how easily we can give pleasure.

The children's smiles as they look with delight at the blazing, flickering candles, the light from which plays over their flushed cheeks and merry eyes, are but exponents of how readily, if bidden to make the attempt, their elders can find happiness in the cheerful expression of love and good will.

A birthday should at once tell the individual that he or she is loved, and be linked with the hearty response that the honored one is glad to have had his lot cast among those who constitute the home circle. It should be a day in which faults are

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forgotten and forgiven; a time of recognition that life's errors are condoned.

To be glad that you were born, to call the day on which you first drew breath a blessed day, is to stimulate you to make yourself more lovable and to urge you to effort for the general good. To the young it is an incentive and to the old a consoling proof that they are not yet outside the circle of the best beloved.

To this latter class, especially, the honoring of those days most important to them is a source of great gratification; the gathering of the scattered children, who, with their little ones, come to cheer an aged parent as another year is completed, quickens the old heart to healthful exultation, and in her grandchildren's caresses the grandmother finds hope that her memory will live when she is no longer seen among her descendants. The fast increasing sense of having "passed our day," as the quaint, expressive phrase states the sad fact of age's idleness, is so depressing and afflicting an experience that rejoicing over prolonged life and heartfelt good wishes for its continuance are like wine to the weary.

Anniversaries of the wedding day surely should be carefully marked with every tender expression of rejoicing, and it seems both natural and lovely that the children of a happy union should be taught to be glad over the remembrance of that event which gave to them father and mother and home. It is the pretty custom in some families to instruct the children to offer some gift to their mother on their own birthdays, a little offering of gratitude for the pain and travail which gave them birth, and the faithful care which has thus far guarded them. Surely it is an equally logical outcome of the realization of what home and paternal love have given them to do what they can to make the wedding day of their father and mother rich with congratulations and loving gifts.

To every woman the recurrence of her wedding day is an epoch of measurement, a time to sum up the loss and gain of the years. She sees herself again as the mirror reflected her white-gowned figure when she turned away from it to make her vows, and if she has even attained to her threescore years

and ten, and sees now but scanty gray hairs and deep-furrowed wrinkles, the fair loveliness of her virgin-youth rises clearly to her remembrance. Surely it is well for her, and feeds the failing well-springs of her vitality, if she sees in the faces of her children and grandchildren love and gratitude, which tell her that they have come to bless her for her life's work. There is an inexpressible renewal of youth in every wedding day; it is not the present that kindles the light of those eyes which have been dimmed by patient watch and tender hours of care; the faded face is reflecting the blush of a bride, and her smile revives her husband's proud memory of that with which she turned from the altar pledged to his service.

The "coming of age" of young men brings another opportunity of joyous congratulation, and though the boy may not have kept the promise of his earlier years, and shadows may lurk about his path, it is good to set fears aside and let this day be to the manhood just attained a new beginning. "Casting aside those things which are behind," let the man feel that he has turned his back on the waywardness of the boy and has a fair field before him.

At cost of effort and money the anniversaries which are especially important should be held as claims to be met with unselfish care; distant sons and daughters ought to count it a little thing to do to travel home for mother's or father's birthday, or to keep the circle complete around the family table at Thanksgiving and Christmas. The sound of a child's voice, longed for through the year of separation, has a charm and sweetness no chime or sound of instrument can equal, as it heartily calls out its greeting at the open door of home.

To the festivals which link home and church together the world gives great importance, but the spirit of true gratitude which ought to bring the young and old back to the home altar, that they may acknowledge as a family the goodness of God, does not enter into a vast majority of the Thanksgiving reunions so-called; nor does "the Spirit of Christmas," whose power broke the icy cover of old Scrooge's heart, always sit beside the Yule-tide fire. Oftener there lurk in its glow heathen selfishness and narrow love of personal acquisition, at one with

the old barbarous Yule rites and alien to the light which shone about the manger-bed of the Christ-child of Bethlehem.

It is the spirit in which we keep our feasts that makes their value to our home life; the giving out of our best to enrich another that makes the family chain golden.

There is a prosaic spirit abroad which kills all that fascinating element of surprise which is so dear to the genuine lover of family festivals. Just before Christmas you see kind-faced mothers leading their children through the great shops and letting them choose their own presents. Did they never know the exceeding delight of sitting up in bed and listening to the crackling of paper as mysterious parcels passed through the distant halls? To anticipate an undefined joy, the dimensions of which cannot be guessed, is to increase pleasure to ecstasy in the mind of a warm-hearted child. To materialize is to rob in this case.

There are those in whose hearts grief of bereavement and the separating veil of death turn all things connected with those who no longer fill the accustomed places at the family board into specters which haunt and darken the recurring days connected with those lost from our sight. Is not this a perversion of love's office and sworn fidelity? Rather let those days which marked their lives be kept with tenderer care than ever before; let them live forever in the family life, not be relegated to a dead past. Let something be substituted for the joyous "Good health and many happy returns" which marked the birthday in the years of visible unity, but let the days be kept as happy opportunities of general remembrance, and let loving speech be warm concerning those who to us must ever be vividly alive and parts of our most vital existence. To pass over their special anniversaries in gloom and silence is to shut them out from our daily life and set them apart.

It does not take much to rejoice a child's heart, nor do we have need to open our purse-strings wide to make a mother glad. When her sun sets, and with reverent hands those who remain examine what has been treasured through long years, how often a sad smile comes to a daughter's lips as she sees some grotesque or crude bit of work or painting, carefully laid

away; the laboriously printed label tells that it was made "for mamma's birthday," and she knows well that it was the dearest tribute the day brought.

If abundance gives us the peculiar joy of giving and entertaining freely, let us count it duty as well as a delight to make our family festivals rich with beauty and warm with the hospitality of a well-provided board, but let us, if in less fortunate circumstances, keep our feasts according to our power, remembering that while "the letter killeth, the spirit maketh alive," and not doubt that we can have our "red-letter days" as full of joy as our richer neighbor. A home-made cake, decked with a garland of wild flowers, can do its work of remembrance quite as surely as a jeweler's box or a florist's most artistic decoration. Nay, the loving visit of grateful children whose hands are empty of all but love can transform an anniversary into a holiday.

And if, as in some sad cases, there are those who, set in "solitary places," can no longer summon the beloved to honor the recurring days which appertained to earlier family life, let them try the experiment of keeping dear memories green by making them times in which to do some good in their names, and link them with joy to the living and help to the world. It meant no small thing when a new life came into the world; it was intended that we should reverence its advent and give thanks. Let us find ways and means to give them immortality in our domestic life by diffusing happiness for their sakes.

FESTIVALS AND OUTINGS

A Summer in the Country

By H. SNOWDEN

WITH the warm days of spring comes the question, "What shall we do with the children this summer?" A celebrated physician has told me that children in the city very often get through the summer as well as those who have been in the country, but that in the fall they do not show the same power in resisting disease. But what are we to do with them—where take them? The whole country is full of resorts—from great watering places to private boarding houses. Who, after trying them all, has not had a longing for a country home of one's own? And who has not given up the thought as entirely out of the question, except for very rich people? But it is not for the rich that I am induced to relate my unique experience of keeping house for the summer in the country.

I had tried every experiment, except a country home of our own. We had been in Europe for two summers, but had come home that the children might be put to school; I had taken them to Bedford and Berkeley, and the White Sulphur Springs, and had tried the seashore, boarding houses, and private country farms (the last by far the most desirable), but to all these I had found serious objections. For years I had longed for a country home of my own, but every one opposed me. I have been told that generally the prominent men in our cities have been born in the country, but that the next generation is almost sure to deteriorate. The conditions of city life are such that there seems no escape from this, and this was my principal reason for desiring a country home. I thought noth-

ing else would give my boys a chance in life. I wanted them to rough it, and learn bravely to meet and overcome difficulties. I dreaded to find them deteriorating. My older boy was thirteen—delicate, pale, and overgrown. When out of school he lived in his workshop with his tools. The younger one read continually. They had the city boys' meager range of play, with no hardy exercise, and but little fun.

In June of 1875 I heard that a cousin had bought a farm of about one hundred acres adjoining his own property, and as I knew he was not going to use the house himself, I wrote and offered to buy it, with some ten or twenty acres. He refused to sell, but was willing to rent if I could live in the house. Being desperate, I was willing to go into any kind of a house that kept out rain and snakes.

We went together to examine the house, and found it in almost a ruinous condition. The out-buildings were equally bad, and an old corn-house was at the foot of the lawn, directly before the door. The distance from the city was twenty-five miles by rail, and from the station to the house was but half a mile. The healthfulness of the place was undoubted. The house was on a high hill, with a lovely view of a well-cultivated country. There was a spring of delicious cold water three hundred feet off, but it was eighty-three feet below the level of the house. A stone dairy was next to the spring, and up above, near the kitchen, was an ice-house full of ice. The house consisted of five rooms in a row, with a porch running its entire length—I may say porches, for the floors were on different levels, and of plank, brick, and stone. The roofs were not of the same height nor pitch. Above, for the length of two of the second-story rooms, was a very comfortable and roomy porch, with a roof that overhung so low as to keep off much of the glare of the sky. Only three bedrooms on the second floor could be made habitable. Leading to the house was an avenue of locust trees. One side of the avenue swept around the foot of the yard, and the other immediately before the house. These trees, with a magnificent willow, made considerable shade.

My cousin, Judge Snowden, thought it would be impossible

for me to live in such a house, but I very well knew it would be this or none. I was not equal to going among strangers searching for another, so I told him I would try it.

He agreed to paint the inside, paper two rooms, whitewash everywhere, put down a new floor to the main porch, and clean up generally. The rent was to be $150 for fifteen months, which included two summers. I was to use the pasture field, have all the fruit I could find, and do as I chose so I did not interfere with the farming operations. This was July 1, and we were to move up on the 10th. Knowing it was only an experiment, I was careful to furnish in the simplest manner. It is really astonishing how little is needed to make one comfortable in summer. Two furniture wagons well packed carried nearly all that we needed. On the cars I sent up the kitchen stove, refrigerator, barrel of flour, and boxes of china, groceries, and hams. Except the first two, a kitchen safe, a few bedsteads, and the heavy kitchen utensils, I bought everything new (of course pillows, feather beds to make the mattresses more comfortable, tubs, etc., were carried up and down spring and fall). The entire cost of the new articles, including chairs, benches, tins, china, bedsteads, mattresses, and a very excellent walnut dining table with ten leaves that I found at a second-hand store, was $92.37. The freight on everything by wagon and by rail was $24.75, making in all $117.12. The floor of the large parlor, which we used as a dining-room, was covered with a Brussels carpet that I had used in the city and put aside; in the country it looked almost new. At each window was hung a paper blind that cost but eight cents. I pasted over a hem on each side a strip of muslin across the top, and a stick in the bottom, and the curtains have lasted well. New Swiss muslin curtains hung over these gave the dining-room a look of refinement, and a bright red cover over the table, with a student's lamp at night, gave it a look of cheer.

Two rooms on each side of this dining-room I used as chambers. They were also attractive. I had carried up a drugget and some rugs to be scattered about. Beds well made, with clean linen sheets and pure Marseilles quilts, give an air of comfort to any room. Across the lower sashes were hung

ruffles of Swiss muslin, so light that the least current of air could blow them back and forth. There was nothing of any cost, but all suggestive of comfort. For washstands and dressing-tables, the boys turned barrels bottom upward, and nailed upon each one a few short planks. By tacking a ruffle of red curtain calico around to hide the barrel, and then covering the top with a clean towel, the rooms were still further furnished.

The boys also took the large boxes in which had come the groceries and china, and by standing them on end and fitting the tops within as shelves, made very convenient places for clothing. Several of these boxes, nailed securely to the pantry wall, with supports underneath, served as china closets. In every room we had a tin basin and dipper, which the girl kept looking like silver; a tin candlestick, a white wooden bucket for clean, and a painted one for waste, water. The buckets were kept sweet by constant scrubbing and airing. I am sure we all appreciated these crude arrangements far more than we did the rosewood furniture at home. Nothing could have been more simple, or more comfortable.

One idea I had in having a country home, was to gather in all the children of our families. Brothers and sisters grow up together united. They finally marry and separate. Then their children, from being apart, know but little of one another, and the strong family feeling that existed among the parents finds no place among the offspring. Then, too, petty jealousies spring up, which can only be avoided by mutual intercourse. I hoped to make my home common ground for all my nephews and nieces, of whom there were about twenty. These children, as in all large families, were differently situated in life. I wished to bind them together by common pursuits and amusements, so that their future lives might be influenced for their mutual good. I wanted the boys to go swimming together in the river that ran by at the railway station, to play ball, to milk the cows, to race rabbits, and to grow hardy and self-reliant in an honest rivalry of outdoor life.

The expenses of the first summer at my country home were $445.52. This included rent, fuel, hire of cow, the furnishing of the house, and, in fact, every expense of every sort and de-

scription. I economized in nothing essential. The table was most abundant, and of the very best. A butcher came twice a week, and he always saved for me his best cuts. The price of meat was much less than in the city, and since the cattle were not overdriven, we found the quality of country beef better than that of the city. Chickens were our main dependence, and I kept from ten to twelve dozen running around to grow and fatten. They were never eaten until after being kept in a cleansing coop for a week. This makes the greatest difference in the quality of the meat, for chickens, unlike turkeys, will eat all sorts of unclean things. Milk, fresh eggs, and good butter we had in abundance. For the hire of a little heifer for the nine and one-half weeks of our stay (July 10 to September 15), I was charged $3, and twenty cents per gallon for extra milk. The second year, for two cows for fourteen weeks, I paid $10. They did not give a great quantity of milk, but it was as much as we could use. My boys, with two cousins about the same age, milked the heifer, took entire charge of horse and carriage, and hauled all the water (except for drinking) up the hill in a barrel. They never seemed to grow discouraged, but were proud of what they could do. The heifer was so wild at first that I was twice obliged to have a man come and milk her; but finally, by feeding her on corn, brushing off the flies, and treating her very gently, the boys made her perfectly tame and quiet. They were very happy over their success, and each afternoon took great delight in giving all the children as much warm milk as they could drink. Nothing is lighter and more nourishing for children than fresh, warm milk.

During this first summer our number varied, from my own family of four and two servants, to as many as fifteen. Almost every Saturday some of the family would come up to see after the children, and remain until Monday. These visits gave us all great pleasure. We were never happier, and the children all improved in health.

During the heat of the day, while the little ones were asleep, I read aloud. My children had been trained to love Shakespeare. After I had read them four historical plays, commenc-

ing with "Richard II.," I could turn back to some part at random, and when I had read five or six lines, they could tell me the speaker, the whole scene, and in which play it was. When I re-read the plays the second summer, they recollected far more than I did, and could always tell me what was coming next. The trouble was with the other children, who had not been trained in the same habits of thought and attention. I read to them "Tom Brown at Rugby," and we had a little botany, which two of the boys delighted in, but the others hated. They would say, "Now, please, give us a feast of Shakespeare." After dinner the grown members of the family studied a work on architecture, and I always examined them one day on what had been read the day before. The second summer we had Kinglake's "Crimean War," which helped us to understand the news in the daily papers. Old sets of "Littell's Living Age," in loose numbers, were very valuable, and we found in them many articles on the "Eastern Question." I have found that, to make reading aloud profitable to children, it is necessary to talk over every part. Read a few lines and then ask them the meaning. Get their curiosity excited as to what comes next, and ask what they would do under the same circumstances. I know of nothing more pleasant than reading to children in this way. It takes time and patience, but they can be taught to be interested in almost anything.

We had no neighbors except Judge Snowden's family, and we never felt the need of any more. The days seemed short, and flew by in constant change of pleasant occupations. The boys became adepts in swimming and rowing, and once a week would drive the carriage into the river to give it a good washing. They never neglected greasing the wheels or washing the harness. There was a pasture field of forty acres for both horse and cow; but the horse was fed twice a day on corn which the boys bought from the neighbors. The carriage was a pleasure, but not at all a necessity; being near the cars, I preferred having none, but my family would not consent. The stable was useless, for both horse and cow lived in the pasture, only sometimes taking refuge from storms by going under the carriage-shed. We burned wood in profusion, and generally

had a little fire burning on the dining-room hearth. I thought this kept the house dry and healthy. There was never the least sickness among the children. They ate heartily and slept well. We had breakfast every morning at quarter after six, and family prayer at nine, after the rush of morning work was over. The little children were never wakened for breakfast. On Sunday, there being no church near, we had the Episcopal service at home, and it was touching to see such a number of children joining in the worship. Never, either during the week or on Sunday, were the servants excused from being present. If they were not ready, we waited until they were.

On leaving the house in the fall, everything was carried either into the upper rooms or into the dry cellar. The paper blinds were rolled up high out of sight, and every window nailed down. Two objects were gained by this. The sunshine had free access to keep the house dry and pure, and tramps, by looking in at their pleasure and only seeing empty rooms, would be apt to wander farther on. When we went back, May 25th of the following year, we found everything in good order and undisturbed.

This second summer, the farmer from whom we had bought vegetables the year before having moved away, we concluded to have a garden of our own. I hired a man to plow and put the barren ground in order. After this was done and all the seeds were planted—with the exception of two days' hoeing by this man—the boys did all the work in raising the vegetables. As the weather grew warm I limited them to one hour in the early morning, and on the warmest days I kept them entirely out of it. Never was there a common country garden more free from weeds, and never were there boys more pleased or interested. To give my older son's own impressions, I copy a letter he wrote to his sister in August, while she was away on a trip to Niagara and elsewhere:—

"DEAR SISTER: You ought to see our little chickens, ten of them, little beauties. We had twelve, but two died. We are getting seven vegetables out of the garden,—cymlings, corn, cabbage, tomatoes, onions, string-beans, and beets, and we have

one egg-plant the size of two eggs. Is not that a nice lot? All the birds are molting, and so none of them sing. Nell has lost all her tail-feathers, but they are growing out again. You don't know how much I want to see you. You have been away *so* long. We are going to have thirty-three ears of corn for dinner; is not that a lot? The mocking-bird has to stay on the porch all the time, for he sings all night. Little Robby can walk from one end of the porch to the other. When he is out in his carriage we have to keep billy-goat tied, for fear he might butt him over. I write so little now that my hand fairly aches.

"YOUR AFFECTIONATE BROTHER."

Attached to this letter was one from myself, from which I shall copy portions to show how we lived:—

"Your aunt Mary and baby are up for a visit of two weeks. We have delightful meals. I have lately bought six dozen chickens, and we have all the most delicious vegetables, and cream from two cows. We skim two crocks of milk for dinner, one for supper, and one for breakfast. Then we have the richest cottage cheese made yellow with cream, and plenty of cooked apples and stewed pears. Every meal is abundant, and the children eat with natural, healthy appetites. This country air is toning them all up. The ice is out, but we have had the dairy cleaned and use that. You know how icy cold the water is; it keeps everything cold and sweet. In spite of the steep hill, I delight in going down to skim the cream and help Chloe up with the butter and milk. Each of the children tries to carry something, and then I tell them we could hardly get along but for their help. Kitty never murmurs at pulling fat Alexander up with one hand, though in the other she has a bucket of water. John is here grubbing up the old currant-bushes, and getting one end of the garden cleared for strawberries, which the boys will plant in September. We want to put in a quantity of blackberry and raspberry vines this fall. . . . Your aunt Mary thinks her little girls very much improved. I am so glad to have a chance to help them grow up to be healthy girls. They have been here over two months now, and I shall try to keep them till September, or perhaps till I go down. . . . You ought to see the new dormitory. It is the long garret, with two new win-

dows cut in one end. It is airy and comfortable. Every night I go up to see the five boys in bed, and every time I am glad they are in such good healthy quarters. . . .

"The boys collect all the vegetables, and take great pride in them after their months of labor. The pigeons are so tame now that they come when the boys call them, and eat around their feet, and under their chairs."

I have found that with all children it is necessary to throw yourself into their pursuits, and when their interest flags, take the lead yourself. Nothing helped our boys in the garden like going out myself with a hoe. Soon all would follow, and then when once they were started and interested I could leave. It was far better than finding fault with them. But the trouble was, I would become so interested myself that I could not stop. The exercise certainly was good, and the boys loved to have my interest in the growth of every vegetable. They measured a watermelon so often, to see its daily growth, that they broke its stem by constant lifting. I had to look every day at the marks on the poles which showed the growth of the beans, a general interest being felt to see which would reach the top first.

About once in two weeks we had a party, and called it "*fête champêtre*." Though the Snowden children came two and three times a week, and often stopped to supper—for I found the larger the family, the more convenient it was to have them stay—still the high-sounding name, and the formal invitation to them and to two other little children, made the greatest difference to them all. The only addition to the supper was cake, the making of which was watched by all the children. The girls were in their best percales, with sashes, which were held in reserve for these great occasions. On the Fourth of July we had a display of flags in the day and of fireworks at night.

This second summer was as successful as the first. Our last week, when the family was small, was memorable by my boys' making nine pounds of delicious butter in four churnings. They made the churn out of a stone jar, and by placing it in a crock of cold water, which water they constantly changed, the

butter came yellow and firm. Their pleasure at the result was delightful to see.

We left September 2d, very unwillingly; but the children had to come home for school and for their visit to the Centennial. We were all in good health, and we had lived innocent lives.

For weeks there were fifteen in the family, and for a short time nineteen. As before, I had economized in nothing, and we lived in abundance. The entire cost for the fourteen weeks was $542.32.

Now, in these warm days, we are again with longing eyes looking to our country home. The boys are collecting eggs, preparatory to setting their hens. They hope to go up in May with about fifty little chickens. Last spring I paid for one black rooster and six black hens, $5.25. From the 18th of April, till the 18th of June, the hens laid one hundred and ninety eggs, and they have been at it ever since, only stopping for a few weeks about Christmas. The boys are now buying more pigeons to add to their country stock, and I am glad to see them interested in anything that will take them out of their workshop into the fresh air. They expect to raise ducks and geese from eggs they will put under their hens. A farmer has an order to save some partridge eggs, should he find a nest. They hope to hatch them and have some tiny birds.

I have taken the place again at the same price—$120 the year until next October—with the privilege of three more years, if I continue satisfied. Going as early as May, the children will come into the city every day for school. The railroad fare will be $5.00 a month for each child.

FESTIVALS AND OUTINGS

The Old-Fashioned Picnic

By OLIVER H. G. LEIGH

MANY will agree that among the most enjoyable outdoor "good times" of the year, the little impromptu picnics leave the happiest memories. We can all look back to some bright morning when perhaps the mail brought news that changed the prearranged programme for the day and suggested the happy thought of an offhand jaunt up the river and a jolly lunch in the nearby woods.

On these occasions the rivalry is as to who shall dress down rather than up; the well-worn clothes give comfort and utter recklessness as to brambles and showers. There is no economy equal to that of knocking out one's old clothes in country rambles and scrambles. There's a thrill of glee in every rip, and each stumble makes the roses in the cheeks last longer. No bought pleasure can bring half the sheer joy there is in a field-day's frolic with congenial friends, the simplest preparations, and everything bordering on formal manners strictly tabooed.

The children's picnic is too often left to run itself, which is not always wise, though sometimes it is spoiled by being over-managed. If we suppose that the youngsters of from two to four families join in the affair, it should be well planned so as to avoid the perils of divided counsels. A general programme may be drawn up by the three or four mothers, or other elder folk, as to the place and the necessary table arrangements, the table being a dry grassy hillock if possible. The least outward sign of rigid rule may be fatal to the jollity of the occasion, but womanly tact can be trusted so to manage as to leave the

youngsters in the happy delusion that they are running things at their own sweet will.

From the merely selfish point of view it would not be easy to contrive an afternoon of more thorough happiness than is to be got by taking a handful of little ones belonging to some of our poorer neighbors for a few hours of new delight in the fields, or the city park, or zoological or botanical garden, or a museum. Two or three kindly friends can join in giving a larger group a really charming treat on these lines, good for body and brain, with little trouble and less expense. The teacher who gives his or her class an occasional outing of this sort takes much of the hardship out of the year's work and wins the love which makes obedience a pleasure.

Of larger and machine-made picnics there is nothing to be said here that would be worth while. The less of formality the better, in summer at least, and if the absurd weakness for the display of town ways and dress at the shore and in the country were frowned down by sensible folk of strong mind, there would not only be a gain in health and money, but a vast decrease of frets and hurtful jealousies, which are the aftermath of many silly people's holidays.

Walking for Health and Pleasure

By OLIVER H. G. LEIGH

NO doubt it is hopeless to expect that any such offhand jottings as these will in the least degree check the popular mania for every conceivable mode of locomotion except the natural one, which is also the simplest, cheapest, most healthful, most recreative, and the safest.

The craze for mere speed is one of the most pitiable outcomes of the fallacy that hurry and good speed are the same thing. It requires no special quality of brain to make young men experts in going fast, but the discerning faculty is rare which chooses the seeming slowness of the moderation that gives staying power, as better than the spurting spasms that get ahead at the start and crawl atail at the finish.

We are speaking now of locomotion for pleasure and health, not business travel. Yet there is much to be said in favor of the old style of commercial traveling, which is perhaps not yet obsolete. The salesman whose samples could be carried in his handbag with his change of underwear used to have good times in touring the country, on foot, in a buggy, or by train, at his pleasure. He had an enviable life, as I know by many talks with his kind as we tramped along the highroads from village to town. But most of his genial, brawny, rosy-faced type have now gone to rest in fields Elysian.

The writer, both of whose parents died of consumption in his early youth, was delicate, and foredoomed to the same end and a speedy one. With this accepted fate he resolved to get as much of his dearest delight—that of roaming the fields and

exploring the nooks and crannies, as well as the grandeurs of cities and towns—as he might be able to crowd in the short space of time for which he might be "spared." His first spell as a real free rover lasted through four years. A desperate recklessness (which had a core of fatalism) made him utterly indifferent whether his rain-drenched clothes dried on his back in the April sun or whether they never dried at all so to speak, nor was it any sort of worry whether one slept in a bed or a field. After more than thirty years of as frequent country walks as have been practicable in a busy life, the writer is able to record his experience as follows: Every sign of consumption soon vanished and none has reappeared. Headaches have been absolutely unknown. Doctors' bills, all told, would not reach $100. The writer when in his twenties, walked over fifty miles a day many times, without great fatigue, and for a while at intervals of a week. Thirty miles used to be a regular and pretty frequent day's tramp until past middle life, with an occasional stretch to forty or more miles. Every Saturday for many years a "constitutional" of not less than twelve miles before lunch was a rule. Tramps of twenty-one, seventeen, and fifteen miles have been occasionally indulged in, up to 1898, but discretion advises a scaling down as years and pressure of duties begin to tell on ordinary strength. The grand secret of sustaining one's health and muscular power is never to overtax them; rather stop short of possible feats when you have proved your ability to do them if emergency demands.

Now, it is not likely that the reader will aspire to very long walking feats, nor need he. These are only mentioned as showing what walking can do for a delicate constitution. Whatever of physical and mental performances the writer has been capable of, he ascribes pretty nearly all the merit to this simple habit of walking, good, long, unhurried, pleasure-inspired tramping, in city streets as much as in country roads. Let us see what are the elements of a right good healthful walk, which gives every muscle and organ and mental faculty abundant and equalized exercise, as no artificial substitute does.

Don't count on, nor prepare for, a bit of work to brag about. The essence of an enjoyable walk—and it will not be healthful

if it is not a joy—is that you start not caring a straw whether you cover a long distance or a short one. Let circumstances determine that. To help them to a favoring mood just dress in your easiest if not most worn suit; flannel shirt without an undershirt, and two pairs each of socks and shoes, also old. A rough towel, soap, a comb, vaseline, and a good walking-stick, hazel for choice. The things will pack in small space and can be slung, with the sportsman's knife, from your strap.

After six months' practice, making from ten to a dozen miles three or four times a week in all weathers, you may safely attempt a thirty-mile stretch. Let this be begun in October. Breakfast at seven, heartily and simply, read the papers for an hour or so, then sling your little pack as you please and set your pace at not more than three miles an hour. If weather and digestion are all right you will be doing four or more before you care to rest, because success is itself exhilarating, and the first stretch will be most likely to prove the longest and nicest. If you are aiming at a thirty-mile tramp you should not knock off until you have put twenty to your credit. A good wash, change of socks and shoes, a hearty meal, with a rest of two hours, will make you eager to polish off those paltry ten miles in two hours.

The spring and autumn days are best for a long day's journey, and if the roads are bad (which they mostly are, thanks to American contempt for humble folks who know that legs are better for body and spirit than wheels), choose the day following a wet night, when the dust is laid and the moist air prevents thirst. The habit of controlling thirst can be cultivated until, as with the writer, it almost ceases to be felt. It is a mistake in the long run to indulge it much when on a real walk. The fewer drinks the better, whether beer or water, but each must act to suit his own case. No harm can be done by making an experiment of one day's walk with, and another with less than, one's usual indulgence in drinking.

Next in health value and artistic charm to a country tramp is a good long prowl through city or town, preferably in the picturesque slum quarters. It has long been the writer's habit to do most of his thought-work while among the day and night

throngs in the poor districts. The habit becomes strong, and the writing out of the result is generally a slight affair. So various are the charms and entertainments and philosophizings that come of town and country walks, that one is hard put to it to find any other recreation for which a dollar has to be paid that equals this from the true point of view. It's a poor thing to be driven to hire other people to cheer your mind and body when you can do it so much better for yourself and so cheaply. The daily trot of ten or thirty minutes to business is not "walking." To get the high rewards you must go ten miles, and if twenty, so much the better.

FESTIVALS AND OUTINGS

How to Travel

By SUSAN ANNA BROWN

THIS article does not refer to the journey to Europe, toward which almost all young people are looking. When the opportunity for foreign travel comes, there are plenty of guide-books and letters from abroad which will tell you just what to take with you, and what you ought to do in every situation. This is for short, every-day trips, which people take without much thought; but as there is a right and a wrong way of doing even little things, young folks may as well take care that they receive and give the most pleasure possible in a short journey, and then, when the trip across the ocean comes, they will not be annoying themselves and others by continual mistakes.

As packing a trunk is usually the first preparation for a trip, we will begin with that.

It is a very good way to collect what is most important before you begin, so that you may not leave out any necessary article. Think over what you will be likely to need; for a little care before you start may save you a great deal of inconvenience in the end. Be sure, before you begin, that your trunk is in good order, and that you have the key. And when you shut it for the last time, do not leave the straps sticking out upon the outside. Put your heavy things at the bottom, packing them tightly, so that they will not rattle about when the trunk is reversed. Put the small articles in the tray. Anything which will be likely to be scratched or defaced by rubbing should be wrapped in a handkerchief and laid among soft

sponded that she should stifle if it was shut, until one of the passengers requested the conductor to open it a while and kill one, and then shut it and kill the other, that the rest might have peace.

There are few situations where the disposition is more thoroughly shown than it is in traveling. A long journey is considered by some people to be a perfect test of the temper. There are many ways in which an unselfish person will find an opportunity to be obliging. It is surprising to see how people who consider themselves kind and polite members of society can sometimes forget all their good manners in the car, showing a perfect disregard of the comfort—and even the rights—of others, which would banish them from decent society if shown elsewhere.

To return to particular directions: do not entertain those who are traveling with you by constant complaints of the dust, or the heat, or the cold. The others are probably as much annoyed by these things as you are, and fault-finding will only make them the more unpleasant to all. Be careful what you say about those near you, as a thoughtless remark to a friend in too loud a tone may cause a real heartache. Many a weary mother has been pained by hearing complaints of a fretful child, whose crying most probably distresses her more than any one else. Instead of saying, "Why will people travel with babies?" remember that it is sometimes unavoidable, and do not disfigure your face by a frown at the disturbance, but try to do what you can to make the journey pleasant for those around you, at least by a serene and cheerful face. A person who really wishes to be helpful to others, will find plenty of opportunities to "lend a hand" without becoming conspicuous in any way.

Do not ask too many questions of other passengers. Keep your eyes and ears open, and you will know as much as the rest do. If you wish to inquire about anything, let it be of the conductor, whose business it is to answer you, and do not detain him unnecessarily. Remember what he tells you, that you may not be like the woman Gail Hamilton describes, who asked the conductor the same question every time he came

around, as if she thought he had undergone a moral change during his absence, and might answer her more truthfully.

If you get out of the car at any station on your way, be sure to observe which car it was, and which train, so that you need not go about inquiring where you belong when you wish to return to your seat.

A large proportion of the accidents which happen every year are caused by carelessness. Young people are afraid of seeming timid and anxious, and will sometimes, in avoiding this, risk their lives very foolishly. They step from the train before it has fairly stopped, or put their heads out of the window when the car is in motion, or rest the elbow on the sill of an open window in such a way that a passing train may cause serious, if not fatal, injury. Sometimes they pass carelessly from cne car to another when the train is still, forgetting that it may start at any moment and throw them off their balance. Many similar exposures can be avoided by a little care and thought.

These are very plain, simple rules, which it may be supposed are already known to every one; but a little observation will show that they are not always put in practice.

A great deal has been left unsaid here on the advantages and pleasures of travel; but without a knowledge of the simple details we have given, one will be sure to miss much of the culture and enjoyment which might otherwise be gained by it.

FESTIVALS AND OUTINGS

Crossing the Ocean

By W. H. RIDEING

THE traveler who intends to cross the ocean for the first time usually has some perplexity in selecting a line of steamers, and when he has decided upon the line, the perplexity recurs in picking a desirable vessel out of its fleet. There are steamers and steamers—some uncomfortable ones in good lines, and some comfortable ones in bad lines, and each line has two or three superior in size and speed to others of its fleet. The fastest attract the fullest complement of passengers during the summer season, and applications for berths in them should be made at least five or six weeks before the intended sailing. But, unless time is more precious than it is likely to be with the tourist, or unless seasickness is felt to be inevitable, and the briefest possible voyage is the greatest desideratum, the writer would advise the selection of an unfashionable vessel —supposing, of course, that its unpopularity is the consequence, not of unsafety or antiquity, but, as is often the case, of inferior engine power. The ocean greyhounds are invariably overcrowded in June and July; two dinners are served daily in the saloon for different sets of passengers; the stewards are so overworked that, be they angelically well disposed, they cannot give proper attention to every passenger, and the decks are so thronged that promenading is next to impossible. But the slower steamers usually afford better staterooms, and, in most particulars, greater comfort.

The cost of the voyage varies from $60 to $100, but it is not usually less than $80 for first cabin accommodations on the

fast ships. One hundred dollars will secure an outside room for two persons—that is, $100 each; and for $80 a passage is given in an outside room containing four persons, or in an inside room containing two. The outside rooms are provided with "ports" or windows which can be opened in smooth weather, and the occupants may dress in the summer mornings with an exhilarating breeze blowing in upon them from the sea; while the inside rooms receive all their light and ventilation from the deck. But a room containing four is so exceedingly inconvenient, especially in tempestuous weather, that if the traveler limits his fare to $80, we advise him to take the inside room with one companion, although it is sure to be breezeless in hot weather and dark at all times. Four persons endeavoring to dress in a space about eight feet square, when the vessel is pitching and rolling in the "roaring forties," do not succeed without heroic patience and innumerable mishaps.

The cool, fresh air admitted by the ports usually tempts the occupant of outside rooms to keep them open, and to complain when the stewards close them; but it is never safe to retire without seeing that they are screwed up.

The bathroom of the modern steamer is one of its greatest luxuries, but if there are many passengers, and especially if the passengers include a number of young Englishmen or Canadians, to whom the morning "tub" is the invariable attendant of breakfast, it is necessary to see the bedroom steward as soon as you go on board, and have the hour recorded at which you want to bathe. The water is cold, but it is the veritable brine of mid-ocean, and the chill can be taken off by a can of hot fresh water, which the steward will obtain from the galley.

The most important consideration, however, is the location of the stateroom. In old-fashioned vessels all the sleeping accommodations are "aft," that is astern, where, naturally, the pitch of the steamer is most perceptible, and where, in heavy weather, the propeller, as it strikes the water, produces a concussion terrible to the nerves and annihilative of repose. But in the steamers of more recent construction, the saloon, ladies' cabin, and staterooms are amidships, and if the traveler is solicitous about his comfort he will see to it that this is the case in

the vessel which he selects for his voyage. Even when the rooms are amidships, there are discomforts peculiar to that arrangement; but if applications for berths are made in season, and if the plan of the steamer is consulted at the agent's office, a location may be obtained where the pulsations of the powerful engines are inaudible, and where in the heaviest weather the only motion apparent is a gentle heaving. Choose a room some distance aft or forward of the engine, and see that it is not in proximity to the closets. At the same time, if the reader is fastidious, he should be prepared to pay for a first-class berth; while if he is nervous, seasick, and irritable, the best ship built will still seem uncomfortable.

Having had a stateroom assigned you, put as little as possible into it. Any box or valise that is not absolutely wanted during the voyage should be stowed in the hold, and marked accordingly when it is sent to the wharf. Sensible and economical people do not "dress" at sea. Old clothes may be worn out on the voyage; new ones are sure to be spoiled by the sea air and the paint and grease which are prevalent on the cleanest ships afloat. Be fully prepared for extreme changes of temperature. Leaving New York, and for several days afterward, you may have warm weather, and suddenly a wintry cold may come which will necessitate woolen underwear and over-wraps—a transposition as familiar in July or August as in April or May. A hanging dressing case of brown holland backed with oilcloth, with pockets for sponge, comb and brush, etc., etc., is useful, and may be swung from the wall of your room. A steamer chair is also necessary for a lady or an elderly person, although it is superfluous to a strong young man.

The seats at table are assigned either at the office of the company when the berth is engaged, or by the chief steward on board, and experienced travelers say that a position near the captain or purser is advantageous; these officers usually select personal acquaintances for their nearest neighbors, and others who are not of the elect have no more right to insist upon a particular seat than they have to take possession of a stateroom which they have not engaged; however, they are sure to find every attention paid to their reasonable wishes. As a matter

of fact, one seat is not better than another; the table is loaded, and the stewards are untiring in their courtesies.

Before going on board, provide yourself with some loose silver and gold, as American currency is heavily discounted by the pursers. Be at the wharf at least an hour before the time of sailing, and if your departure is to be in the busy season, engage your passage as far ahead as possible.